Aug. 13, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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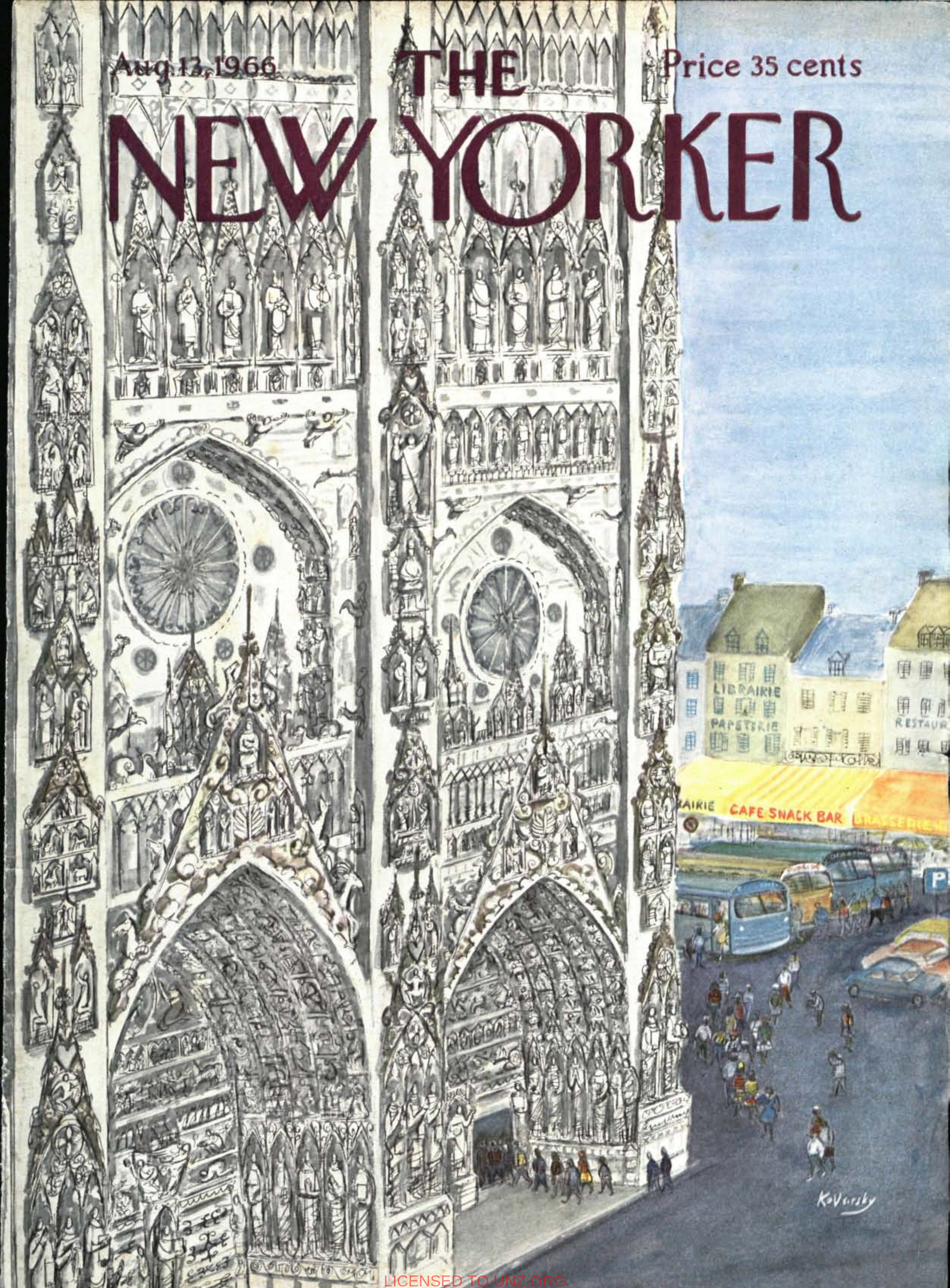
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

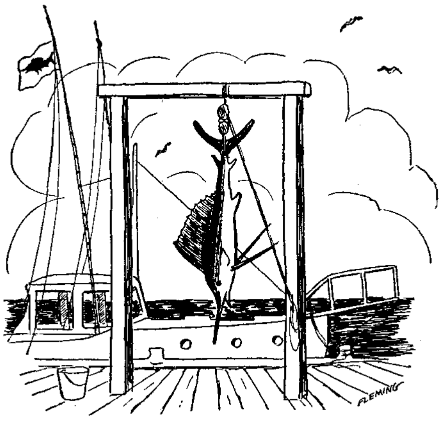
Wait Until Dark—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Alan King plays a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder as three lively, and rather muddled, neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mame—A high, wide, and handsome musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is fetching as the lady in question, and her supporting cast is admirable. The book, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, has its funny moments, and the music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are quite spirited. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is first-rate. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has a buoyant cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of the White Queen. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SHOW BOAT**, with Barbara Cook, Constance Towers, Stephen Douglass, David Wayne, and William Warfield, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 10.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 11-12, at 8:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 3 and 8:30: **PRINCESS IDA**. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 3 and 7:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE** and **TRIAL BY JURY**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 16-17, at 8:30: **PRINCESS IDA**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Aug. 18-19, at 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 3 and 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE** and **TRIAL BY JURY**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. May close Sunday, Aug. 14.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **KING RICHARD III**, with Joseph Bova, Penny Fuller, and Philip Bosco. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, ex-

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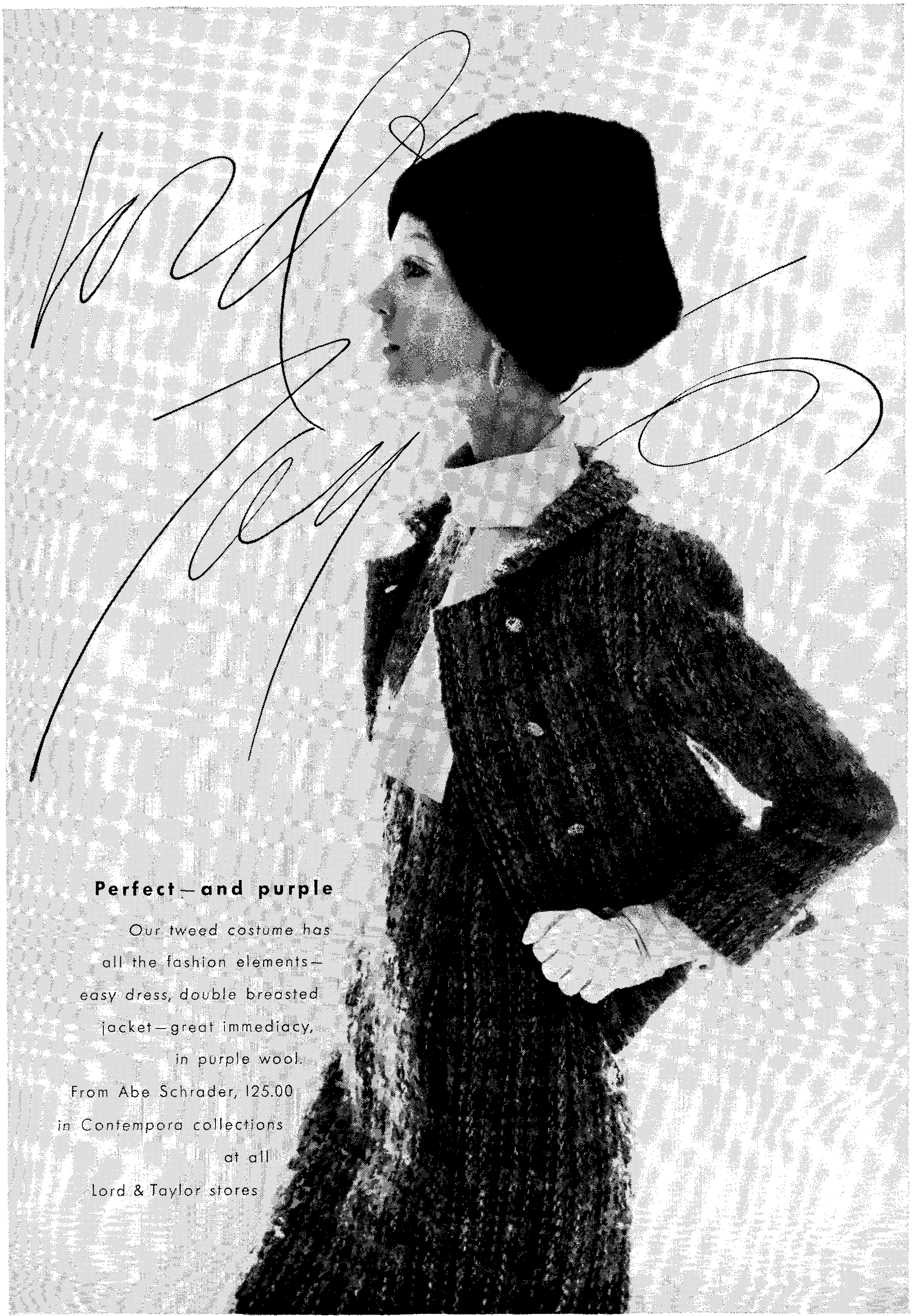

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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cept Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A musical, **mardi gras!**, based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Ralph Purdum, Fran Stevens, Joel Grey, Louis Armstrong and his band, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 4. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Kaye Stevens, who gets to the Royal Box at dinner and supper, lives on the great midway of show business, but she is only amused (not impressed) by it, and that makes her words and music all the more entertaining. On Monday, Aug. 15, she will be succeeded by the band of Ray Anthony and his Bookend Revue, in which a few young ladies are involved. The Lee Evans orchestra, all silk and a yard wide, will remain at its post. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The new annex to the celebrated Barberry Room is apt to remind customers of the late Little Club, mainly because it *is* the Little Club, redivivus—candy-striped upholstery, cheery dance band, and Billy Reed, head man. Horace Diaz runs the band during the week—Mondays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three. No music on Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Cliff Hall's band has made it to New York, all the way from the coral strand of East Coast Florida. It disports itself in the restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight to a reasonably late closing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun and games for the occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week. Franco Pagani, Florentine song and guitar at hand, is there, too, but not on Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at ten, Monday through Thursday, and at nine and eleven-forty-five, Friday and Saturday, is Lainie Kazan, a girl who now and then is oddly occupied with throwing a good voice after bad monkeyshines. The rest of the time she is, happily, something else again. On Wednesday, Aug. 17, she gives way to Tony Sandler and Ralph Young, whose banter is sited on a broad base. They will operate on Miss Kazan's timetable. Quantities of dance music will continue to issue from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Milt Shaw's new orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight every night but Sunday, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. An emotional violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The duo does another turn, from seven to nine Sundays through Thursdays, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Every night but Sunday, there is dancing on a mythical green around a mythical maypole. The music runs from nine to one, and the English Grill stays open late for anyone who needs nourishment.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Floating power, just the ticket for a riverboat, is what the orchestra of Freddy Martin offers on the quarterdeck. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Hardly a night on Bald Mountain, for this hillock is rife with décor, though of great decorum. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's band never cease fire. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The only call of the wild that issues from the leafy bower outside the castle walls is produced by Phil Wayne's band and a conglomeration of Latin musicians, who chortle from eight to one in the outdoors every night. Everybody into the castle if it rains.

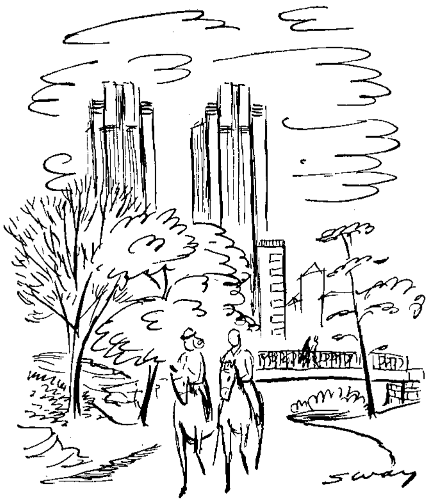
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock Alley has the benefit of Ray Hartley's piano, a veritable mine of information, from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays. A trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from eight to one.

Note—**roseland dance city**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—As far as the eye can reach through this community center, there is dance floor galore, populated by citizenry indulging in such old-fashioned virtues as the fox trot and the one-step. The music (two bands, no waiting) is equally galore. Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). The dining, by the way, is no more than snack. Mondays, understandably, are rest nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Chatter Box would be as good a name for this shop, since the conversation pieces are forty words to the dozen. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do up-and-at-'em double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **in boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Philip Huston, a rare occasion in night life, has interrupted the local program of music to bring us readings from Shaw, Kipling, and Shakespeare. This twice-a-night educational exercise ends on Sunday, Aug. 14, whereupon the chanting (Italianate and Broadwayite) resumes. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **waverly lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week and from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The merriest toilers among the electronic performing arts get away from them all to the enormously vibrant tunes of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome, on duty every night but Sunday, when another crew sets to as early as five-thirty and stays on until nearly midnight. . . . **charlie bates**, 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Characters in search of the Fey Nineties and the innocent music that went with them. The leader is Ernie Kemm, banging away at a condemned upright; the followers are the Ned Odum Boys, who sing their heads off. The bustle begins around seven, and lasts and lasts right through the week; Sundays, instead, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band romps from four until one. . . . **the apartment**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Charles De Forest, whose late-night songs are collectors' items, has a piano and a bass player on his side. He stays home Sundays.

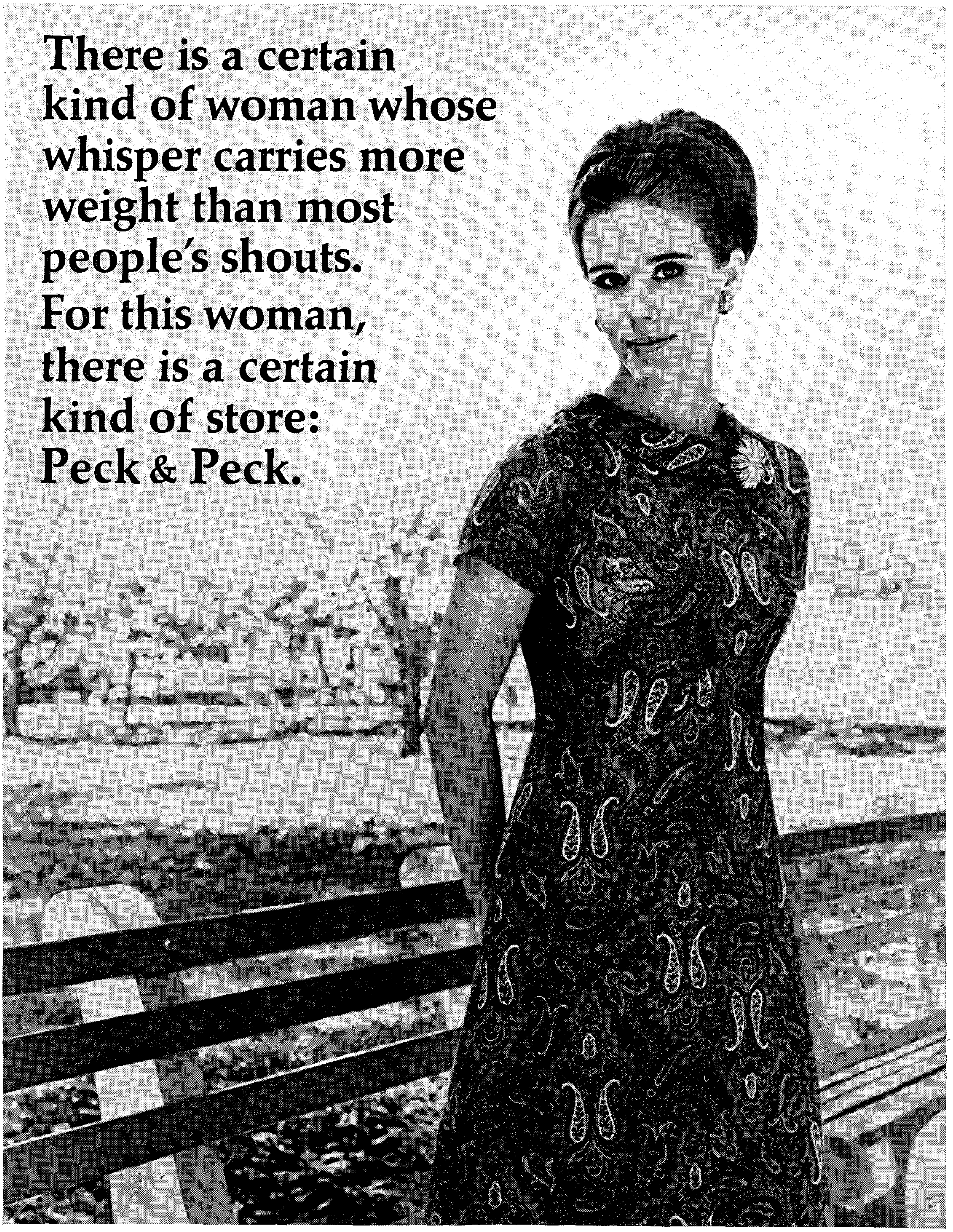


Note—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee, let it be one of these: **shepheard's**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—opulent in appointments as well as menu. The music, partly Western Union and partly live, begins at seven-thirty and goes on until three or four. At nine-thirty and twelve-thirty, the civilians rest while a set of pros (Johnny Meistro. the Crests, and whatall) take the floor to show how the Frug and the rest should (or maybe should not) be done. Closed Sundays. . . . **arthur**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free and every man to himself, every girl to herself. The St. Peter at the gate is not easily outflanked. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them quite human. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **il mio**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape from the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. The sound is a mingling of strange devices and real people—the Walkers—who are there between Tuesday and Thursday each week. The food provided by the management is mostly for thought. Closed Mondays. . . . **downtown**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Discothèque music is the mother of invention, and the work of the house dancers is proof of this pudding. Pudding is not on the menu, nor is very much else. Come as you are, and come young. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano in this sumptuous greenroom, receives from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Sundays, instead, there is piano by Forrest Perrin, his able acolyte. . . . **château henri iv**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The King must have been kidding when he put up this grandiose architectural folly, which is laced with soulful violin every evening but Sunday. . . . **king henri iv**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **roma di notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians, a worldly lot, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **café renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to cajolery. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **regency**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, Kurt Maier plies a piano with all sorts of goodies, most of them Viennese. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no din-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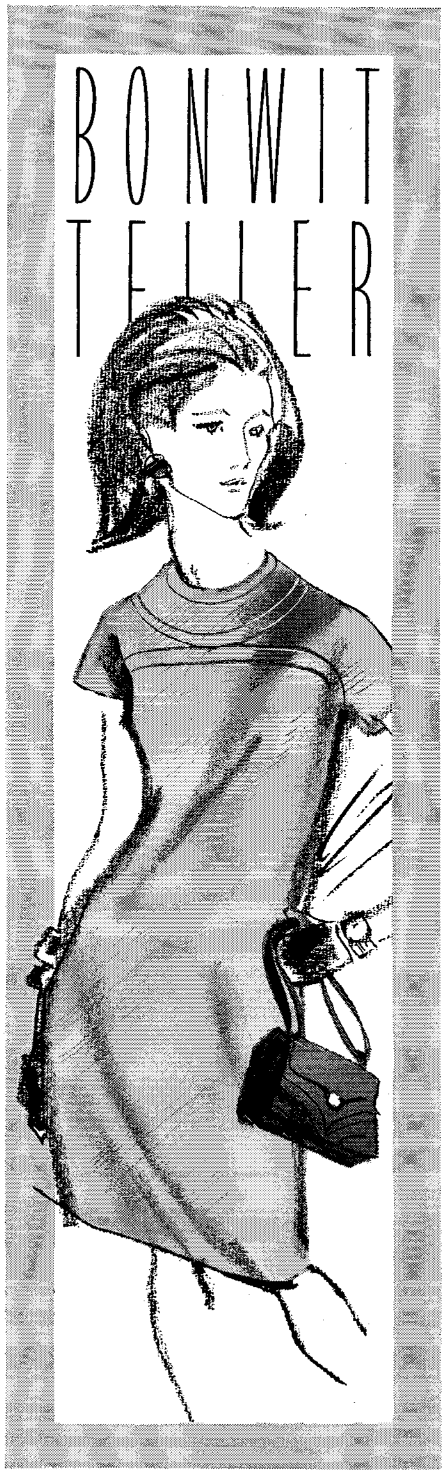

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, are helped along by Tony Gorody, whose piano is audible from midevening until after the theatre every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Summer tryouts for rookies who are bucking for the major leagues. Among the new faces are Marvin Gaye, singer, and Fred Barber, wit. They are accompanied by the dreamy and delicious Copa ballerinas, who are in their permanent state of decorativeness and wondering what step comes next. On Thursday, Aug. 18, though, a voice of experience takes over: Enzo Stuarti, that cheerful Neapolitan balladeer. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, jingle-jangle (the Five Bells, from Canada) sets in on the podium at ten, and it's not turned off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Our balance of trade has been disturbed by the importation of several drafts of Oriental young ladies, all in such a hurry to get here that they left most of their clothes back home. The Keigo Imperial Japanese Dancers, also included in the helter-skelter extravaganza, are much more stately. Twice a night is the general rule. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Seeing is simply not believing. What the little ones who live in this hanging garden of Babylon are up to is a costume ball the like of which, etc. Two *in-extremis* bands ring out the old in everyone; curfew never rings out until four. No dining. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Thursday, Friday, and Saturday each week is the summer regimen. Chris Connor rewrites the songs of the nation as she twists them around her little tongue; Cannonball Adderley's crew strikes hard and often; Teddy Wilson's threesome behaves like a perfect gentleman of the old school.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The English language at its wiliest—every word full of meaning, double meaning, double-dealing. It is spoken and sung crisply and articulately by masters of the ancient and honorable art of persiflage—the American mock-tragedian Alice Ghostley, the Cantabrigian Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra. They are flanked by the equally articulate young Brandywine Singers and the supernal pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements. The architect of this slyness is Julius Monk, who wanders through it as *conférencier*, moderator, and interlude pianist. Nine-thirty and onward, except Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Up Dasher, up Prancer, and all the rest of Los Chavales de España, an army that would rather frolic than fight any day or any night. This just about all-male music festival occurs at dinner and supper through the week, and at ten Sunday evenings; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The editorial page put out by the young people—Richard Blair, Genna Carter, Lily Tomlin, Madeline Kahn, and Robert Rovin—who work here makes its many points with both verve and humor. The small revue is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The current idea is hors-d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual amusement.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A great deal of what the pianos of Thelonious Monk and Bill Evans have to say is left to the imagination, which must lead a spry life to keep up with these two artists. On Tuesday, Aug. 16, they and their followers will be replaced by Wes Montgomery's and Charles Lloyd's contingents. Every Monday is allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion above a grotto. In the pavilion, which takes Mondays off, there are late-evening sessions by Dave Pike and other sharp-edged musicians, and Sunday afternoons (five to nine) the Jazz Interactions play restless coffee-and-cakes music. . . . ¶ In the grotto, the music is often village-blacksmith, for Fats Domino and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers are the producers of it. A new humorist, David Frye, is appended. On Tuesday, Aug. 16, a new bill begins: Dizzy Gillespie's quintet, Carmen McRae's arias, and Horace Silver's fivesome. Mondays, Symphony Sid's collection of Latin jazz musicians are in charge. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): An *alkoholfrei* enterprise in which folk music gets its due and/or comeuppance. On Saturday, Aug. 13, the Bitter End Singers and Jake Holmes, practitioners of the art, will return to duty, and so will the Uncalled-For 3, jokesters. Tuesdays, when the regulars lay off, are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): At a deer crossing in the thickly forested downtown warehouse enclave, the gallant Art Farmer serves as stroke for a crew of five with which Jimmy Heath is concerned. On Tuesday, Aug. 16, Clark Terry's foursome gets the job. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): John Hicks' quartet is the current pleader for the new way of life, and Betty Carter is the caroller. On Mondays, a foursome led by Elvin Jones fills in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The music to dance to that was invented by our forefathers is available. It is turned out by Mr. Condon and a healthy bunch of the boys, such as Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, Cliff Leeman, and Herman Autrey. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland and threesome are newly arrived inside the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, they waft softly

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

during the late-dinner hour, then work up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Young man, go south, and young woman, go likewise, to where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. . . . **SLUG'S**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): A woodshed in the very heart of a new young people's Nighttown, and thoroughly Melting-Pot. Kenny Burrell's quartet is supplying the urgency now, but on Tuesday, Aug. 16, Joe Henderson's sextet will take on the job. Mondays are always assigned to a free-lance group.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Moses Soyer, William Gropper, and John Kearney; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Marine paintings by Bennett Bradbury, Frederick J. Waugh, William Ehrig, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: Contemporary drawings from the collection of the Saint Paul (Minnesota) Art Center, by such artists as Hans Moller, Chaim Gross, and Ben Shahn; through Friday, Aug. 19. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Paul Cadmus, Robert Vickrey, and Nathan Hale (to mention a few); through Aug. 26.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through Sept. 9. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Landscapes, portraits, and marines by, among others, Frank Boggs, William Merritt Chase, and Courbet; through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures on loan from private New York collectors, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the nineteen-sixties and ranging in practitioner from Corot to Picasso and Marino Marini; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ "Americans on the Go," a series of Currier and Ives lithographs from the collection of Miss A.S. Colgate, recording our early methods of transportation and sport, and even 1869 "Fashionable Turn-Outs in Central Park." (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An excellent arrangement of the paintings of Henri Matisse from 1897 to 1953, which, though the majority date to his early years as an artist, is yet revealing of his maturing competence in design and color; through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of Reuben Nakian—large abstract sculptures, some of painted steel and some of plaster (the most ponderous of the latter being "The Judgment of Paris" group), along with smaller bronzes and terra-cottas and drawings relating to them, mainly of a mythological nature; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum is scheduled to open at this new address on Sept. 28.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ The Sculpture Garden has been transformed into a proper cemetery for some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings that have been demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER UNION MUSEUM, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A display of miniature clay figures, animals, and temples illustrating the daily life of the people in pre-Columbian Mexico; through Friday, Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Current happenings in Op and Pop Art, as represented by Lichtenstein, Warhol, Rivers, and others, along with a less startling showing of such artists as Matisse, Modigliani, and Chagall, from the Harry N. Abrams Family Collection; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, six examples of the work of Alexander Liberman—large intertwining shavings of welded steel; through Sept. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen USA '66," comprising works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

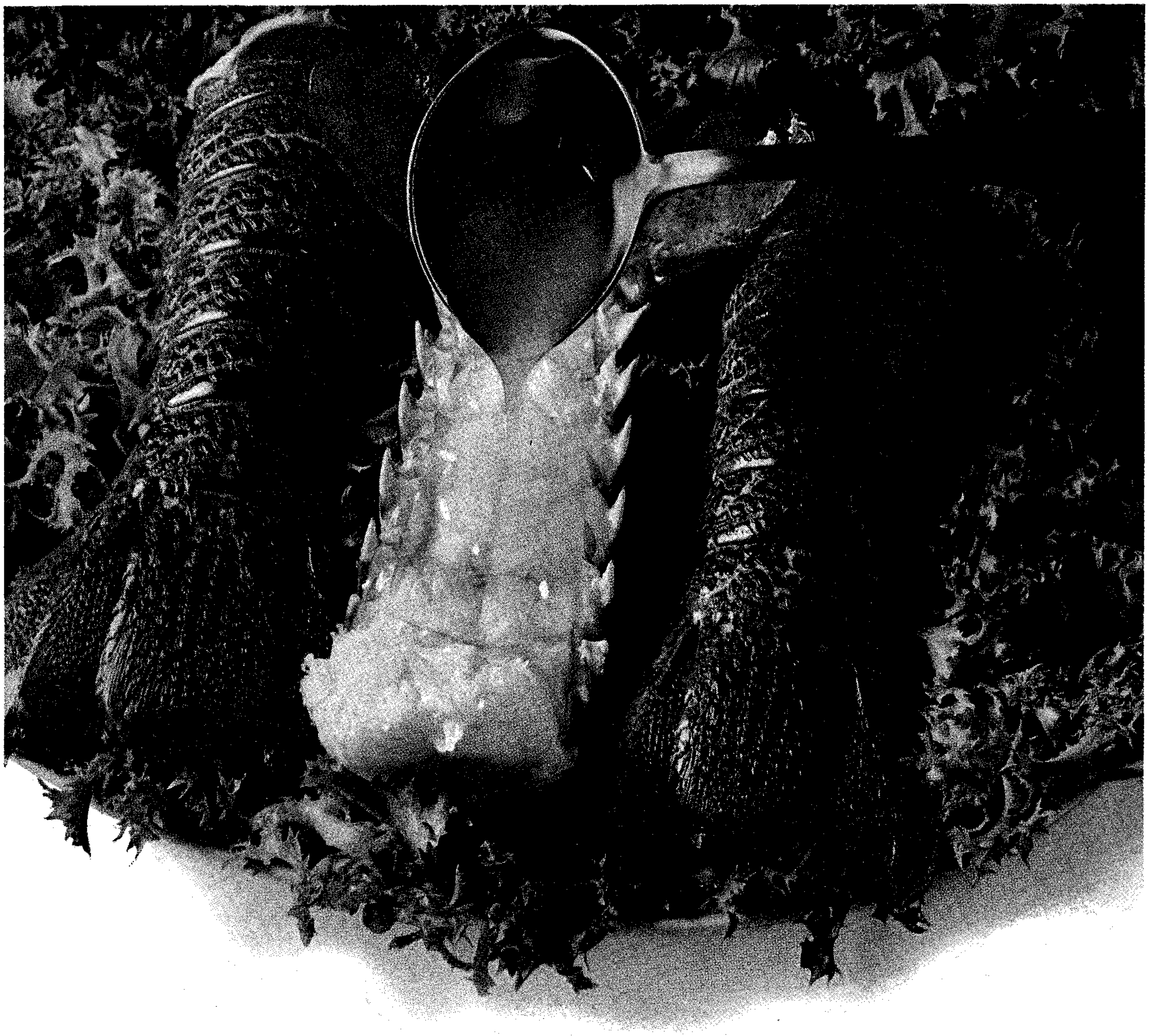
MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 and 22 W. 54th St.—"The World of Primitive Art," an exhibition of sculptures, paintings, jewelry, textiles, and ceramics from Africa, the Pacific islands, the Americas, and prehistoric Asia and Europe; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A delightful little showing of sketches, studies, preliminary drawings, and letters of Beatrix Potter. Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, and Mr. Jeremy Fisher—they're all there. Through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number of Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

MOZART FESTIVAL AT PHILHARMONIC HALL—A four-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs that ends Saturday, Aug. 27—Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: The Guarneri String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Milton Katims conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Josette and Yvette Roman, duo piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Claude Frank, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 15, at 8:30: Milton Katims conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Daniel Barenboim, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: A recital by Mr. Barenboim. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 8:30: Milton Katims conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Mr. Barenboim. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: The Kroll Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Jorge Mester directing the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Jaime Laredo, violin, and a



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Mr. Laredo with Ruth Laredo, piano, in a sonata recital. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 11:30: Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra.

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**LEWISOHN STADIUM:** Final performances of the season. Friday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: George Schick directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Madame Butterfly" in concert form, with Teresa Stratas, soprano; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; and Clifford Harvuot, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Lamberto Gardelli conducting the orchestra, with Renata Tebaldi, soprano. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800.). . . **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** Alfred Wallenstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Tuesday, Aug. 16, at 8:30.). . . **CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the last two in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Friday, Aug. 12, and Sunday, Aug. 14, both at 8:30.). . . ¶ Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci.". . . Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8: "Andrea Chénier.". . . **WOLLMAN RINK:** A mixed bag of commotion, mainly musical, sponsored by the Rheingold people. Mondays at 8:30, jazz; Wednesdays at 8:30, rock 'n' roll; Friday, Aug. 12, at 8:30 and 10:30, folk music; and Saturdays at 8:30, pop music. (For information about tickets, call 249-7750.). . . **EAST RIVER PARK AMPHITHEATRE** (near Grand St.): Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this series of concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:30.). . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE:** Henry Schuman conducting the Musica da Camera, a chamber-wind ensemble, in the first in a series of three weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 15, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

Jazz Concerts—**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART GARDEN:** Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Roland Kirk's quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Art Farmer's quintet. (11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.). . . **RANDALLS ISLAND:** Gloria Lynne, Arthur Prysock, Mongo Santamaria, Dizzy Gillespie, Redd Foxx, Sonny Stitt, Hank Crawford and his band, and others. (Downing Stadium. Saturday, Aug. 13, at 7. For tickets, call LT 1-0933.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 12, at 7: An all-Tchaikovsky chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 9: Sixten Ehrling conducting the Boston Symphony in a Sibelius-Tchaikovsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Hindemith-Tchaikovsky program, with Jane Marsh, soprano, and Stephen Kates, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a varied program, with Masuko Ushioda, violin, and Mischa Dichter, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 7: Jorge Bolet, piano, in an all-Liszt program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a Bruckner-Liszt program, with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Brahms-Liszt program, with Mr. Bolet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing a Verdi-Beethoven program, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Richard Cassilly, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; and the Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a three-week season that ends Wednesday, Aug. 24—Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Thomas Schippers conducting an American-Italian program, with Leontyne Price, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 13, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Russian-Hungarian program, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 3: Thomas Schippers conducting a program of French music, with Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a program of Russian music, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Brahms program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a program of twentieth-century music, with Marian Anderson, narrator. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 3: Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Saratoga Springs.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Final jazz and folk concerts of the season—Saturday, Aug. 13, at 3:30: Theodore Bikel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 14, at 8:30: Nina Simone. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 3:30: Odetta. (Lenox, Mass.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 13: Toni Lander and Bruce Marks, and Norman Walker and his company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 16-20: James Clouser and Christine Hennessy, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Jean Léon Destiné and his company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

American Dance Festival—Friday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Ruth Currier and her company, and Lucas Hoving, with Nancy Lewis and Chase Robinson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 3: The Anna Sokolow Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Paul Draper, and José Limón and his company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday, Aug. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, Aug. 12, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 13, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 14, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 19, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 20, at 7. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 16-17, at 8, and Thursday, Aug. 18, at 2.

Golf—Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Upper Montclair Country Club, Upper Montclair, N. J. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 11-14.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELD,** Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 13; the Saratoga Special, Wednesday, Aug. 17; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 20. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 11. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT,** Bridgehampton: Saturday, Aug. 13, at 3:15, and Sunday, Aug. 14, at 1:30. . . . **WATKINS GLEN:** Saturday, Aug. 20, at 10, and Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 14.). . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 15-21.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next several weeks; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 4:45 daily.

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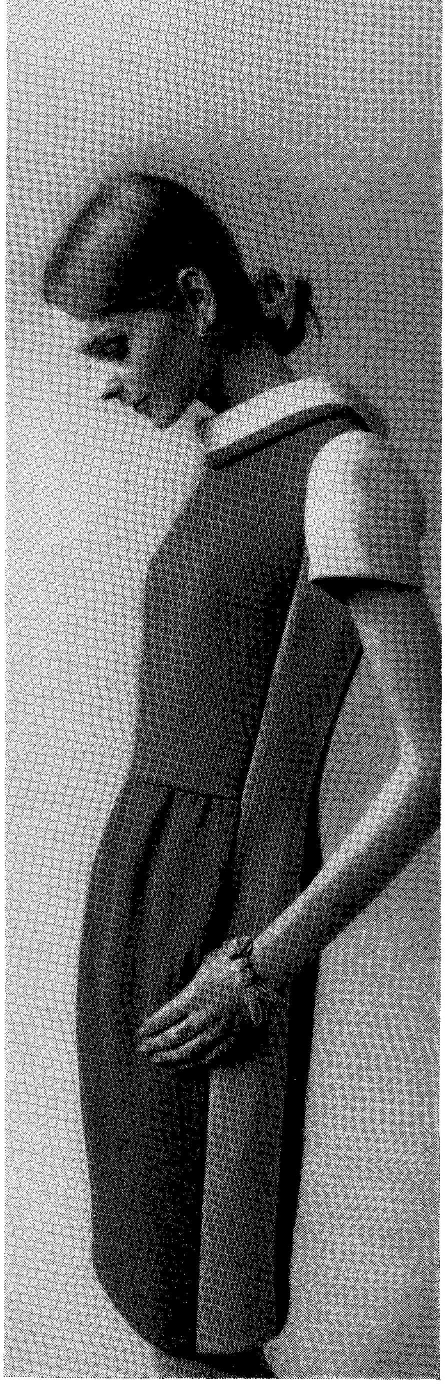

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Dear John—A boldly written, boldly photographed account of a three-day love affair. With Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin, and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—California surfers take their boards to Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Tahiti. Out of sight. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

A Fine Madness—Sean Connery plays a misunderstood poet whose brain is immune to corrective surgery. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 17.)

Khartoum—Interesting failure to portray mysterious British soldier in Africa. Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier in Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Lady L—Sophia Loren and Paul Newman, in a preposterous comedy distinguished by the fact that Peter Ustinov wrote the screenplay and directed it. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Aug. 16.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Morgan!—A slam-bang comic attack on the status quo. A brilliant English movie, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, and Robert Stephens. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Aug. 17.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Aug. 16.)

The Naked Prey—Cornel Wilde, director and actor, running away from enraged African tribesmen, has trouble finding a bite to eat. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved against high odds by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 16.)

A Thousand Clowns—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 16.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. With an English narration. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 16.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A fine movie of that hard night's night. Mike Nichols, as director, and the cast, who need not be named here, do Edward Albee proud. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Wrong Box—Farce, in color, about murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers as a doctor, Wilfrid Lawson as a butler. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

Atget (1963)—An eleven-minute short, made up of still photographs of Paris and environs taken by Eugène Atget a long time ago. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 16.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. In Russian. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 17.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 12-15.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 15-16.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 15-16.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 16.)

The Defiant Ones (1958)—Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis as a pair of fugitives from a chain gang in flight from a posse. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Aug. 15-16.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 13-14.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Aug. 14.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 16.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Aug. 17.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 16.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 11.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 11.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 13.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Aug. 17.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 12-15.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through Aug. 14.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—Still more Marx Brothers, here cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 11.)

7 Capital Sins (1963)—As many separately written and directed episodes as there are sins. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 16.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—A picture demonstrating that to be a child in a Russian village is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. In Russian. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 17.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

The Ugly American (1963)—Marlon Brando in a melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Aug. 15-16.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

Union Pacific (1939)—A panoramic Western, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 12.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Aug. 12: "The Man I Killed" (1932), with Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Aug. 13-14: "The Kid from Spain" (1932), with Eddie Cantor. . . . ¶ Aug. 15-16: "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ Aug. 17: "The Battle of Russia" (1943), a United States Government full-length documentary. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through Aug. 12: "Music for Millions" (1944), with Margaret O'Brien and Jimmy Durante. . . . ¶ Aug. 13-14: "Anchors Aweigh" (1944), with Frank Sinatra and Kathryn Grayson. . . . ¶ Aug. 16-17: "Her Highness and the Bellboy" (1945), with Hedy Lamarr and Robert Walker. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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14	15	16	17			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE NAKED PREY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
KHARTOUM.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MORGAN!

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!, revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 16: **TO DIE IN MADRID**; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From Aug. 17: **MORGAN!**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Uncle," Rupert Davies.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Mademoiselle," Jeanne Moreau.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE WRONG BOX.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Aug. 16: "Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.
From Aug. 17: "The Pad (And How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Aug. 14: "Bambi," revival, a Walt Disney full-length film.
Aug. 15-16: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.
From Aug. 17: **MORGAN!**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
GIGI, revival.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 16: **MY FAIR LADY.**
From Aug. 17 (tentative): "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 16: "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer; and "A Place Called Glory," Lex Barker.
From Aug. 17: **A FINE MADNESS**; and "An Eye for an Eye," Robert Lansing, Pat Wayne.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Modesty Blaise," Monica Vitti, Terence Stamp.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 11: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival.
Aug. 12-15: **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival; **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
From Aug. 16: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; and **ATGET**, revival.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Aug. 14: **DUCK SOUP**, revival; and **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival.
Aug. 15-16: **THE UGLY AMERICAN**, revival; and **THE DEFIANT ONES**, revival.
From Aug. 17: **IT'S A GIFT**, revival; and **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 16: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and "Eva," revival, Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker.
From Aug. 17: **A FINE MADNESS**; and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 16: **LADY L.**
From Aug. 17: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** and **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (both in Russian and both revivals.)

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 16: **THE LADY VANISHES**, revival; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival.
From Aug. 17: "The Pad (And How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 15: "Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.
Aug. 16: "Till the Clouds Roll By," revival, Robert Walker, Judy Garland; and "Love Me or Leave Me," revival, Doris Day, James Cagney.
From Aug. 17: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"La Visita" (in Italian), Sandra Milo, François Périer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"It Happened Here," Pauline Murray, Sebastian Shaw.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Love and Marriage" (in Italian), Sylva Koscina.

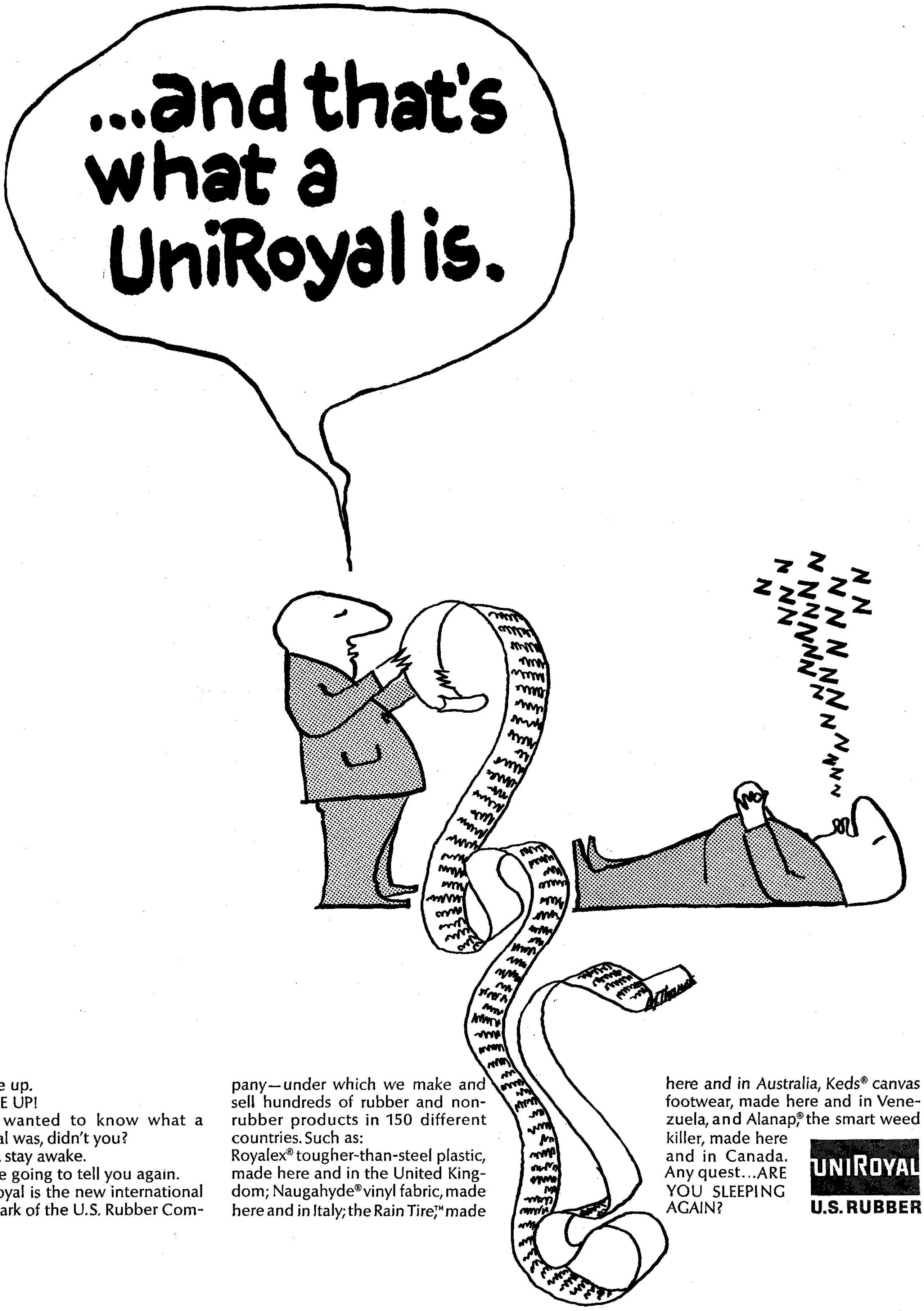
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 11: "They Died with Their Boots On," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn; and "The Renegade Ranger," revival, George O'Brien.
Aug. 12: **UNION PACIFIC**, revival; and "The Oklahoma Kid," revival, James Cagney.
Aug. 13-14: **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**, revival; and "Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.
Aug. 15: "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," revival, John Wayne, Joanne Dru; and "Forty Guns," revival, Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan.
Aug. 16: "Dodge City," revival, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland; and "Tumbleweeds" (silent), William S. Hart.
Aug. 17: "Major Dundee," revival, Charlton Heston, Richard Harris; and "Ride the High Country," revival, Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 16: "Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger; and "Promise Her Anything," Warren Beatty, Leslie Caron.
From Aug. 17: "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer; and "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 11: "Moussorgsky" and "Aleko" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Aug. 12: **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French), revival; and "The Anatomy of Love" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren.
Aug. 13: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **MAYERLING** (in French), revival.
Aug. 14: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival.
Aug. 15: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page; and "The Children's Hour," revival, Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.
Aug. 16: "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.
Aug. 17: "The Law" (in French), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand; and "The Doll" (in Swedish), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).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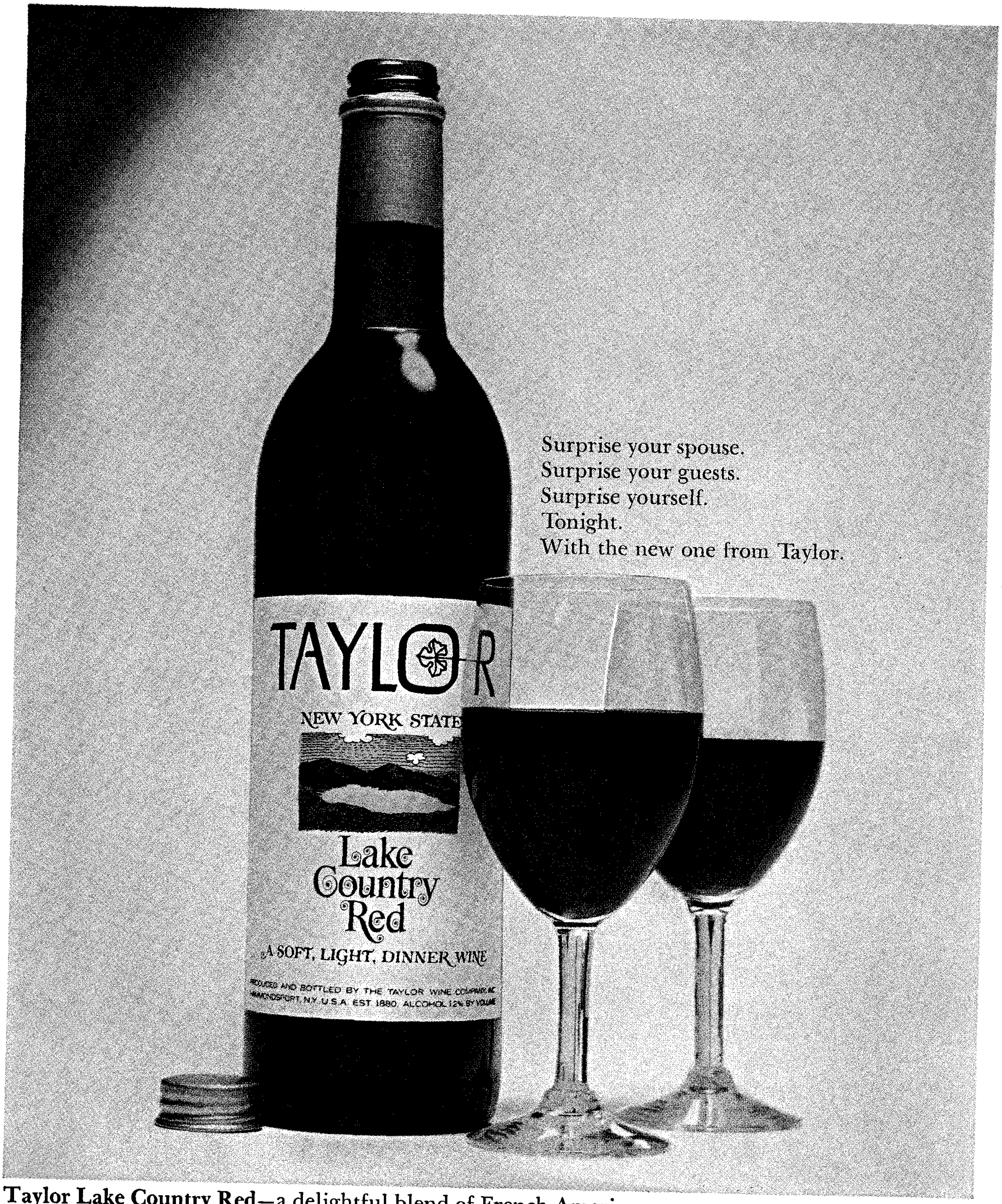
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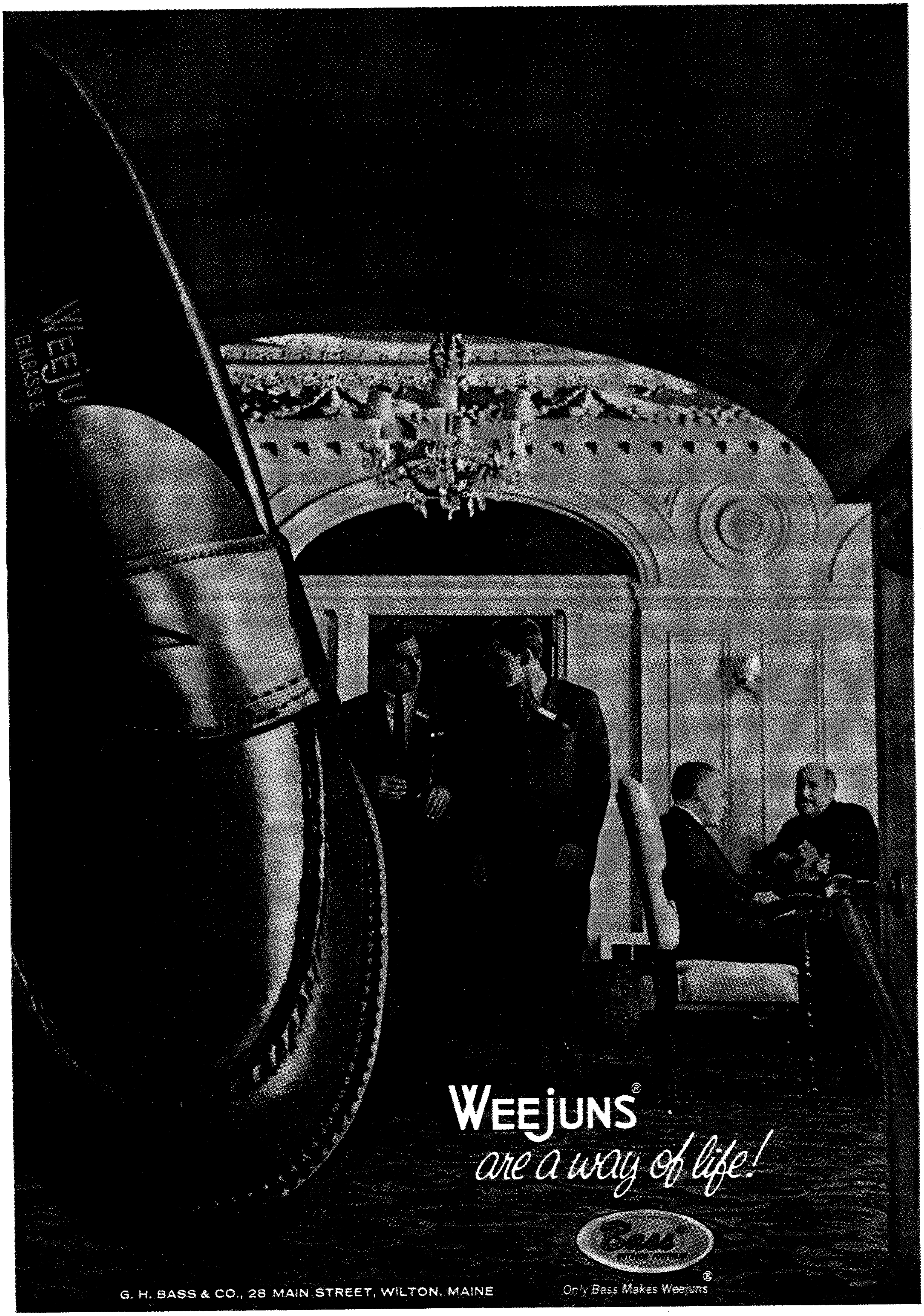
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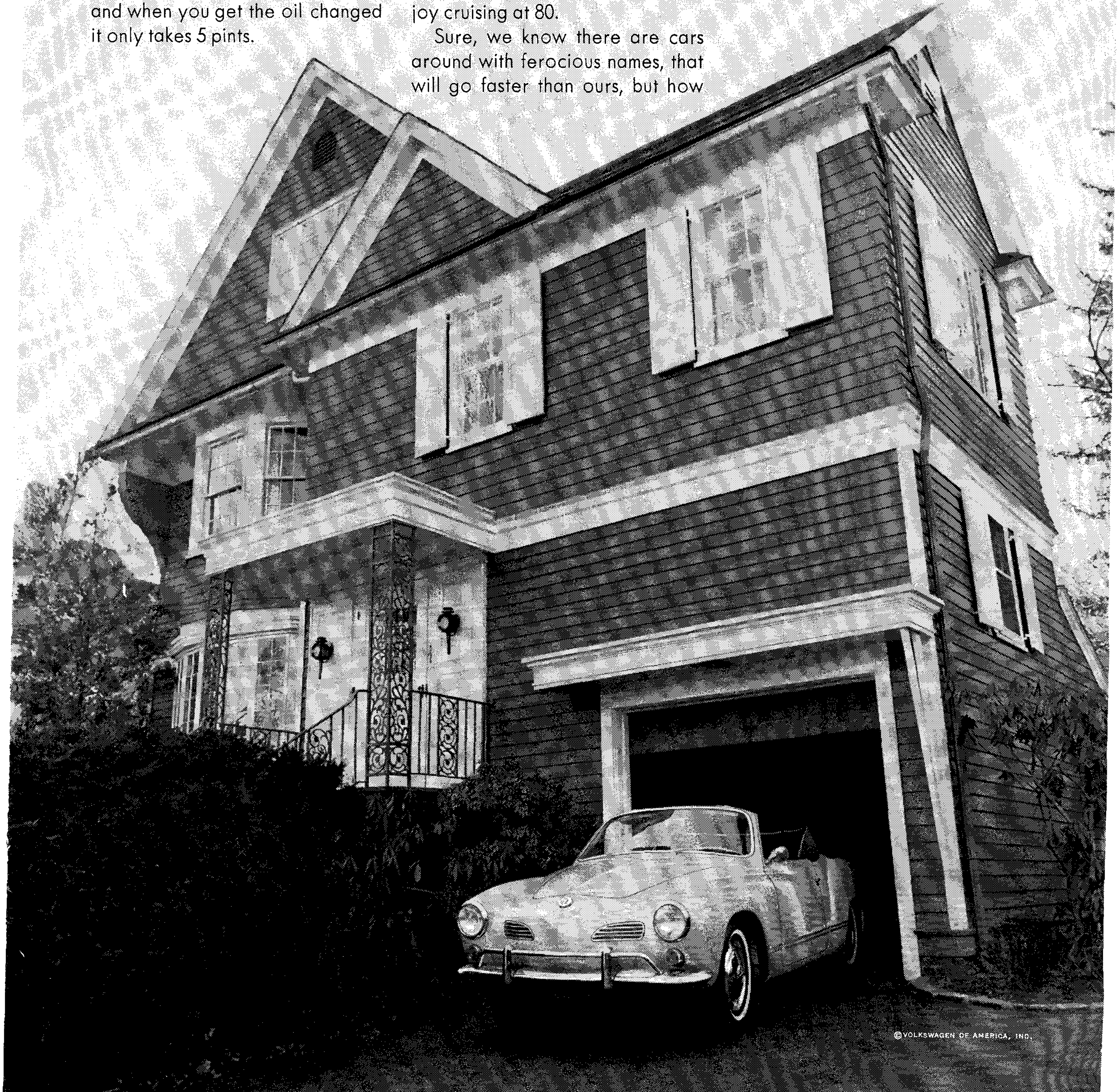

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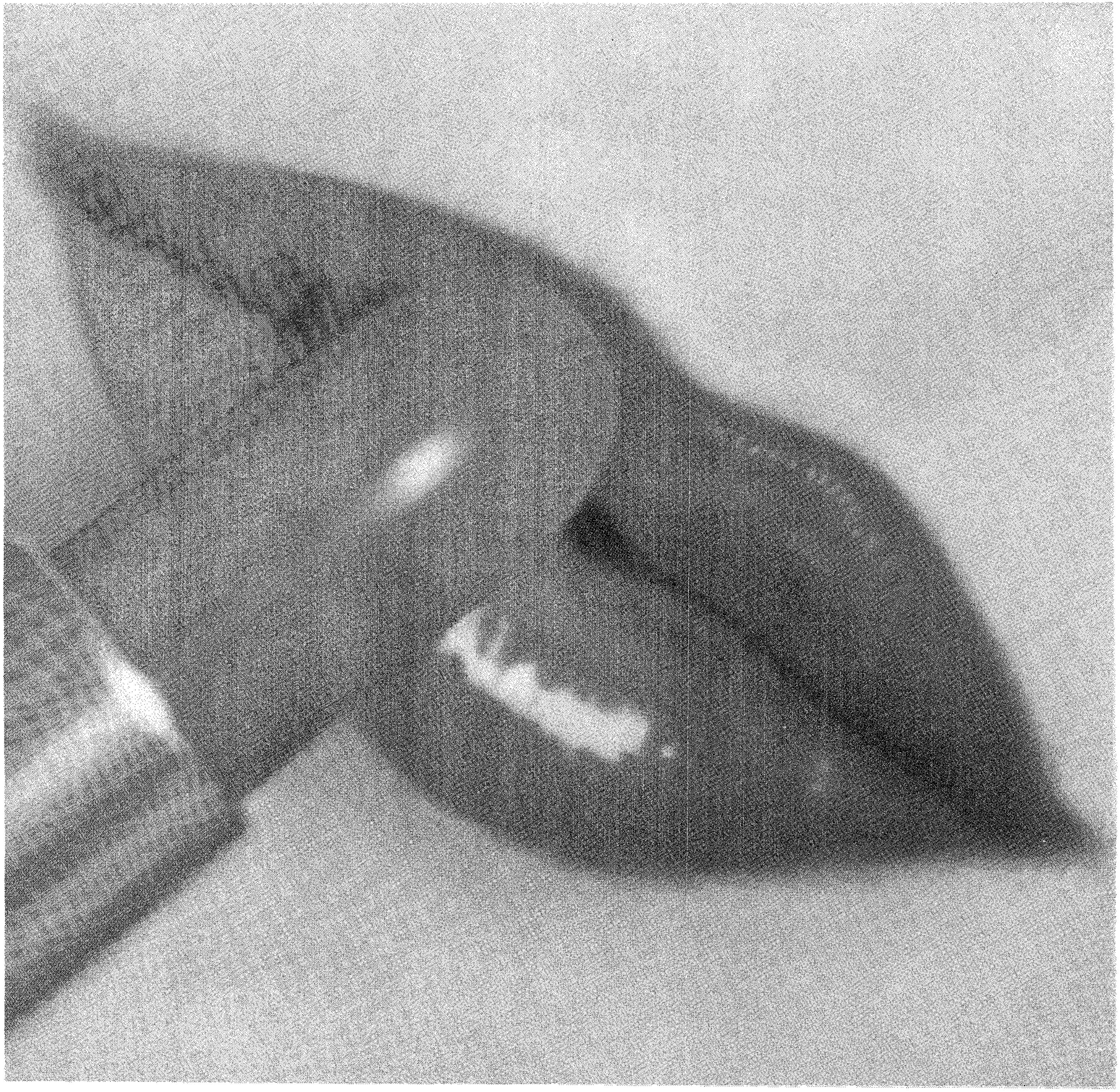

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THE NEW YORKER

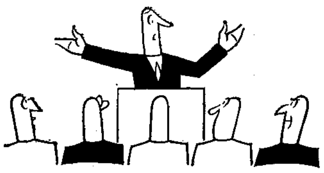
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE long-winded lady has been heard from yet again. This time, with comparative brevity, she writes: "One night, I found a twenty-dollar bill blowing about in the snow outside a restaurant called The Old Place, on West Tenth Street. The Old Place was owned by a lady named Theresa Tarigo, who kept restaurants in the Village for years and years and years—for decades—and this was her last place. It was down three steps, in a commodious and cozy basement, and she used to have a blazing fire going on cold nights. There was no one to be seen on Tenth Street the night I found the twenty dollars, but the night I found a dollar bill drifting along the sidewalk outside the Steak de Paris, on West Forty-ninth Street, the block was crowded, as that block practically always is, because it leads to the theatre district, and, anyway, it was a warm summer night and all the tourists in town were wandering toward Broadway and watching the Forty-ninth Street sideshow on the way. Then, last Decoration Day, I was walking along Macdougal Street toward Eighth Street. It was close to one o'clock in the afternoon, and Washington Square, the park, and the four streets that enclose it and all the streets leading into it were crowded with people out to see the art show and to welcome the bright weather that had come at last after the storm and rain of the first two days of the long weekend. The open-air artists were grinning with joy and turning their faces from side to side, like prize-winners, at finding themselves in luck at last, while their paintings glowed modestly in the cool sunlight. Outside the Hotel Earle, beside the steps leading to the side entrance, which has been kept locked for years, I picked up a penny and handed it to the nearest artist—an elderly man crouched on a campstool. He took the penny and looked at it unpleasantly, as if it were a live worm, and he was still holding it and looking at it when I wished him luck and went on to Eighth Street—still the Village boulevard—and so to Sixth Avenue, which was streaming with men and women and children, who all had an air of having walked in a festival procession from far away, from the far distance, downtown, where the roof line fades into the sky. It was a holiday boardwalk crowd—untidy, interested, and raffish. The artists were having an uproariously appreciative audience. I was going to lunch, taking the long way around to the Marta Restaurant, on Washington Place. Marta's is three steps down into a pleasant basement, as The Old Place was, and, like the Steak de Paris, it has a view—a window on the street. Marta's window is partly below street level, so what you see going by, as you sit inside, are halves of men and women, whole children, and dogs complete from nose to tip of tail. It is both soothing and interesting to watch people without being able to see their faces. It is like counting sheep. But, no, one would guess wrong about the money. I never found any money outside the Marta Restaurant—no money blowing about and none lying on the ground. Somebody else got it, I suppose."

On a Project Basis

ABOUT six months ago, we got wind of what seemed to us an original and highly stimulating approach to the urban problem. The idea was presented in a speech delivered last December at a symposium on "The Troubled Environment," which was held in Washington, D.C., and was sponsored by the Action Council for Better Cities, and the speaker was John H. Rubel, a former Assistant Secretary of Defense and a relative neophyte in city-planning circles. Mr. Rubel said flatly that attempts to improve existing cities from within were probably futile, considering the impacted nature of urban ills and the dead weight of tradition, private interest, and plain inertia that were resisting change. He proposed that, instead, we design and build a series of new cities from scratch, and that we go about it in much the way that the United States government and private industry, working closely together, had gone about designing and producing the new rocket and missile systems, the Apollo and Gemini man-in-space projects, and the other spectacular technological advances of the space age. What was needed, Rubel said, was "a new-city technology," and this could be attained only by creating a market for it. "Technology is developed to meet felt human needs that are expressed by demand in some marketplace," he noted in his speech. "Space technology . . . did not spring forth unasked. It was not there, ready and waiting, before the space age dawned. . . . It was created on purpose to fulfill specific needs established by NASA and the Department of Defense." In other words, the government had decided what it wanted to achieve in space, and had then set up various projects, in collaboration with private industry, to develop the necessary tools and the technology. And if the public and the private sectors could get together and agree on a set of standards and objectives for better cities, out of the development of such cities would arise the new-city technology to meet the new standards and realize the objec-



tives. Moreover, once a few of the new cities were in being, the existing cities would begin to imitate some of their improvements and take advantage of the new-city technology—would, in fact, be obliged to do so by the demands of the marketplace.

The whole idea tantalized us, and we made a mental note to find out more about Mr. Rubel and, if possible, to have a talk with him. That opportunity presented itself as a result of a trip we made to Los Angeles. Rubel, we found, is a Californian; that is, he was born in Chicago in 1920, but his family moved to Los Angeles when he was eleven, and he graduated from the California Institute of Technology in 1942, with a degree in electrical engineering, and has spent most of his time since in what has come to be called the aerospace industry, holding positions with Lockheed, Hughes Aircraft, and the Defense Department. He is currently a vice-president of Litton Industries, a Beverly Hills-based firm that is busy in an astonishing variety of fields, from shipbuilding to microwave heating and cooking units, and at the time we saw him he was in the final stages of preparing a vast proposal, to be presented to the Navy, for an important shipbuilding contract, on which two other firms were also bidding. The proposal was due in four days' time, and Rubel, who had been working on it since January, with a staff that initially consisted of himself alone and currently numbered two hundred and twenty-six, told us when we saw him that he had been home for dinner only once in the past three weeks, having subsisted mainly on Metrecal and peanuts. Under the circumstances, he looked surprisingly fit—suntanned, relaxed, trim, and about ten years younger than his age. He had consented to have dinner with us at a restaurant near his office, and we had met him there at about seven o'clock.

"That cities paper has been on my mind," Rubel said, settling himself comfortably in a booth. "It's had some interesting reactions. Robert Wood, the Undersecretary of Housing and Urban Development, who's a friend of mine, has set up a summer study group at Woods Hole based partly on the concepts in the paper, and he wanted me to join it, but I couldn't. I wish I had time to spend on elaborating some of those ideas, but ever since I delivered the paper I've been on this ship project."

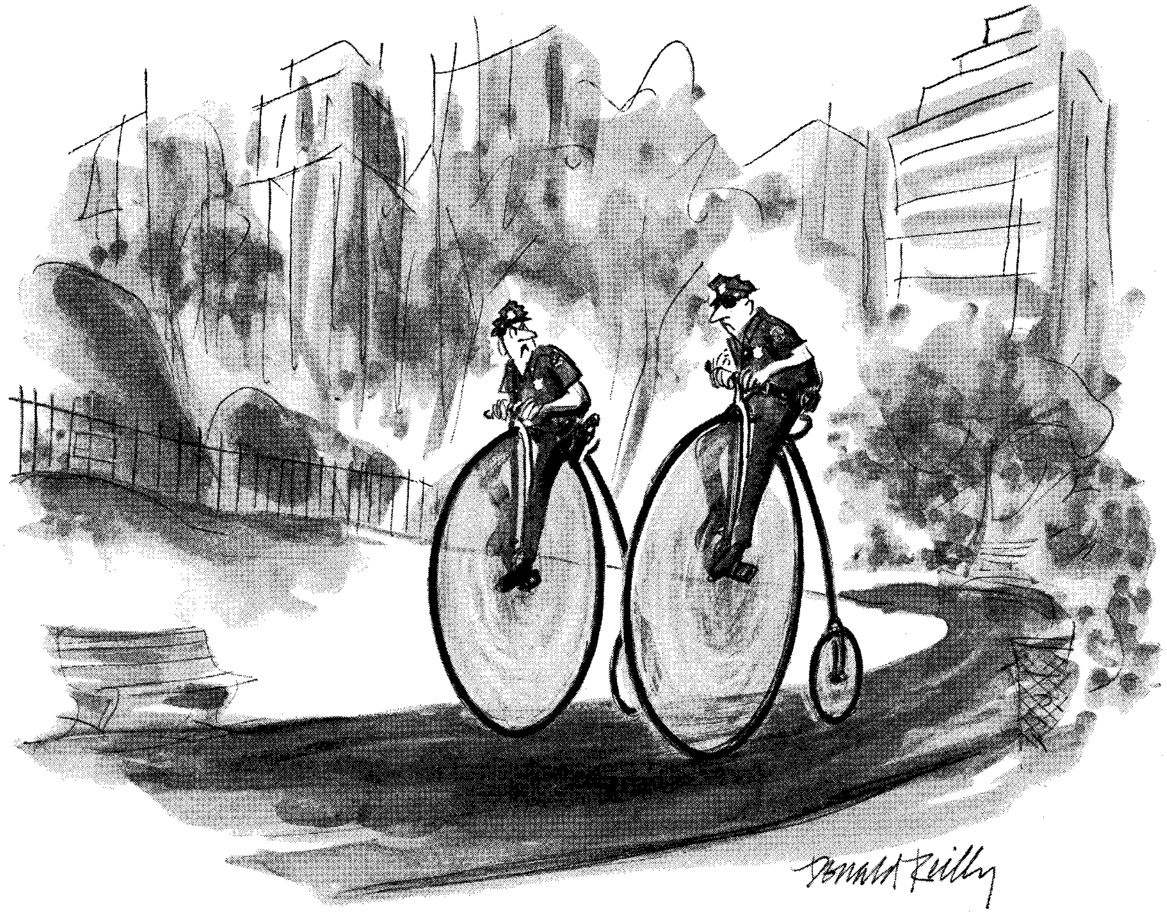
What, we asked, had started him thinking about city problems?

"A number of things," Rubel replied. "Sputnik was launched in 1957, you remember, and there were a lot of changes in Washington as a result. The Defense Department was reorganized, for one thing; they created the office of Director of Defense Research and Engineering, with authority to supervise and unify all defense research, and Herb York, the first Director, hired me away from Hughes, where I'd been for thirteen years, and made me Assistant Director for Strategic Weapons—big missiles, bombers, and such. That was in 1959. I stayed four and a half years, and eventually became an Assistant Secretary of Defense and Deputy Director of Defense Research and Engineering, under McNamara. In that time, of course, I saw a lot of tremendous achievements, and I also saw the fantastic results you could get by setting things up on a project basis rather than on a function basis—by harnessing a variety of disciplines and directing them toward a common goal. It struck me that the project system, using ad-hoc means to achieve tasks for which the objectives but not all the needed technologies or methods were known, had turned out to be one of the most powerful social instruments created in our time. Anyway, I'd always said that after I left the government my wife and I would take a long vacation and sort of get recalibrated, and we did. In 1963, we flew to Paris and rented a boat and floated all the way to Holland and back on the inland waterways. We had bikes on the boat, and we'd use them for little side trips, and once or twice we rented a Volkswagen for a day. It was idyllic. The next thing we did was to hop on an airplane and fly to Los Angeles and drive home on the Freeway. You can't imagine a more absolute contrast. Now, I know, of course, that there are plusses as well as minuses in the big modern cities, but at that point it began to seem to me that the minuses were really in the ascendancy—the overcrowding, the smog, the terrible gap between rich and poor, the lack of any sense of community, the complete formlessness of life."

DARLINGS
W.D. JR.

It occurred to Rubel at about this time that perhaps city planning was too important to be left to the city planners. He also began thinking seriously about a possible connection between the problems of cities and the project method of finding solutions to space-age problems. "The idea wasn't really original with me," he said. "Bob Wood and I had discussed the whole concept several times, and there was also a lot of loose talk going around Washington to the effect that if we just turned the aerospace industry loose on urban problems, we might get some spectacular results. I thought this was nonsense. There's no silver bullet, no magic formula, no direct spillover from one field into another, and space technology itself wasn't going to solve urban problems. But one thing we had discovered was that when you create a *market* for rockets to the moon, you get rockets to the moon. There is no market that is not served by some industry or business, and no industry or business that is not served by some market. We'd learned that if you don't have the technology for something, you can create a market and *get* the technology. The method of creating a market for a solution to a problem has proved itself capable of producing the technology to solve the problem. Of course, there are some strong arguments against equating rockets with cities. Nobody really chooses to go to the moon—if it weren't for the Russians, we wouldn't have a moon program—but, by and large, people do live in cities out of choice. So how do you get them to go and live in new cities? That's unknown, but I claim it's not entirely unknown. The fact that the population of the United States is growing by about three million a year is what makes the new-city notion possible at all—particularly since most of the increase occurs in cities. It's been proved that people will go and live in retirement cities where they can have fun—if you call that fun. My feeling is that working people will go where the jobs are."

We asked whether there were any plans afoot to build the kind of new city that Rubel envisioned, and he said that as far as he knew there



"By God, Hoving's gone too far this time!"

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were not. Some of the urban experiments now in progress—Reston, Virginia, for example, and the new town called Columbia that is being built between Washington, D.C., and Baltimore—incorporated many ideas that Rubel found admirable, but they were conceived on a much smaller scale than the new cities he proposed, which would have in the neighborhood of a million inhabitants each. They were also financed largely by private capital, and this, in his opinion, was a fundamental flaw. "I don't believe you should allow city land to be privately owned, any more than the water you drink or the air you breathe," he said. "It sounds Communistic, but it isn't really. Private ownership of land makes for speculation, which is economically sound but is not necessarily in the public interest. Does a man living in the city really have an inalienable right to use his land for a row of honky-tonks, just because that brings him a higher return? There has to be a fundamental correlation between private interests and the public good; that's one of the major decisions to be made when you're figuring out what you want to achieve in the new cities. My own suggestion is that the federal government buy the land and subsidize the development of the new cities. Why? Because it's in the national interest to do it. And the government can afford to do it. Our gross national product will double in the next twenty years; we know that. The big question is what you do with the excess wealth. We also know that those three million people who are being added to the population each year, mostly in cities, won't go out on their own and buy a better environment. For about two billion dollars a year, the government could subsidize the development of enough new cities to take in a million people a year. Once the project was started, the government should turn each city over to a corporation made up of representatives of both the private and the public sectors, along the general lines of the Comsat Corporation, which was set up to handle the new communications-satellite system. The corporation would administer the city, and would find ways to involve all its major users, through ownership of shares in the corporation, and to align private interests with the public interest, through sound market and administrative mechanisms. I think it would take anywhere from two to five billion dollars in federal money to get the whole thing started, but we're spending five billion a year on the manned lunar project, and fifteen billion to acquire weapons and weapons systems, not to mention six billion on agricultural subsidies. As far as the national wealth is concerned, it's a perfectly feasible idea."

Rubel glanced at his watch. We half expected him to say he was due back at the office—we had finished dinner and were dawdling over coffee—but, to our relief, he asked if we could drive him home. He lives, with his wife and three children, in the Brentwood section. On the way there, we asked him whether he had any particular feelings about New York and *its* problems, and he replied that he hadn't; he had always found it an exciting place and would rather like to live here for a while. "My wife and I sometimes play that game of what place you'd choose to spend three or four years in, if you had your choice of anywhere in the world," he said.

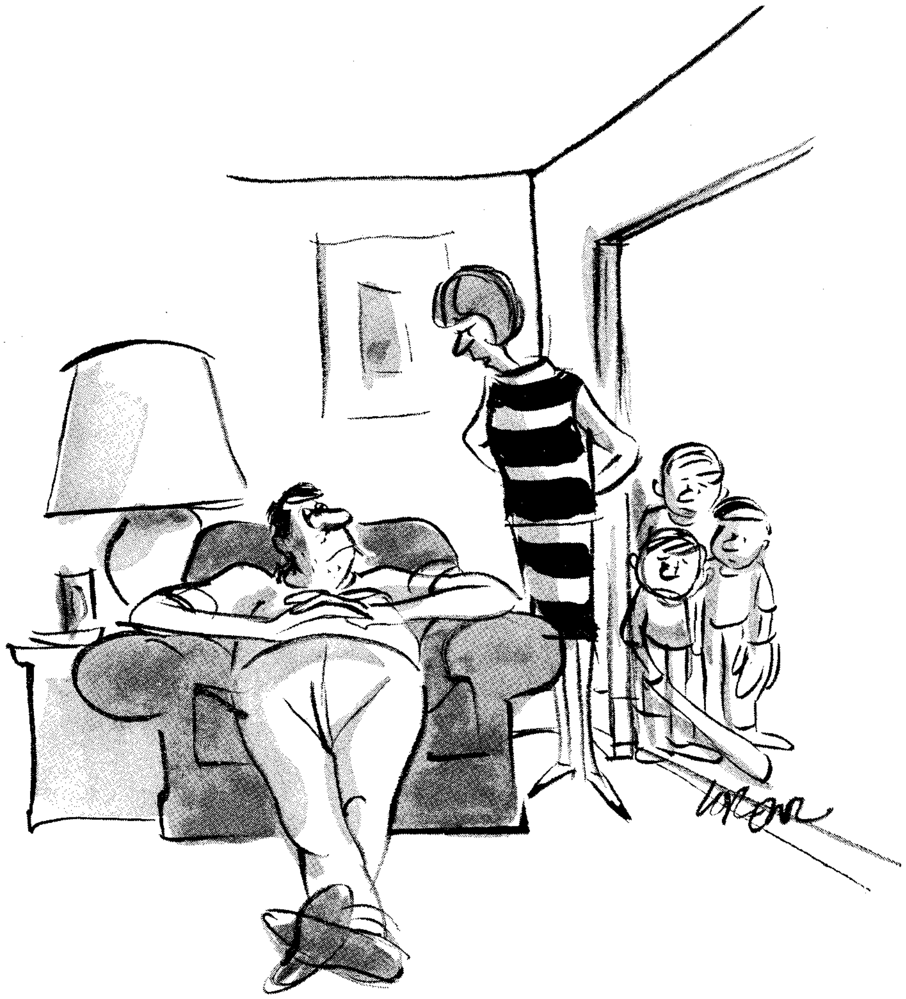
We asked him, just as we pulled into his driveway, what his choice would be.

"I've given it some thought," he said. "My wife and I both love Italy, and it seems to me the place I'd be happiest of all in is Florence."

We said good night, regained the Freeway, and drove thoughtfully to a motel.

Quality

A MILD-MANNERED housewife of our acquaintance tells us that a tin of tuna she bought at her local supermarket was so tasteless that she sat down, somewhat hesitantly, and wrote the tuna people a note about it. The executive vice-president in charge of consumer relations at the tuna works replied promptly. He was upset. His company, he said, devoted itself solely to maintaining the highest tuna standards in the world. He was sending along, as recompense, a can of the very finest product of his house, a tuna for



"If Bobby Kennedy could shoot the Salmon River rapids with all those kids, certainly you can play a little one-o'-cat with yours."

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cats. Delicious, our friend says—absolutely delicious.

A Beginning

MAYOR LINDSAY, a local theatre buff of long standing, has passed the word to all members of his administration to be especially helpful to movie and television producers who want to make films, or parts of films, in New York. In an executive order dated May 31st, the Mayor drastically simplified the almost Kafkaesque procedures that producers had previously had to go through to get permission to shoot on location here. The man most responsible for the new open-city policy, besides Mr. Lindsay himself, is Franklin R. Weissberg, a thirty-five-year-old attorney who was recently appointed Special Consultant to the Mayor for the Performing Arts. We called on Mr. Weissberg the other day, in the offices of Colton, Fernbach & Weissberg, on Fifth Avenue, to ask him how soon we could expect a horde of movie companies to descend on Manhattan.

"Well, we've made a beginning, anyway," Weissberg said, with professional caution. "Eighteen major films are already in production or have been scheduled for production here this summer, and I think it's fair to say that at least one of them would not have been made at all under the previous setup. The old procedure for permits was simply incredible." He explained that before June 1st a different permit was required for each day of shooting and for each location, which could add up to as many as fifty permits for a few weeks' work. Each application had to be submitted at least seventy-two hours ahead of time, and had to be endorsed by all the city departments affected; depending on the location, these might include the Department of Highways, the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, the Buildings Department, the Parks Department, the Board of Education, and so on and on. Police protection was the responsibility of the local precinct, which meant that every time the shooting was moved to another precinct, the movie crew had to deal with a new squad of policemen. The exercise of local authority was often capricious, to say the least. During one filming a few years ago, an official of the Parks Department objected to a scene that showed the hero jumping into the lake in Central Park. The official pointed out that it was against the law to jump into the lake in Central Park.

Right after his election, Mayor Lindsay asked Mr. Weissberg, whose firm has a number of theatrical clients, to organize a task force and explore the feasibility of building a motion-picture-production center in New York. "The Mayor was enamored of the phrase 'task force' at that time, the theory being that you can't get anyone to work on an ordinary committee anymore," Weissberg said. "I told him that people in the performing arts are not the kind who work very well in task forces, either, and I began talking on my own with as many people in the field as I could. At the end of March, I reported to the Mayor what I thought should be done."

Under the new regulations, a single permit for an entire picture can be obtained from the Department of Commerce and Industrial Development. Any disagreements between that department and other city agencies are to be adjudicated at City Hall by Barry Gottehrer, one of the Mayor's young assistants. Police protection is to be provided by members of what Mayor Lindsay calls "a special task force," who are empowered to move freely around the city with each production unit, and all city officials have been specifically warned against trying to tamper with scripts.

The next step, according to Mr. Weissberg, is to "get the word out that the Mayor really cares." Dozens of letters have been sent to movie and TV people all over the country telling them about the changed attitude here. In addition, the Mayor has appointed a Special Consultant on the Motion Picture Industry (Russell V. Downing) and a Special Consultant on Communications (David Garth). "We're interested in the little guy as well as in the big guy," Weissberg said. "The little guy has even more problems—for instance, the people who make television commercials. Obviously, you can't tie up the Statue of Liberty for a whole day every time somebody wants to make a one-minute aspirin ad, but we're trying to see whether it might be possible to concentrate the use of city landmarks, such as the Statue of Liberty and the Bronx Zoo, into wholesale operations on one or two days a year—let all the companies shoot at once. As a matter of fact, the aggregate of small television work and industrial films brings far more income and activity to the city than the big features do. We feel that one art will help the other in the long run, and it will all snowball. Someone like Henry Fonda can appear in a cameo movie role while he's starring in a Broadway play, and can also make television commercials and narrate specials. There's no telling what can be done once we change the climate here. A couple of weeks ago, I took a Sunday boat ride down the Hudson, and I was appalled by the state of the piers. Some of them are abandoned and are literally rotting away, but under the present laws they can't be used for anything except marine purposes. With land values in Manhattan so high, the piers could be the answer to the whole problem of new theatres. Why not Shakespeare-on-the-Hudson? Anyway, we're hoping that an increased call on the present facilities will lead to a demand for new facilities. We may get that motion-picture center yet."

It happened that some of Mr. Weissberg's theories were being put to the test that afternoon on Pier 62, at the foot of Twenty-second Street, where a new company called Brownstone Productions was filming a one-hour comedy special, "The Love Song of Barney Kempinski," for the fall première of the American Broadcasting Company's series "ABC Stage 67." The story, by Murray Schisgal, tells of the desperate efforts of a young New Yorker, played by Alan Arkin, to raise enough money in one afternoon to get married.

Pier 62, which is not one of the rotting piers, is leased from the city by the United States Lines, and we found the production company working in the shadow of a huge freighter, the American Rover. The ship was being simultaneously unloaded and reloaded by longshoremen, who darted around the dock in orange, blue, and yellow forklifts of varying sizes while enormous craneloads of cargo swung precariously overhead. Marc Merson, the producer of the show, shouted hello to us. He was dressed in slacks and a short-sleeved sports shirt, open at the neck. "New York's a wonderful place to shoot," he told us, waving his arms happily. "The excitement, the noise, the crowds. We're shooting this entire show on location, in fifteen working days. Everyone said it couldn't be done. Last week, we worked in twenty-one locations. In one week! We've had fantastic coöperation. We blocked off Wall Street one morning from eight to nine o'clock. We've blocked off a part of West Thirteenth Street. We've shot uptown and downtown and in midtown. I've become a great believer in New York. The crews work like hell, contrary to their reputation. And where else can you find scenes like these? Stanley Prager, our director, agrees that the police couldn't have been better. We work with the same men day after day, and they get more and more efficient as the shooting progresses. They even start talking the language, like A.D.s—assistant directors. You know, very show biz."

Alan Arkin was climbing into a small blue forklift for the next scene, and Merson excused himself. One of the longshoremen was called over to show the star how to operate the mechanism of the lift, and a small audience of dock workers gathered. Up and down the pier, the swarm of bright-colored forklifts roared and shifted in a bewildering, interweaving pattern. A dirty-yellow tugboat in the middle of the river blew its whistle. A craneload of French wines settled gently on the dock. A red-white-and-blue helicopter sputtered past. The cameras started rolling. Everything looked very show biz to us.

Room 534

IT'S been quite a year. Flying saucers, Batman, city income tax, and now the following report, from a friend of ours just back from Paris, of a phone conversation he had with a room-service clerk at his hotel:

FRIEND: Hello, will you please send someone up to Room 534 to pick up a suit to be pressed?

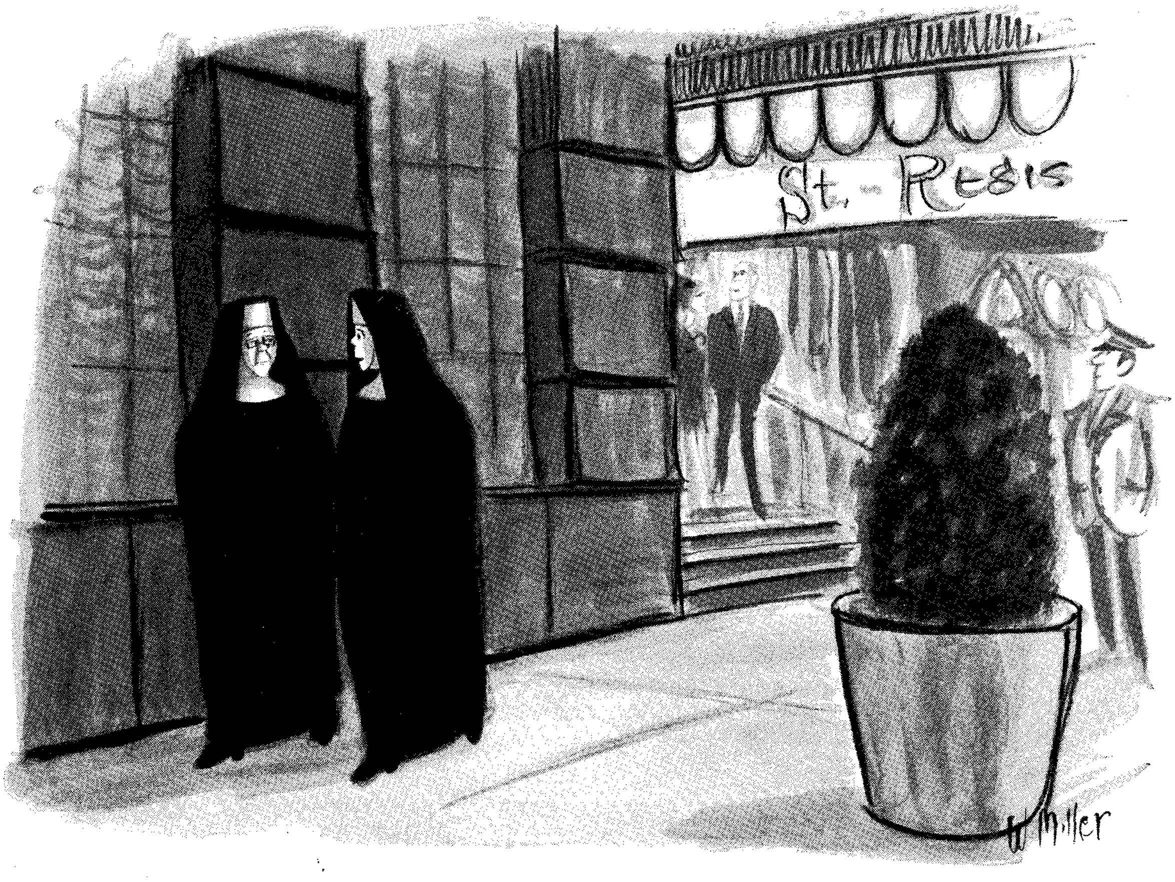
CLERK: You mean 734. There is no Room 534.

FRIEND: What do you mean there's no Room 534? I'm in it right now. *Cinq cent trente-quatre.*

CLERK: I understand English, Monsieur, but there is no Room 534. I am sorry.

FRIEND (*studying his room key, which plainly says "534"*): I have the key in my hand, and I am in Room 534!

CLERK (*sighing*): I cannot serve anyone in a room that does not exist. (*He hangs up.*)



"Sister Theresa, who was St. Regis?"

THE ORGAN PIECE

I HAVE lived right here on this plantation all my fifty-one years and never have had a bit of confusion with white or colored. Lots of times when I started to King's Town with my vegetables, Mama would tell me watch out for people's mean tricks, or not carry my collards to a particular lady's, but I went right on, because our Lord said "Let not your heart be troubled" and mine wasn't. The only thing I ever got into that it looked like I might not get back out of again was listening at an organ piece. And I didn't want to do that.

The cause of my going to hear it was Laurance Ingles. He was a white boy that grew up out here by himself in the big house with nobody to notice him but the cook, because his family went away to New Orleans and forgot about him. And Laurance was a good boy—*meant* to be good—but he was hard to cross. Mama said that was because he was birthed backwards—hind end before—and maybe so, but whatever it was from you couldn't hardly go against what Laurance said you had to do. He was fine, though.

Laurance used to come by every Sunday to see Mama and me. If the weather was too bad to keep him on the porch, Mama would let him come in and sit by the curtain to her bed and they would talk a little. "You don't notice my china jar, do you, Laurance?" Mama would ask him, trying to get on to how much she made me sun it, and he would say, "No Ma'am, not at all," until it got to be a little foolishness we counted on.

About the piece. I already knew Laurance played the piano because we could hear it in the summertime all the way from his house, but I didn't know he was practicing on the organ too. And he was. One Sunday when he came by, Mama and I both noticed he was acting mighty pleased over something—he must have been about fourteen then—and fixing to start up about it.

First he asked how Mama was. She has these terrible sick headaches and you never knew. But while she was trying to tell him, he reached in his pocket and brought up something that looked like a fancy key. And then it came out it was to the organ at the white church and he had got permission to practice on it and had a piece by heart that he could play straight through.

I looked at Mama. She didn't keep but a little slit of curtain open by her bed, because she couldn't stand the light, but even through this I could see her look *that way* at me. Well, I went to the kitchen right quick to make some Kool-Aid, so I could give her time to veer him off. Because already, bless her heart, she had seen him heading toward getting me to go to the church with him and listen at the piece. You see, nothing made a bit of difference to him—no kind of argument that the church was white, or anything.

"It's such a nice invitation," I said when I got back, "and I appreciate it to the highest, and furthermore I know the church is beautiful on the inside and the piece would be a real treat, but I am colored."

Mama didn't give him a chance to beat this down. "The white man's the ruler here in King County," she said, "and don't you forget that and lead Roxie into trouble."

But like I knew he would, Laurance went right on—we could go when there was nobody in the church and I could listen at him that once and then leave—like he had never heard a word.

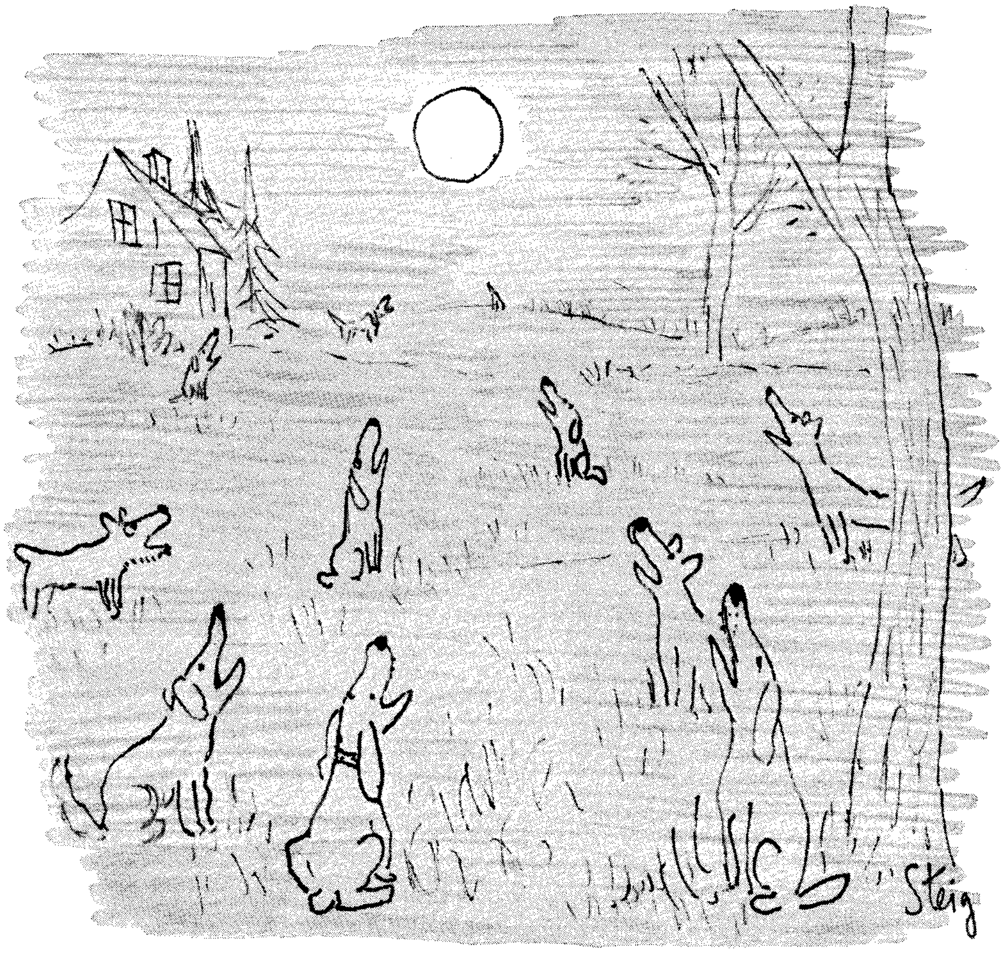
Mama sat up in bed then, which she is not supposed to on account of it rushing her heart. "And what am *I* going to do," she asked him, "lying helpless from I don't know how many strokes, and Roxie in the jailhouse?"

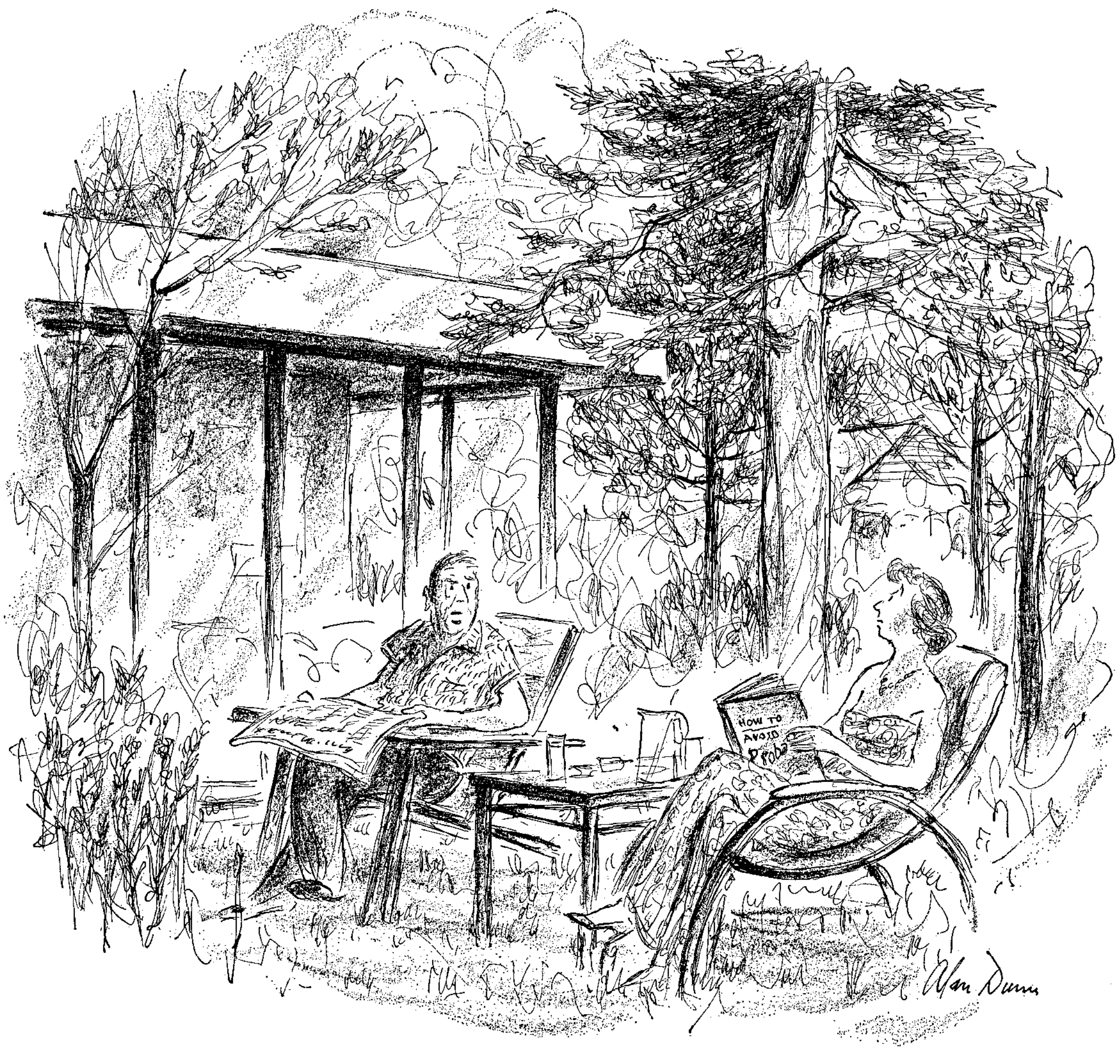
"For what?" Laurance wanted to know. "What would she be in the jailhouse for?"

"Mixing," Mama said. "In the sight of the law the most serious crime anywhere any time." And she pulled the curtain to and pinned it and told Laurance to run along. He had set off her head with his wild talk.

I started to rub her feet—that's what she likes the best—and after a while she began to tell again about the backward birthing and how it was that that caused him to be like he was. I made myself respectful, but I got to thinking about how lonesome Laurance was, with only us colored to know, and there he had gone to all the pains of learning a piece, and it did look like I ought to be willing to leastways go and listen. After a while an idea came to me of dusting. If any rightful members happened by and found me in the church, I could say I had come to dust it after he played, because I help Laurance's cook off and on—especially when she's putting up—and it sounded true.

After I got Mama to sleep, I couldn't stop myself—I changed into my good dress and got out my gloves





"I can think of a better way to avoid probate—live it up!"

and an old handkerchief that I wouldn't mind using to dust and started to walk up to the big house. And sure enough there was Laurance waiting in the place's truck, so he must have expected all the time that I'd give in. On the way to town, I made him promise over and over he would never tell, that he would never say a word to Mama.

BUT as soon as we were in the church, I forgot all about my cause for worriment. The stained colored windows reached all the way to its roof and a tall gold cross was at one end and things seemed to gleam from a special dark and I could hardly catch my breath. I followed Laurance on up to where the organ was and sat down in back of him. Right by me and handy to look out of was a clear spot in Jesus's robe that I could use—not so much to spy on any rightful member that was coming, just to be a little bit careful.

And then the music started. It seemed to come from every which way at once. There was no way to make it stand back, and I saw my whole life passing right in front of me in the organ piece. At the end of it I was crying, because this might be something like God's face on Judgment Day was going to be.

I had forgotten all about the hole in Jesus's robe and watching out. And when the music stopped, a light shined on us and the front door had come open. Two ladies were standing there with flowers in their arms. One was a friendly white-haired lady I clean floors for just before Christmas every year, but the other one I didn't know—an old shaky-headed lady that I found out later was the first one's cousin and on a visit to her from Columbus. I got out my handkerchief and started on the plan while Laurance closed the organ up. All the time the two of them were tiptoeing up the aisle—they had dropped the flowers—and finally I thought it wasn't right to not say something and I told them good evening.

"Roxie," the one who was my friend said, like she was broken-hearted, "don't you know this is God's house?"

"Yes Ma'am," I said, and something made my stomach dodge, but I went on. "I was just dusting for Mr. Laurance here and he has permission to practice on it."

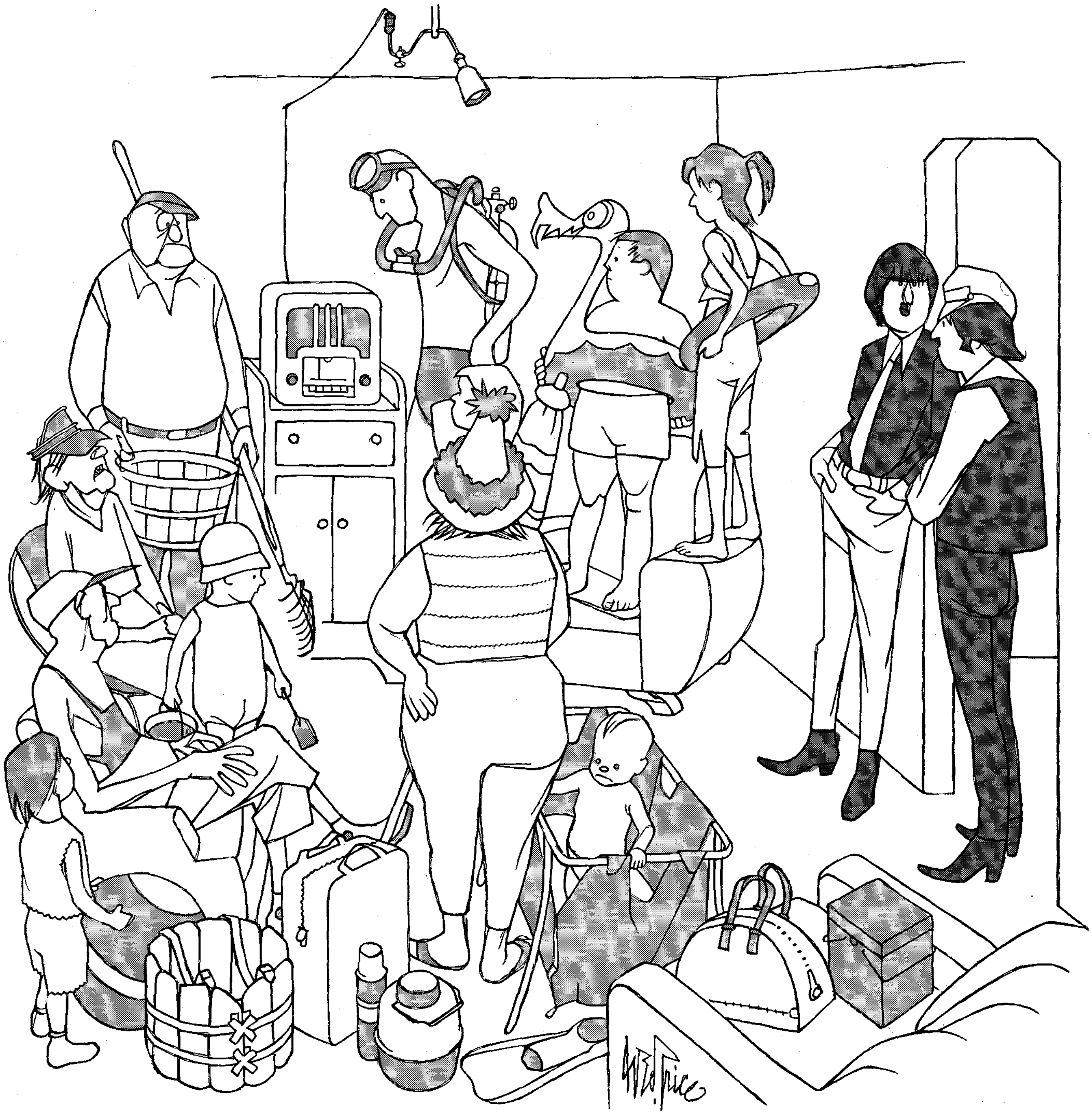
Well, the two of them stood there and looked at us and you would have thought they were witnessing a sight. "I've heard about this boy and his cook," the one who was my friend said to the other one, "and now he's using the church."

Laurance started down the aisle then, and I followed him and we stepped over the big-headed summer flowers that had fallen when they saw us. And as soon as we got to the truck and started home, all I could think of was that they would send the sheriff after me and put me in jail and ruin the good names of Mama and her father, the Reverend Isaac Stoner, who was sanctified by grace. But I had sense enough left not to taint a child with my worry and I didn't let on a thing to Laurance—just told him over and over again how much I loved the piece.

THAT night I couldn't sleep at all. Every time Mama wanted me I was sitting there waiting for the headlights of the law, but thank our Heavenly Father none came—there was only the soft moon, waning, and a few whippoorwills. And I began to hope the ladies had felt sorry for me after all, and overlooked telling the sheriff. Or maybe they told him and he liked me so much he refused to come after me, even for mixing, because one time he said something about me raising the finest okra he ever ate. I didn't know.

By morning I had given God a solid promise that if Mama didn't find *this* out, and have to suffer shame on my account, I would never mix again. And when she woke up and I started my work, I kept looking at her from around corners, but she hadn't noticed a thing and was clearing her throat like she does.

By the time I'd finished up for her and gone outside to hoe in my cu-



"If it says 'Clearing by midmorning,' stand back!"

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cumbers that were grown up in Johnson grass, here was Laurance coming down the cattle path. He had on the same clothes he'd worn to the church, and when he got up close I saw his eyes were red, like he'd been crying. But he didn't say a thing except ask again how had I liked the piece, and I mustered all the heart I could and bragged some more.

"It's a good thing you heard it when you did," he said after he'd watched me skin grass awhile. "Or else you never would of. They needed back the key." And he went on to tell how two deacons had gotten through his dogs and made the cook wake him up after dark to take it back, and now he could never play the organ piece again.

I wanted to fall on my knees right in the cucumbers. To think of what little faith I had when the Almighty spent the same night I was so worried steering the whole thing around to keep Mama from ever finding out.

"They were bound to do something," I told him, "and that was about the least they could do when they caught me in there with you." But I saw he didn't care or understand about that, he wanted me to sorrow for *him* over it, and I did—or anyway I tried to. "You listen to Roxie, though," I said, "because I have a lifetime's learning that you haven't had time to get. We all have to do what we *can* do, and you still have that old piano. If you want me to, I'll come and listen at a piece on that any time you say." And I got him turned around and started home, where I hoped his cook would plead him into cleaning up and maybe going on to school, because it was Monday and even then still early.

—BERRY MORGAN

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The brick wall of Mrs. Gray's office as president of the bank is of marble imported from Portugal.—*The Times.*

Brick by brick.

THE WITNESSES

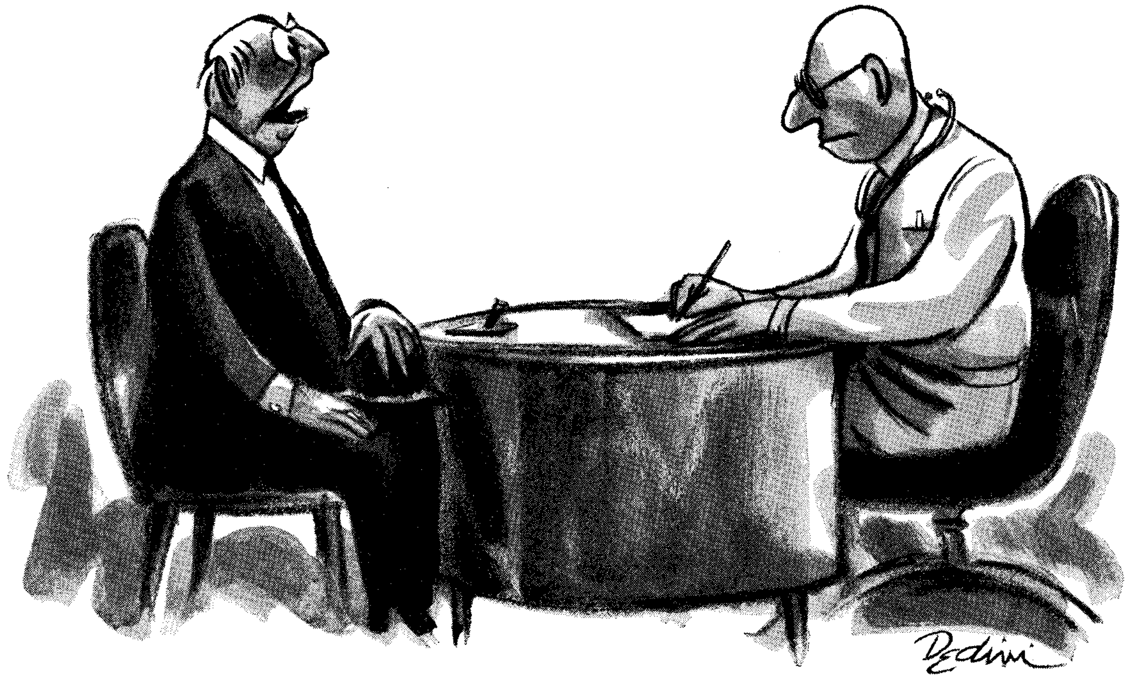
Fred Prouty, I was told yesterday, is dead—dead, as I imagine it, of cigarettes, confusion, and conscience, though none of these was the "c" my informant named. He died on the West Coast, thousands of miles from both his ex-wives and all his sad expensive children. I pictured him lying in a highly clean hospital bed, smothering in debt, interlaced with tubular machinery, overlooking a sprawling colorless, spireless landscape worlds removed from the green and pointed East that had formed him. Though we had come from the same town (New Haven) and the same schools (Hotchkiss, Yale) and the same background (our grandfathers had been ministers and our fathers lawyers), Fred and I never kept in close touch. We were of a generation that expressed affection through shades of reticence, and dictated all its letters. The war, perhaps, had made us conservative and cautious; our task had been to bring a society across a chasm and set it down safely on the other side, unchanged. That it changed later was not our affair. After the war Fred had gone into advertising, and I into securities. For a decade, we shared Manhattan and intermittent meals. The last time I had him in my home, there had been a strangeness and, worse, a tactlessness for which I suppose I never quite forgave him. It was the high noon of the Eisenhower era, just before Fred's first divorce. He called me at work and invited himself to our apartment for a drink, and asked, surprisingly, if he might bring a friend.

Jeanne and I had the West Thirteenth Street place then. Of our many apartments, I remember it most fondly. It was a floor through, and had a lucidity, a spaciousness in its two main rooms and a directness in its details that was reassuring. The metal and marble of the little unusable fireplaces had never been painted over, and no dynamic fairies had knocked down any plaster to expose bricks. The front windows looked across the street into an elementary school, and the back windows, across some untended yards crammed with trees of heaven, into a mysterious factory. Whatever the factory made, the process entailed great shimmering ribbons and spinning reels of color being manipulated like giant harps by Negro men and Puerto Rican women. Rising in the morning, we could see them spinning, and eating breakfast in the kitchen we saw into windows where children were snipping and pasting up, in season, Easter eggs and pumpkins, Christmas trees and hearts and hatchets and cherries. Almost always a breeze flowed through our two large rooms, now from bedroom to living room, from factory to school, and now the other way, bringing with it the sounds of street traffic, which included the drunks on the pavement outside the Original Mario's. Ours was the third floor—the lowest we have ever lived.

Fred came promptly at seven. As he climbed the stairs, I thought the woman behind him was his wife. Indeed, she resembled his wife—an inch taller, perhaps, and a bit more adventurously dressed, but the same physical type, heavy and rounded below the waist, ectomorphically slender above. The two women had the same kind of ears, cupped and protruding, which compelled the same cover-up hairdo and understated earrings. Fred introduced her to us as Priscilla Evans. Jeanne had not known Marjorie Prouty well, yet to ask her to meet and entertain this other woman on no basis beyond the flat implication of her being Fred's mistress was, as perhaps Fred in his infatuation imperfectly understood, presumptuous. Jeanne's arm went forward stiffly to take the girl's hand.

"The girl" more by status than by age. Priscilla was, though unmarried and a year or two younger, one of us—I never knew where Fred met her, but it could have been at work or a party or a crew race, if he still went to them. She had the grace to be embarrassed, and I wondered how Fred had persuaded her to come. He must have told her I was a very close friend, which perhaps, in his mind, I was. I was New Haven to him, distant and safe; touchingly, his heart had never left that middling town. I would like to reward the loyalty of a ghost by remembering that evening—hour, really, for we did not invite them for dinner—as other than dull. But, in part because Jeanne and I felt constrained from asking them any direct questions, in part because Priscilla was rigid and demure, in part because Fred seemed sheepishly bewildered by what he had done, our conversation was stilted. We discussed what was current in those departed days: McCarthy's fall, Kefauver's candidacy, Dulles' tactlessness. Dulles had recently called Goa a "Portuguese province," offending India, and given his "brinkmanship" interview to *Life*, offending everyone. Priscilla said she thought Dulles should be given credit for at least his honesty, his "Presbyterian grit." It is the one remark of hers that I remember, and it made me look at her again.

She was like Marjorie but with a difference. There was something twist-



"An apple a day! This is Medicare?"

ed and wry about her face, some arresting trace of pain endured and wisdom reluctantly acquired. Her life, I felt, had been cracked and mended, and in this her form differed from the smooth integrity of Fred's wife or, for that matter, of my own. My attention, then, for an instant snagged on the irregularity where like a spinning maple seed Fred's spirit had caught, taken root, and desperately flourished.

I picture them sitting beside each other—he slumped in the canvas sling chair, she upright on the half of the Sheraton settee nearer him. He had red hair receding on a brow where the freckles advanced. His nose was thin and straight, his eyes pale blue and slightly bulged behind the silver-frame spectacles that, through some eccentricity of the nose pads, perched too far out from his face. His mouth was one of those sharply cut sets of lips, virtually pretty, that frown down from portraits on bank walls. Something farmerish made his hands heavy; when he clasped his knee, the knuckles were squeezed white. In the awkward sling chair, he clasped his knee; his neck seemed red above the fresh white collar; he was anxious for her. He disagreed with her praise of Dulles, knowing we were liberals. She sat demure, yet with something gaudy and man-catching about her clothes, and there was—I imagine or remember—a static energy imposed on the space between her body and Fred's, as in those visual foolers which now seem two black profiles and now a single white vase, so that the arm of the settee, the mahogany end table inlaid with satinwood, the unlit lamp with the base of beaten copper, the ceramic ashtray full of unfiltered butts shaped like commas, the very shadows and blurs of refraction were charged with a mysterious content, the "relationship" of these two tense and unwelcome visitors.

I want to believe that Jeanne, however halfheartedly, invited them to dine with us; of course Fred refused, saying they must go, suddenly rising, apologetic, his big hands dangling, his lady looking up at him for leadership. They left before eight, and my embarrassed deafness lifts. I can hear Jeanne complaining distinctly, "Well, that was strange!"

"Very strange behavior, from Fred."

"Was he showing her that he has respectable friends, or what?"

"Surely that's a deduction she didn't need to have proved."

"She may have a mistrustful nature."

"What did you make of her?"

"I'm afraid I must say she struck me as very ordinary."

I said, "It's hilarious, how much of a copy she is of his wife."

"Yes, and not as finished as Marjorie. A poor copy."

"How far," I said, "people go out of their way to mess up their lives." I was trying to agree with some unstated assertion of hers.

"Yes," Jeanne said, straightening the bent cushions on the settee, "that was very dismal. Tell me. Are we going to have to see them again? Are we some sort of furniture so they can play house, or what?"

"No, I'm sure not. I'll tell Fred not, if I must."

"I don't care what people do, but I don't like being used."

I felt she expected me, though innocent, to apologize. I said, "I can't imagine what got into Fred. He's usually nothing if not correct."

For a moment, Jeanne may have considered letting me have the last word. Then she said firmly, "I found the whole thing extremely sad."

THE next day, or the day after, Fred called me at the office, and thanked me. He said, with a stammering note of uncharacteristic earnestness, that it had meant more to him than I could know, and some day he would tell me why. I may have been incurious and cool. He did not call again. Then I heard he was divorced, and had left Madison Avenue for a consulting outfit starting up in Chicago. His new wife, I was told, came originally from Indianapolis. I tried to remember if Priscilla Evans had had a Midwestern accent and could not. Meanwhile, Jeanne was having our baby and we were moving to a new apartment and Stevenson was running against Eisenhower for the second time.

Years later, but some time ago, when Kennedy Airport was still called Idlewild, Fred and I accidentally met in the main terminal—those acres of white floor where the islands of white waiting chairs cast no shadows. He was on his way back to Los Angeles.

THE ASIANS DYING

When the forests have been destroyed their darkness remains
The ash the great walker follows the possessors
Forever
Nothing they will come to is real
Nor for long
Over the watercourses
Like ducks in the time of the ducks
The ghosts of the villages trail in the sky
Making a new twilight

Rain falls into the open eyes of the dead
Again again with its pointless sounds
When the moon finds them they are the color of everything

The nights disappear like bruises but nothing is healed
The dead go away like bruises
The blood vanishes into the poisoned farmlands
Pain the horizon
Remains
Overhead the seasons rock
They are paper bells
Calling to nothing living

The possessors move everywhere under Death their star
Like columns of smoke they advance into the shadows
Like thin flames with no light
They with no past
And fire their only future

—W. S. MERWIN

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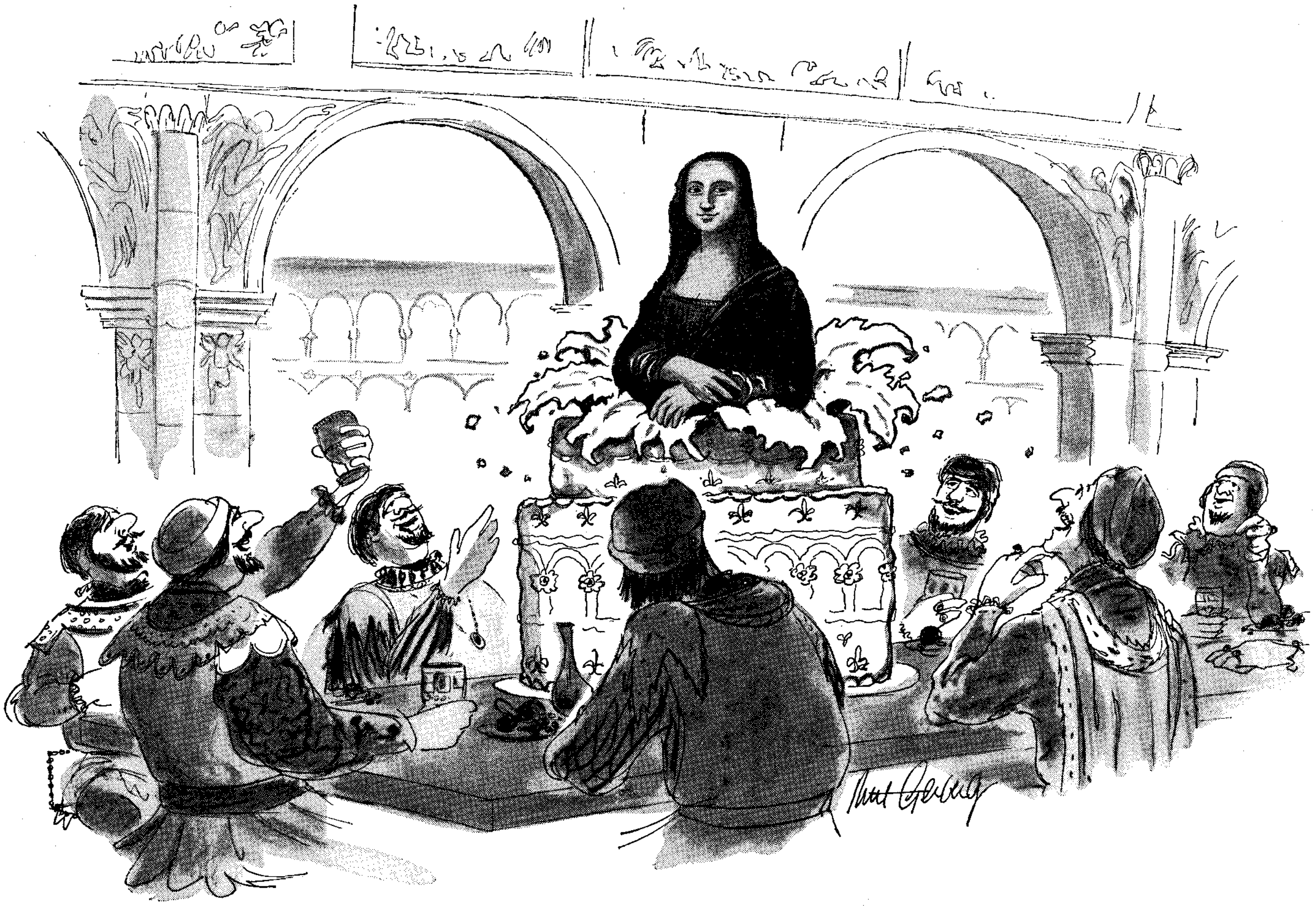

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He was doing publicity work for one of the studios that can television series. Although he did not tell me, he was on the verge of his second divorce. He seemed heavier, and his hands were puffy. His red hair was thinning now on the back of his skull; there were a few freckles in the bald spot. He was wearing horn-rimmed glasses, which did not make him look youthful. He kept taking them off, as if bothered by their fit, exposing, on the bridge of his nose, the red moccasin-shaped dents left by the pads of his old silver frames. He had somehow gone pasty, sheltered from the California sun, and I wondered if I looked equally tired and corrupt to him. Little in my life had changed. Rather than move from the city, we had restricted ourselves to one child. Kennedy's bear market had given me a dull spring.

Fred and I sought shelter in the blue-curtained bar a world removed from the sun-stricken airfield and the glinting planes whose rows of rivets and portholes seemed to be spelling a message in punched code. He told me about his life without complaint and let me guess that it was going bad. He had switched to filtered cigarettes but there was a new recklessness in his drinking. I watched his hands and suddenly remembered how those same hands had looked squeezed around the handle of a lacrosse stick. He apologized for the night he had brought the girl to our apartment.

I said I had almost forgotten, but that at the time it had seemed out of character.

"How did we look?" he asked.

I didn't understand. "Worried," I said. "She seemed to us much like Marjorie."

He smiled and said, "That's how it turned out. Just like Marjorie." He had had three drinks and took off his glasses. His eyes were still a schoolboy's, but his mouth no longer would have looked well on a bank wall; the prim cut of it had been boozed and blurred away, and a dragging cynicism had done something ineradicable to the corners. His lips groped for precision. "I wanted you to see us," he said. "I wanted somebody to see us in love. I loved her so much," he said, "I loved her so much it makes me sick to remember it. Whenever I come back to the city, whenever I pass any place we went together when it was beginning, I fall, I kind of drop an inch or so inside my skin. Tommy, do you know what I'm talking about, have you ever had the feeling?"

I did not think it was a correct question or that I was expected to answer it. Perhaps my silence was a rebuke.

He rubbed his forehead and closed his eyes and said, "I knew it was wrong. I knew it was going to end in a mess. It had nowhere else to go. That's why I brought her over that night, though she hated it and didn't want to come. I wanted somebody I knew to see us when we were happy together. No, I wanted somebody who knew me to see me happy. I had never known I could be that happy. I wanted you and Jeanne to see us together before it was spoiled." He opened his scared eyes and told me, "So it wouldn't be totally lost." —JOHN UPDIKE

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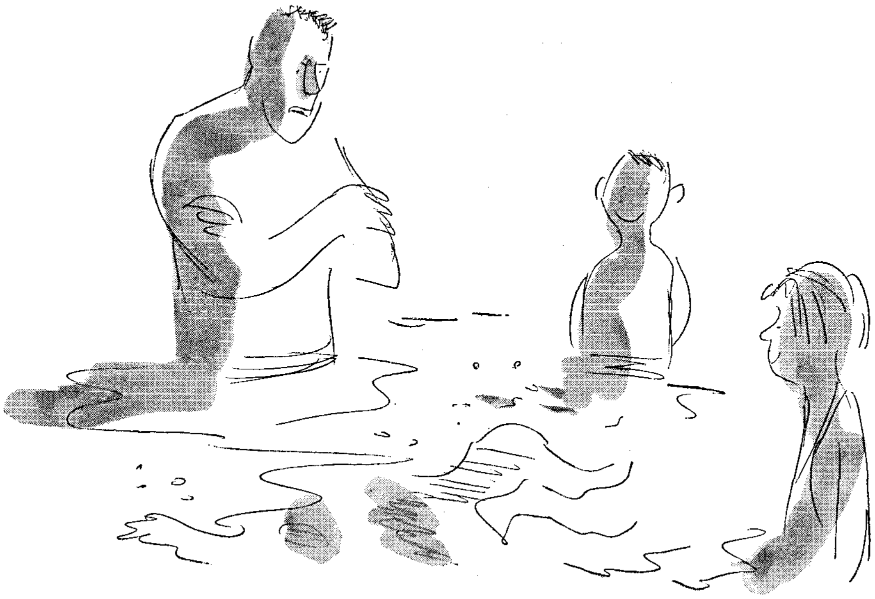
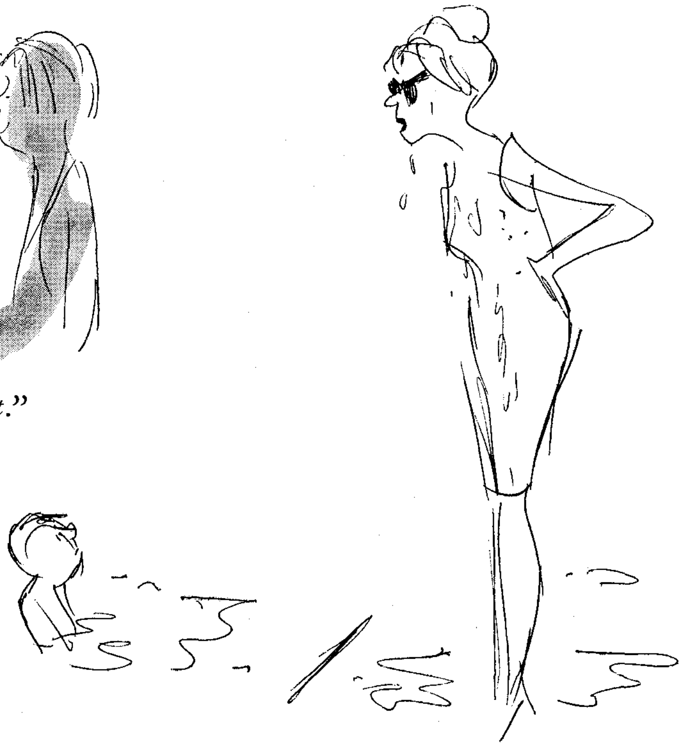
OWING to the proven experienced utter futility of myself in endeavoring to prove to the world in general by the words "Unpsychosomaticalisation" and "Depsychosomaticalisation" representing the product of my own personal thinking, reasoning and actions to define a sane state in a word sense be forthwith deemed by myself to be null and void and of no further consequence to myself or to the world in general to whom I tender my humblest apologies for even considering it requires a new expression of sanity. —(Signed) David McDonald, 70 Saxon Street, Liverpool.—*Personal notice in the Liverpool Echo.*

Don't apologize. We quite understand.

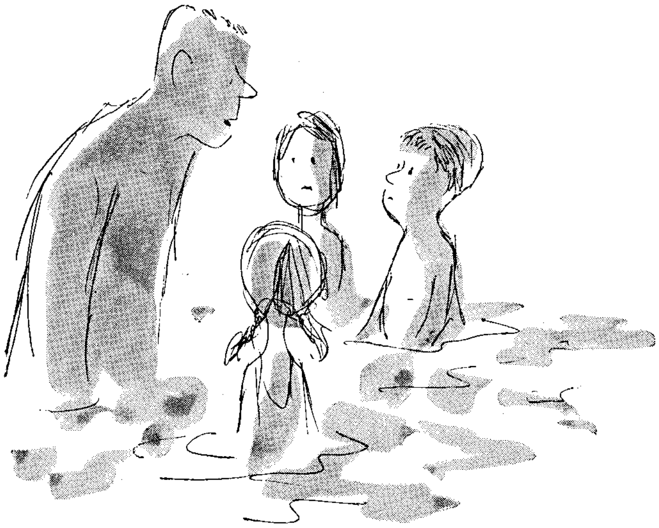
LEARNING TO SWIM



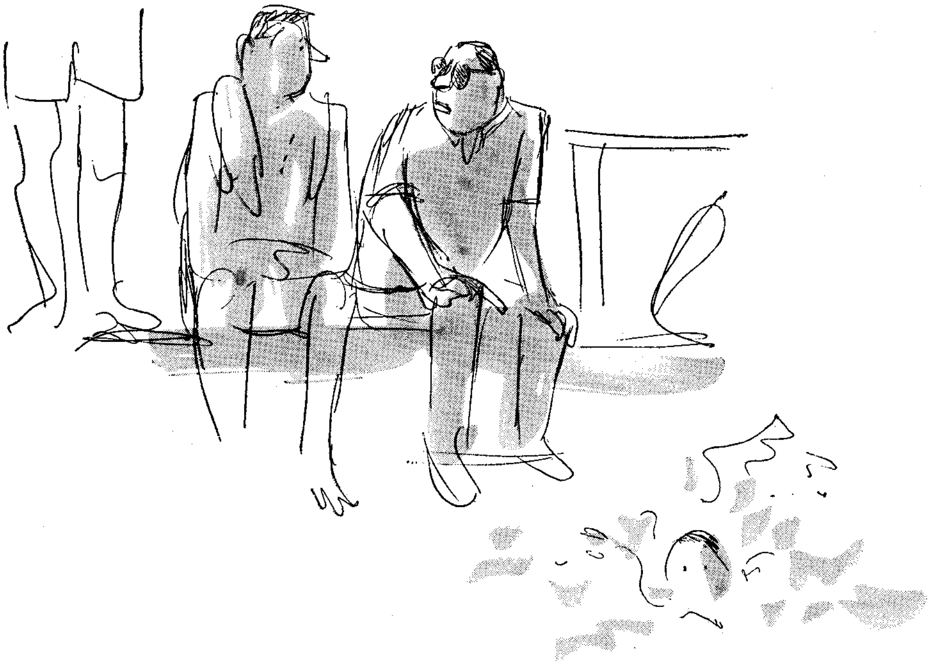
"If everybody's through fooling around, we'll start."

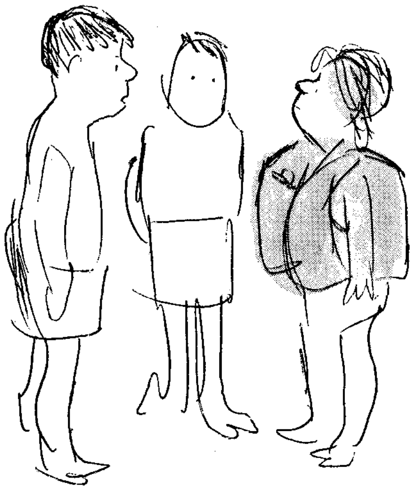


"What is the rule about cannonballs near the dock?"



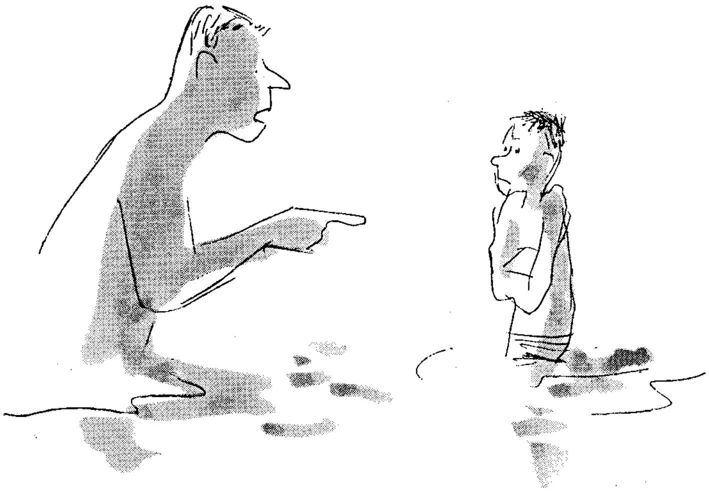
"Do you all know how to do the dead man's float?"



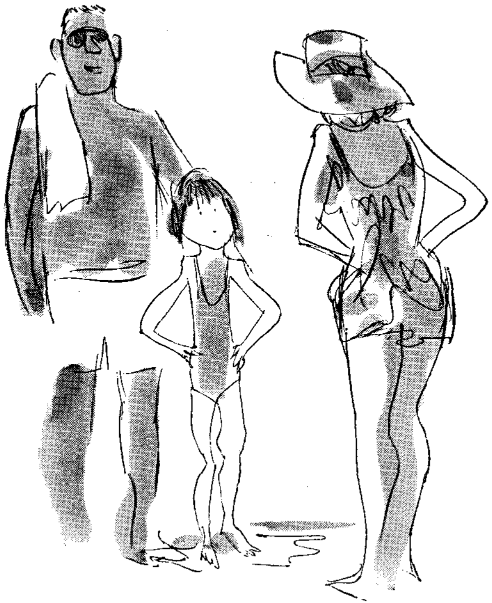


"We don't use that stuff."

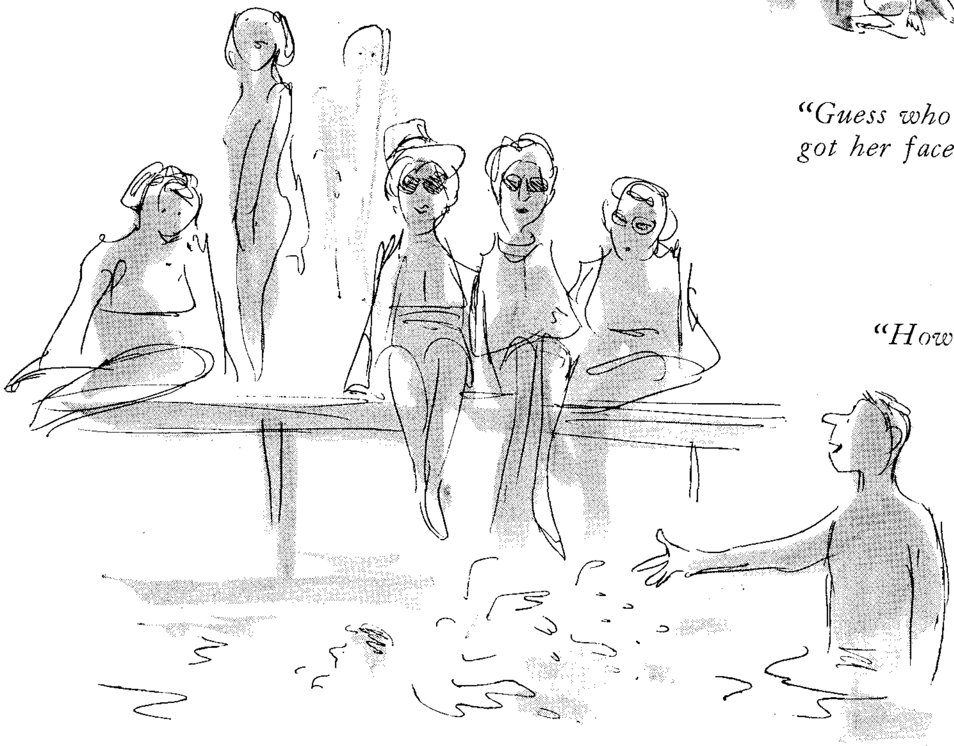
"My wife and I were wondering if it's normal for a five-year-old to be doing the dog paddle."



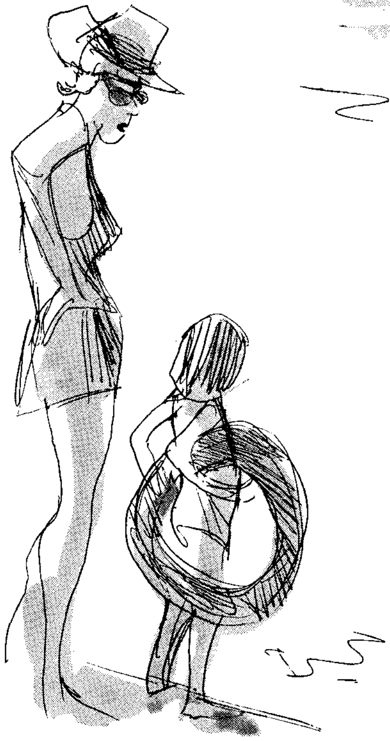
"You're cold!"



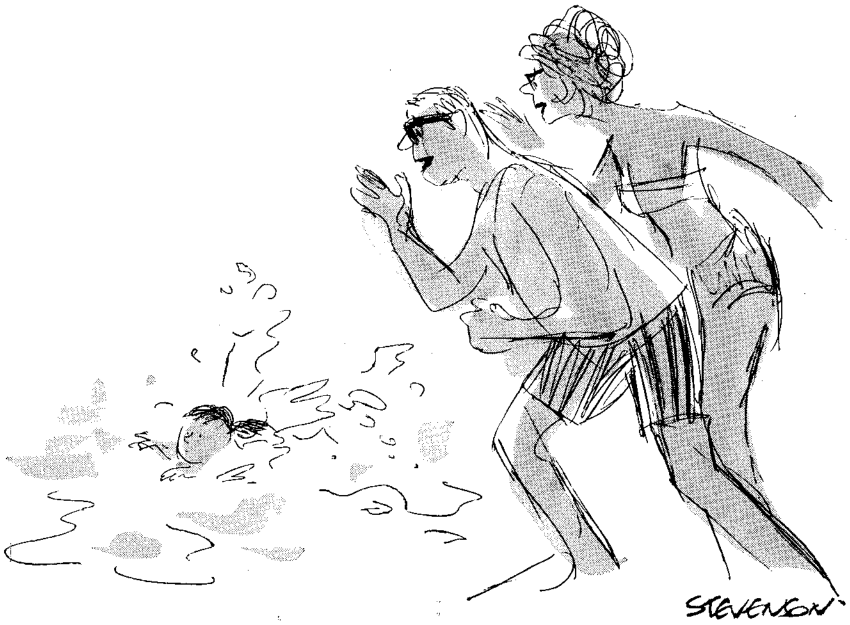
"Guess who finally
got her face wet today."



"How about that!"



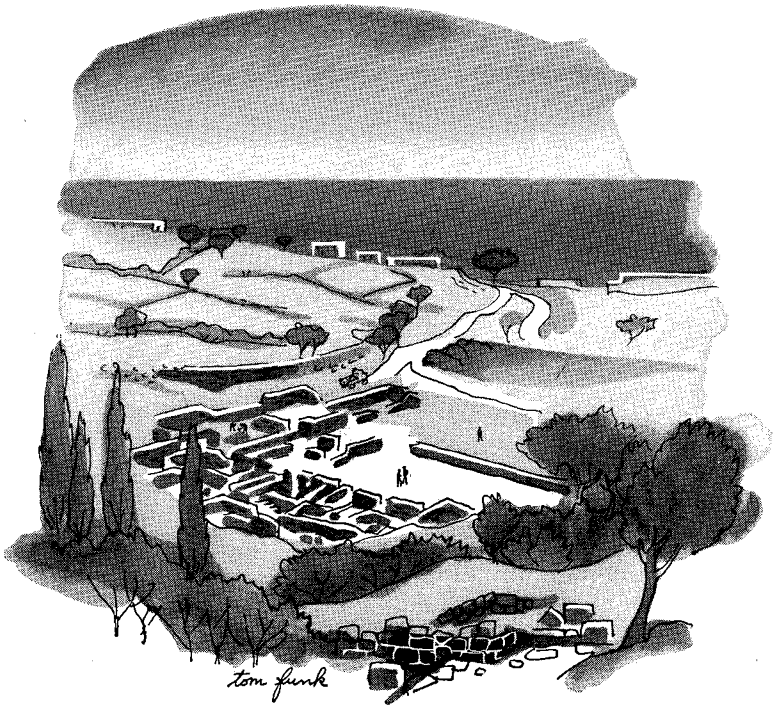
"If there _*is*_ *a crab, it's*
more afraid of you than
you are of it."



"Thata boy, Billy! Wonderful! Wonderful!"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

KATO ZAKRO



"WHAT happened in 1600 B.C.?" is not a question likely to be promptly answered, even by the most historically-minded persons. Yet in or about that year, as nearly as archeologists can calculate, our Western civilization rather abruptly entered the brief but glorious dawn of its success. Somewhat surprisingly, the long, now dark, now brilliant story of the Western nations began on the island of Crete, whence Greece took up the tale, and so it came to us. Most economic planners nowadays would classify Crete as an underdeveloped area, for all its sun-drenched Mediterranean beauty. The bony mountains that turn violet in the setting sun, and the little bright-green valleys terraced for the olive and the vine, and the turquoise-and-sapphire sea lapping the rocky shores do not make Crete rich as we mean riches in the twentieth century. But in the Bronze Age there nonetheless developed on Crete a gay, complex, luxurious, and remarkably individual high culture, which may be properly called Western—above all, because Crete was Greece's first inspirer, but also because Crete is, in fact, the West's last outpost, with the Asian coast across the water, and because this Bronze Age Cretan culture differed so markedly in tone and outlook from the more Oriental contemporary cultures in Egypt and western Asia. The developers of this culture were a people whom the historians have agreed to call Minoans, in honor of the legendary Cretan King Minos, Lord of the Labyrinth, whose name probably commemorated a very ancient royal title, like Pharaoh. These Minoans came to Crete, perhaps from Anatolia, as early as the first half of the third millennium B.C.—or so it is generally supposed. By the year 2000 B.C., or a bit later, they had begun building towns and palaces. To judge by such remains as have come down to us, however, this Era of the Old Palaces (as the experts call it) was still fairly primitive, although its pottery—the red-and-white-on-black Kamares ware—was so beautiful that it became a luxury export, much appreciated even at the Pharaoh's court. This era ended grimly in about 1700 B.C., when a huge catastrophe—almost certainly one of the terrible earthquakes to which Crete is liable—reduced all the old palaces to heaps of smoking ruins. Partial reconstruction followed, yet Minoan society was slow to recover from the shock. The first century of the next era—the Era of the New Palaces—was essentially a troughlike intermediate period. And then, quite suddenly, and as though by magic, the Era of the New Palaces burst into splendid creativity in about 1600 B.C.

No one really knows just how or why this happened, but if one bears in mind the very different human scale of the Bronze Age, when the entire population of the world was not as great as the present population of New York City, what happened was a genuinely enormous event. At many sites in Crete, lordly habitations, at once airy, elegant, and magnificent, almost simultaneously arose. Some were country mansions, each in the most literal sense "the big house on the hill" of its little dependent town. But there were also true palaces, among them Knossos, Phaistos, and Mallia, long rediscovered. These were marked off from the rest by spacious inner courtyards, probably used for the *corrida*-like bull games the Minoans loved, which are recalled in the story of Theseus' adventure in the Labyrinth with the bull-headed Minotaur. All these palaces and mansions were built, moreover, in the same admirable, strikingly sophisticated style, with principal façades of finely cut and fitted stone; with colonnaded porticoes and beautifully frescoed walls and handsome, patterned floors; with almost modern drainage and plumbing arrangements, even including the world's first flush toilet; with artfully contrived climate-control devices that permitted the great rooms to be opened wide to catch the breeze or to be comfortably sheltered from the sometimes chancy Cretan weather; with shrines and guard chambers and high-ceilinged public halls and comfortable suites of private apartments for the lords and their ladies; and with long rows of storage rooms in which were kept the produce of the land and the fine work of the palace artisans and the precious things brought home by the wide-ranging seaborne commerce that was a major source of the Minoans' wealth. In sum, the remnants of this architecture announce the opening, three and a half millennia ago, of a period of singular charm and originality. Yet the architecture is by no means the whole story. In the Era of the New Palaces, all the arts of Minoan Crete were richly and amazingly transformed. The best objects found in the new palaces' ruins are pieces like the Harvesters Vase, with its extraordinarily vivid and dramatic miniature frieze of a festival procession coming in from the fields, and the Sports Rhyton, a tall carved-stone cup with superbly lively scenes of bull-leaping and boxing. These objects reveal a joy in life, a power of exact observation, a knack of composition, and a man-centered vision of the world that leave one gasping with surprise. In truth, objects to compare with these pieces from the Bronze Age were not again produced by any hand of man until almost a thousand years had passed and classical Greece was entering its high period. It can be seen, then, why any new addition to the established list of Minoan palaces of the great era is a stirring development—at any rate for those who take an interest in the slow, painstaking recovery of the forgotten human past from the protecting, all-concealing earth.

Just such an addition has now been made, with the discovery of another Minoan palace in the midst of the few fields of the minuscule fishing village of Kato Zakro, at the extreme eastern tip of Crete. Besides the character of the site itself, there are several reasons for astonishment at the new discovery. To begin with, for fifty years the list of palaces of the great era had been almost universally regarded as closed for good. Just as the twentieth century opened, the father of Minoan archeology, the brilliant, domineering Englishman Sir Arthur Evans, made the greatest find of all when he began to excavate at Knossos, not only unearthing the immense palace of Minos—the Labyrinth of the legend—but also, and even more important, bringing to light the previously unimagined civilization of the Minoans. Then, on a lovely hill above the rich Messara plain, the palace of Phaistos was found by the Italians Federigo Halbherr and Luigi Pernier, who also discovered Phaistos' charming dependency along the ridge at Haghia Triada. Finally, in 1915, the Greek Joseph Hadzidakis discovered the seaside palace at Mallia, which French archeologists began to excavate after the end of the First World War. Archeological sites quite closely resemble oil concessions, and to this day the exclusive rights to dig at Knossos, Phaistos, and Mallia are retained by the British, the Italians, and the French, respectively. Thus, it was for long a bitter thought—a kind of enduring crumb in the bed—for the Greeks and the Americans that *they* had no Minoan palace. Except for the years of the Second World War, the archeological exploration of Crete went on without interruption; more mansions were dug, tombs were opened, many beautiful things were found. Yet no trace of another true palace was discovered anywhere, and as time passed, hope of finding one faded quite away. Least of all was there any hope of finding one on the craggy shores of eastern Crete, a region that seemed to have reached its greatest prosperity at the very start of the Cretan Bronze Age, even before the Era of the Old Palaces.

Such was the state of things when Harriet and Leon Pomerance, of Great Neck, Long Island, arrived in Herakleion, Crete's chief modern town, with the prime aim of studying the remains of Minoan art. The Sports Rhyton, the Harvesters Vase, and almost all the other significant Minoan objects are gathered in the museum there. This concentration of riches is downright disturbing if you remember that Crete experiences a severe earthquake about every fifty years, and that Herakleion must therefore expect a violent temblor before this century ends. If the Herakleion Museum is not absolutely earthquake-proof, virtually everything that survives from one of the most enchanting periods of human creativity is quite likely to be destroyed one day. While safe within the covering earth, mankind's remote past is nearly indestructible, but archeology not only uncovers this lost past, it also exposes whatever is uncovered to the hazards of eventual destruction by earthquake, fire, or war. The long hours that Harriet and Leon Pomerance spent in the museum were not darkened by such gloomy thoughts, however. Instead, the outcome of their studies was the bold idea that led to the discovery at Kato Zakro.

To explain how their idea came to them it is first necessary to say something about the Pomerances themselves. They belong, in brief, to the insufficiently studied breed of the new American collectors. The first J. P. Morgan was the archetype of our earlier collectors, but Lee Pomerance, as his friends call him, is no Morgan or Frick or Mellon or Widener. He is a wholesale paper dealer. He and his wife, who is the daughter of a storekeeper in a Pennsylvania mill town, have always been interested in the arts. After the last war, the wholesale paper business prospered, and the Pomerances began to gather what French and Swiss dealers call "*objets de haute antiquité*"—a phrase that covers all the countless varieties of works of art produced in the West Asian and Mediterranean regions from the earliest age of Sumer to the Hellenistic Age of Greece. Today, Lee Pomerance and his friend Norbert Schimmel, a New York manufacturer of engraving machinery, are universally respected as two of the world leaders in their wide and difficult collecting field.

Like any wise collector, Lee Pomerance began to read as soon as he began to buy, and as he plowed through the learned literature on Sumer and Akkad, Egypt and Mitanni, the Assyrians and the Hittites, the Minoans, the Etruscans, and the Greeks, he became increasingly fascinated by the whole process of the recovery of the lost past. This fascination was, in fact, the fuel for the great idea that

"A glance at the papers, sir, would tell you money is tight."

"This one says he exceeded the recommended dosage."

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came to the Pomerances in the museum of Herakleion. The spark that caused the fuel to burst into flames was an obiter dictum in the introduction to the museum catalogue, written by the distinguished senior Greek archeologist Dr. Nicolas Platon. All sorts of wonderful things could still be found in Crete, Dr. Platon remarked, adding a slightly waspish hint that nothing stood in the way except shortsighted stinginess, which kept the diggers short of funds. It is unheard of in archeology—or in any other branch of research, for that matter—for such an offhand remark to produce an offer of hard cash. In addition, the Pomerances did not know Dr. Platon; indeed, until they read his catalogue they had been only vaguely aware of his existence. Nonetheless, they decided that it would be exciting to offer him the funds he seemed to want. When he got home again, Lee Pomerance sent off a letter to Herakleion, where Dr. Platon was then nearing the end of his long and fruitful service as Ephor of Crete—which means archeological overlord of the whole island. There was a brief pause (possibly devoted to consultation of Dun & Bradstreet, since Dr. Platon had no notion of his correspondent's credit rating, or even of his identity). Then the answer came back accepting the Pomerance offer. In 1961, Dr. Platon opened trial trenches at Kato Zakro, with immediate good results. Thus, his name has now been added to the proud list of true-palace discoverers. The Greeks have their own palace at last, and the Americans have a small but still honorable share in it through the imaginative generosity of the Pomerances.

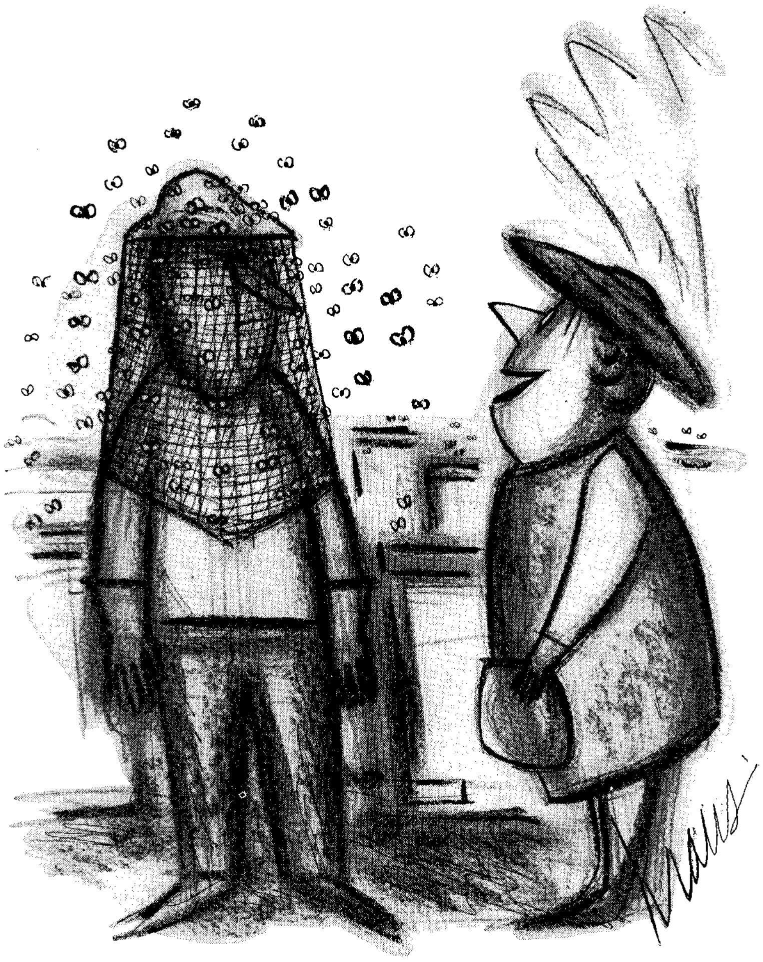
As an archeological buff, I had been much excited by the news of a fourth palace, and much delighted, too, by the odd story behind the Kato Zakro find. A year ago, through common acquaintances, I arranged to meet the Pomerances. Being exceptionally warm-hearted and friendly people, they suggested that I try to come to Kato Zakro during the next digging season. An open invitation was then sent me, with generous hospitality, by Dr. Platon and his wife, Sosso, who is also his archeological partner. Last August, therefore, I met the Pomerances in Athens, and we set off together for Crete, where Dr. and Mrs. Platon were already at work at the dig. The airplane journey from Athens to Herakleion gave us a badly needed chance to get to know one another a little better, and I also seized the opportunity to find out the answer to a question that had been nagging at me—which was how on earth a New York wholesale paper dealer had happened to become a collector of Achaemenid silver, Assyrian bas-reliefs, Egyptian funerary art, Attic red-figured ware, and the like.

The answer must begin, I am sure, with the simple fact that Lee Pomerance comes from "people of the book." From the earliest Rothschilds down to date, a very high proportion of the greatest collectors have been of Jewish origin, and this, I think, is because Jewish families generally put a high premium on cultivation of the mind, which, in the right circumstances, leads to cultivation of the eye. Harriet Pomerance's father was far from being the richest man in New Castle, Pennsylvania, but he spoke half a dozen languages and had the largest private library in town. By the same token, Lee Pomerance's interest in the past was first awakened when his grandfather insisted that he read straight through Buckle's "History of Civilization in England"—certainly an odd and formidable choice for a ten-year-old. This interest was focussed when he went to Mexico during a summer vacation from New York University Law School. The great pyramids at Teotihuacan filled him with wonder at the mystery of the remoter eras of human civilization, and as a souvenir of this surge of wonder he brought home the ur-object of the Pomerance collection, a small Toltec terra-cotta grotesque. (A bit sentimentally, Harriet Pomerance now wears this fairly ugly terra cotta as a pendant on a silver chain.) When they were married, in the thirties, the Pomerances' first purchases were pictures by the struggling American painters of that period. "We owned a picture before we owned a bed," Harriet Pomerance said. The moment when the Pomerances were "really hooked," in Lee Pomerance's words, did not occur until a postwar journey to Europe chanced to throw the couple together with Dr. Elie Borowski. Today, Dr. Borowski is a notably successful dealer, but at the time of this journey he had just made the transition from art scholarship to art dealing, and he was carrying a good part of his first stock in trade in his pockets, in the form of small Etruscan bronzes, Sumerian seals, and so on—"all stashed away in those tin boxes that Gold Flake cigarettes come in," Lee Pomerance told me. Borowski showed one or two of his seals to his new acquaintances, “and after that,” Harriet Pomerance happily recalled, “we stayed up until two in the morning rolling seal impressions in plasticine.” In Paris, Borowski opened collectors’ doors for the Pomerances; on the train to Switzerland, they bought two miniature bronzes out of Borowski’s Gold Flake tins. “From then on, we never looked back,” Lee Pomerance concluded as the plane began its descent toward the Herakleion airport.

Since it was still quite early in the morning, I had supposed we might go straight on to Kato Zakro. But, in the first place, the site of the dig is so remote that the most ordinary supplies are all but unobtainable there, and Harriet Pomerance, who has something of the temperament of Mrs. Robinson in “The Swiss Family Robinson,” had a shopping list carefully planned to prepare her—as Mrs. Robinson was always so miraculously prepared—for every imaginable need and emergency. More important, it is not really possible to judge the archeological finds of one year until the year after, when they have been cleaned and restored. So we registered at a hotel in Herakleion and, as the first order of business, set off for the museum, which now has an entire room devoted to the things already found at Kato Zakro. During our walk through the little city’s pleasantly busy back streets, I became aware that the Herakleion Museum’s Zakro room had an immense personal meaning for the Pomerances. It should be added that they are the first to point out that their contribution to the dig at Kato Zakro was no more than seed money. “It is strictly Dr. Platon’s dig,” Lee Pomerance told me. “The real sponsorship has always been Greek, and we’re no more than ‘friends of Kato Zakro,’ like those people who get themselves called ‘friends of the Harvard Library’ or ‘friends of the Philharmonic’ by making a gift every year.”

As friends of Kato Zakro, however, the Pomerances are justifiably and unashamedly proud of the museum’s Zakro room, and they led me straight to it. At the time, it seemed to me a pity to see the finds before the findspot, but later I discovered that the memory of the superb objects in the Zakro room infused a needed life into the stumps of walls and long lines of foundation stones on the site at Kato Zakro. As collectors so often do, the Pomerances went directly to the most famous single object in the collection, which is the Sanctuary Rhyton. Its name reveals its class. Just as the Kohinoor needs no further identification for diamond fanciers, so the greatest Minoan objects always acquire their own permanent titles—such as the Sports Rhyton, or the Chieftain’s Cup, or, in this case, the Sanctuary Rhyton. (All vessels thought to have been used for pouring ritual libations are professionally described as rhytons.) The neck of the Sanctuary Rhyton is plain until it flares outward, where there is an ornament like a collar of beads, and below the collar the slim, conical-ovoid body of the vase is decorated in shallow relief, in the most unforeseen fashion, with what may well be the world’s first pure representations of a wild landscape. The landscape design is rich with religious symbolism, to be sure. The lonely sanctuary on the mountain peak is closed and unattended, but the deities are still within. The *agrimi*—Cretan ibexes—that sun themselves upon the sanctuary roof and skip from crag to crag below are the creatures of the Great Goddess; even the bird that soars above the highest pinnacle of the rock is sacred. But with what wonderful naturalness, what precise observation is this scene depicted! One of the sunbathing ibexes turns its goatish face to the beholder, and this effect of foreshortening, attempted no less than thirty-five centuries ago, is quite successfully brought off. Another ibex looks backward over its elegantly rounded rump, and the muscles of the neck and back bunch up just as they ought to. The bird volplanes so freely that one imagines the bright mountain air; the crags, though stylized, still convey the bareness of the mountain heights of Crete. In short, this is a masterpiece. We circled it for a good ten minutes, the Pomerances now and then exclaiming softly, and we could have given it more time with profit. At the end, Lee Pomerance pointed to one of the flecks of gold leaf that still adhere to the vase’s surface in three or four places. “It’s not only beautiful, it’s a major document,” he remarked. “The theory has always been that the carved rhytons were coated with gold leaf. Evans said so. And here we have solid proof for the first time since Evans turned the first spadeful of earth at Knossos.”

We moved on to the next case, full of axes, adzes, big bronze crosscut saws, and many other tools, including some like shipbuilders’ pawls. One theory is that the palace at Kato Zakro earned part of its revenue by exporting timber to Egypt, and, indeed, the Cretan mountain slopes, though nowadays as bare as the hills of Lebanon, were quite possibly wooded three millennia ago. At any rate, this case of tools clearly spoke of ships’ being built at Zak-



“Am I speaking to the keeper of the bees?”

ro, as they must have been, for the place was above all a port. Next came a case of great stone vessels that lacked carved relief but were artfully cut and polished into shapes of the purest beauty. Vessels with carved relief were generally made of steatite or some other softish stone and then gilded; these others were of richly grained hard stone, mainly marble, and they had been designed to display the stone itself. Many of them had their own stories. One had been an antique when the Kato Zakro palace was built—a thousand-year-old import from the Egypt of Old Kingdom times. Another was a fluted chalice, so thin-walled that the marble was translucent. Its discovery had corrected an error made by Sir Arthur Evans. This chalice rises from a separate, flaring base. Just such a base was found long ago, and Evans pronounced it a candlestand, which it strongly suggests. But now the recovery of this complete chalice with its support has changed Evans' candlestand into a chalice base. Then, there was "our prize," as Harriet Pomerance called it—a gray-and-white marble amphora of an astonishing abstract design, with huge, sweetly curving handles and a plump belly rising to a wide mouth formed of complex repeating curves, which looked like something Picasso might have turned out in a particularly luxurious mood. Its special interest lay in the fact that ancient representations of vessels of this design had long been known; the reconstruction of the great Cupbearer Fresco at Knossos shows a closely comparable vessel borne aloft by one of the youths in the procession. But no such piece in stone had ever been found until the dig at Kato Zakro. Before we turned to the next case, Lee Pomerance remarked, with deep competitive satisfaction, that "fifty stone vessels have already been found at Kato Zakro, whereas no more than seventeen were found in the treasure store of the Palace of Minos." Every digger or friend of a dig likes *his* palace to be outstanding in all possible ways, and for Zakro to surpass the Labyrinth itself—the great House of the Axe, which probably ruled all Crete—was in truth phenomenal.

On we went. There was the pottery in all its wonderful variety—tall pitchers painted with nautili raising their membrane sails to catch the breeze; a cup as thin as an eggshell, with a design of wild grasses; and eating and drinking vessels of many other sorts. There was a bull's-head rhyton, smaller and less complete but quite as fine in workmanship as the great bull's head from Knossos, and there was a little rhyton of rock crystal, so beautifully worked that Fabergé himself would have been hard put to it to copy it. There was a great ceremonial double axe, with an incised design of lilies, and there was a flower-decorated bronze box, fit for a princess's toilet table. There were time-and-fire-darkened elephant tusks, imported for the palace ivory-carvers, probably from Syria, where elephants still roamed until the ninth century B.C., as Assyrian annals prove, and there were heavy ingots of copper from Cyprus, imported for the bronzesmiths. ("But ours don't have the inscriptions of the ingots from Hagia Triada," Lee Pomerance said regretfully.) There was a little gold-rimmed silver pitcher, like a cream jug, and there was an ivory butterfly with holes in its wings where lapis lazuli or some other pretty stone must once have been inlaid. (Harriet Pomerance has had this copied in gold, to make a brooch.)

Our next stop was the museum's restoration center, where we were welcomed by Dr. Stylianos Alexiou, the distinguished archeologist who became Ephor of Crete when Dr. Platon was promoted to the curatorship of the exquisite Acropolis Museum, in Athens.

ON SCAFELL PIKE

Beyond the last gate, where I made my first halt,
The last of darkness still clung on the rock
Though a ladder of sun leaned on a further mountain.
The valley below was a vellum of mist,
For all of August's hung thunder among it.
Glad for rest, I watched—refuting the cold
That carried in the shifting damp of the air—
A buzzard rise slowly over the steaming peat.
Mine, else, the mountain was, whose skylarks
Slept, hidden in the wax and shrub of bilberry.
Across the long bog I was to cross, no sheep
Moved in its mesh of black runnels. Water,
The very water, was dazed, fumbling, unpurposeful.

Once I had left it behind, the formality
Of standing a moment alone on top of England
Would take an hour, no more. But for the buzzard,
Lazing just within sight on a ledge of wind,
I might have claimed as mine, as won, there and then,
That total, boundless tundra of solitude
I came before dawn to be on the mountain for.
Cairn by cairn, I watched him with his sort of eye,
And passed each rug by slashed and shrivelling rug
Of emptied carcass. I felt how flicking a blunt wing
Sufficed to steady the sun or to turn a rock face;
Fingers warmed as they would had I held him
Shot in all the amazement of his needless beauty.

Once begun—the final pitch, my back to slab
For a mooring against the thrown stacks of gust,
My calves flexed from the nudge of my wondering
Whether any flinching creature could keep there
And not be torn across the insubstantial rock,
Hurled to the grit-faced crags of the wind—
To go on, on into the mountain's shifting now,
On, or back, would have been to ride lightning.
And into the afternoon I kept to a crouch,
A whitened gristle of ravelled fear, mindless
Of wonder, beauty, desire, or of solitude,
Being the wind's thing, helpless as the mountain,
A harsh, dry rattle assembling within my craw.

—TED WALKER

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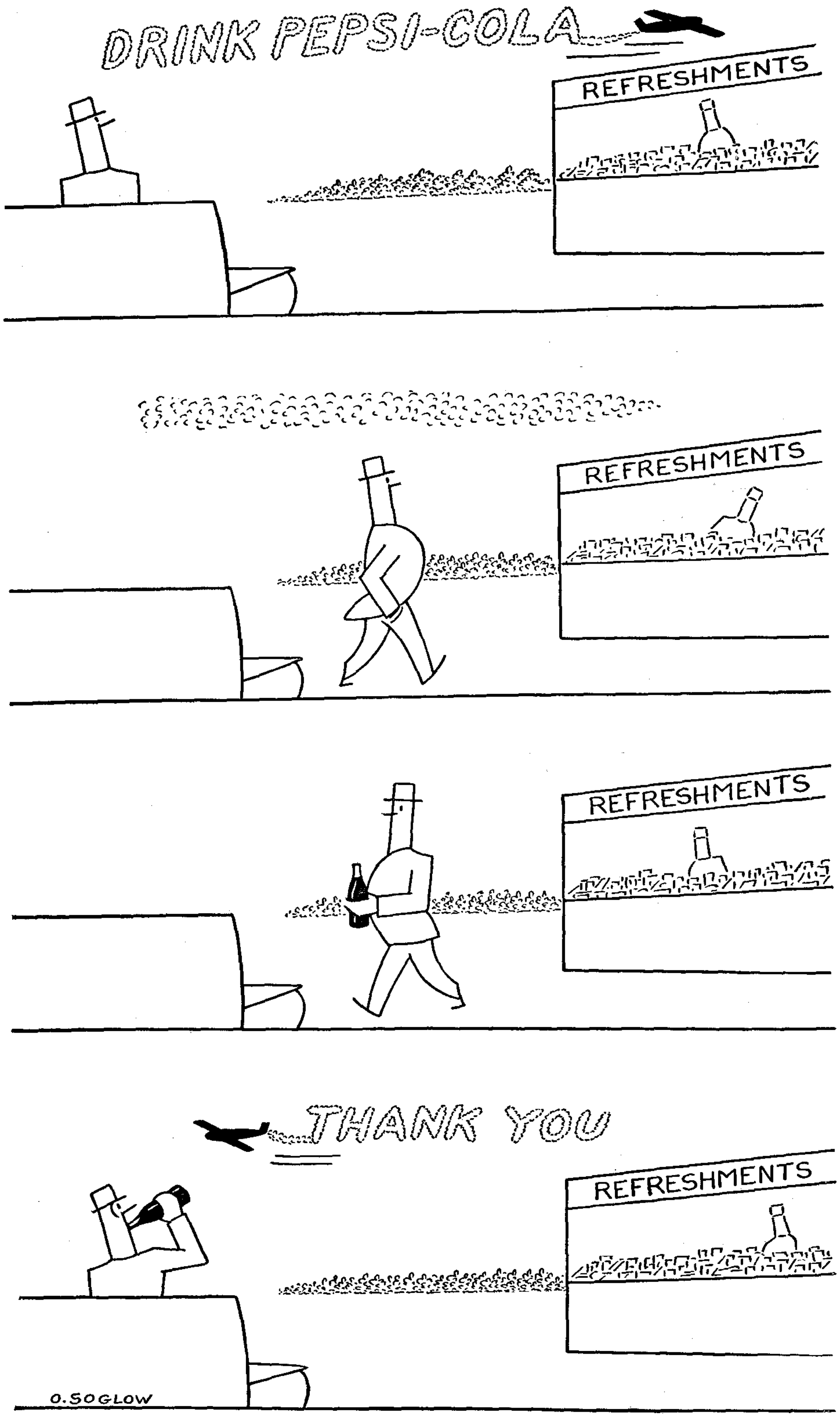
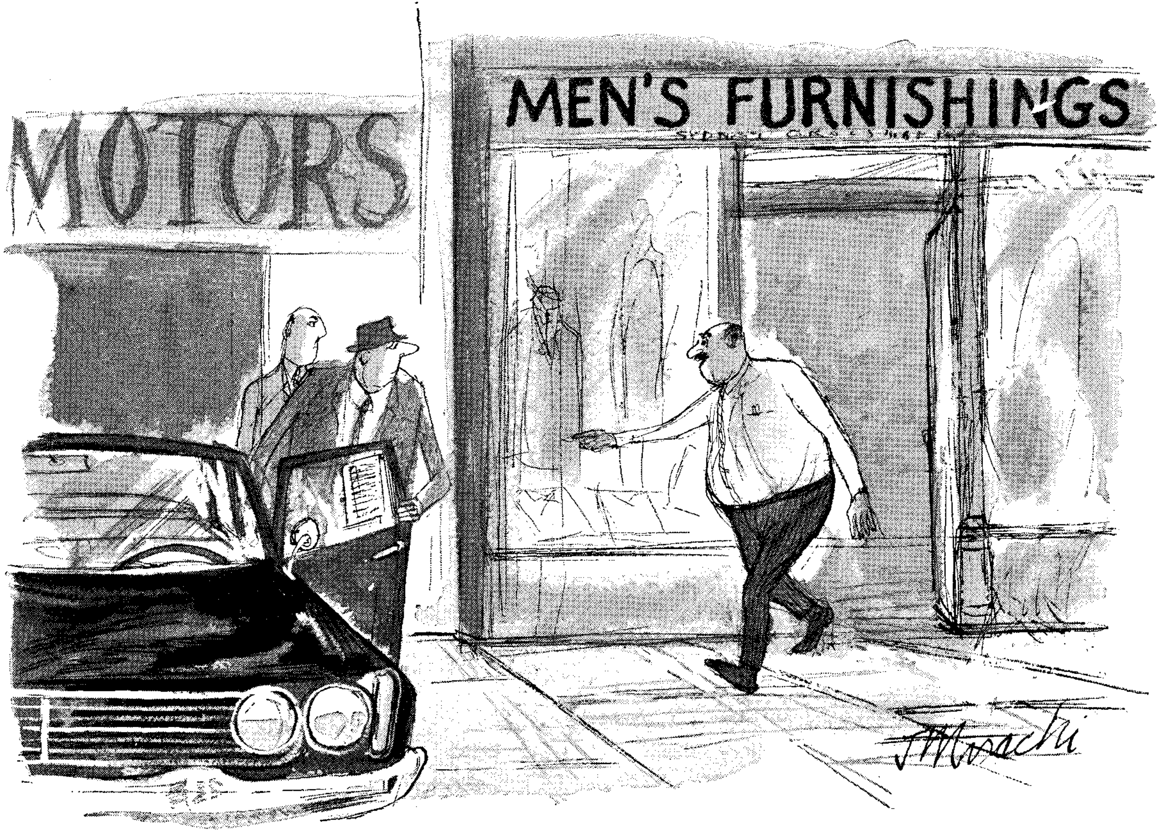


Dr. Alexiou, a tall, young-looking, gentle-mannered man, is something of a phenomenon in the slow-moving museum world, for he has installed the Zakro room not only with admirable taste but also with unprecedented speed. We could not have asked for a wiser guide. It must be understood that the fragments of the lost past when first unearthed generally resemble nothing so much as the pieces of a gigantic jigsaw puzzle; their meaning can hardly be read until the right joins have been made. Thus, the first room we entered contained two enormously long tables, covered from end to end with labelled heaps of sherds of pottery and bits of broken stone. The museum technicians—men who adopt this specialty early and stay with it all their lives—were ceaselessly walking back and forth along the tables, spotting a join now in one heap and now in another. Apparently, it refreshes the technicians' eyes to go from heap to heap in this odd manner, instead of concentrating endlessly on just one. To show us a finished job, Dr. Alexiou led us to a shelf along one wall on which was laid out a long series of embossed stucco spirals. These spirals, originally painted with strong blues and reds and pinks, had once decorated the walls of the banquet room in the Zakro palace. The Pomerances, who had seen only the dull-looking fragments dug out last year, exclaimed at the success of the technicians in bringing back to meaningful completeness this gay, long-shattered architectural decoration. Thence we turned to one of the main tables, to a pile of all but completely reassembled pottery votive offerings—roughly molded little bulls, human heads and figures, detached arms and legs, and the like. A young Greek archeologist, Costas Davaras, had found them among the rocks near traces of a sacred enclosure on the great crag of Traostalos, the highest of the mountains around Kato Zakro. Very probably these dedications to the gods, made in hope or in gratitude for a broken leg well knit or a fine harvest that year, came from the actual spot depicted on the Sanctuary Rhyton. The Minoans had no temples as we understand the word; instead, their Great Goddess and their Young God (called by the later Greeks the Cretan Zeus) and their other deities (who perhaps included the ancestor of the Greek Apollo) were worshipped in palace shrines, in caves among the hills, and in sanctuaries on the mountaintops. "I think Traostalos was almost certainly the peak-sanctuary of your palace at Kato Zakro," said Dr. Alexiou, politely emphasizing the word "your" in a way that obviously pleased the Pomerances.

Few things that were not works of art were displayed in the museum cases, but in the museum basement was another Zakro room, of a very different sort. This room was filled with wine and oil presses ingeniously made of pottery, with here a big, crushed-in bronze caldron from the palace kitchen and there a little box full of bronze razors that one could picture neatly laid out, thirty-five centuries ago, upon the prince's dressing table; with hundreds of delicate wine cups from the palace pantry; with dozens of little individual wine jugs, found in the banquet room; with more saws and other tools. In this manner (object by object, as it were), one formed a richer and richer image of daily life in the palaces like that at Kato Zakro, with their feasts and ceremonies, their sports and



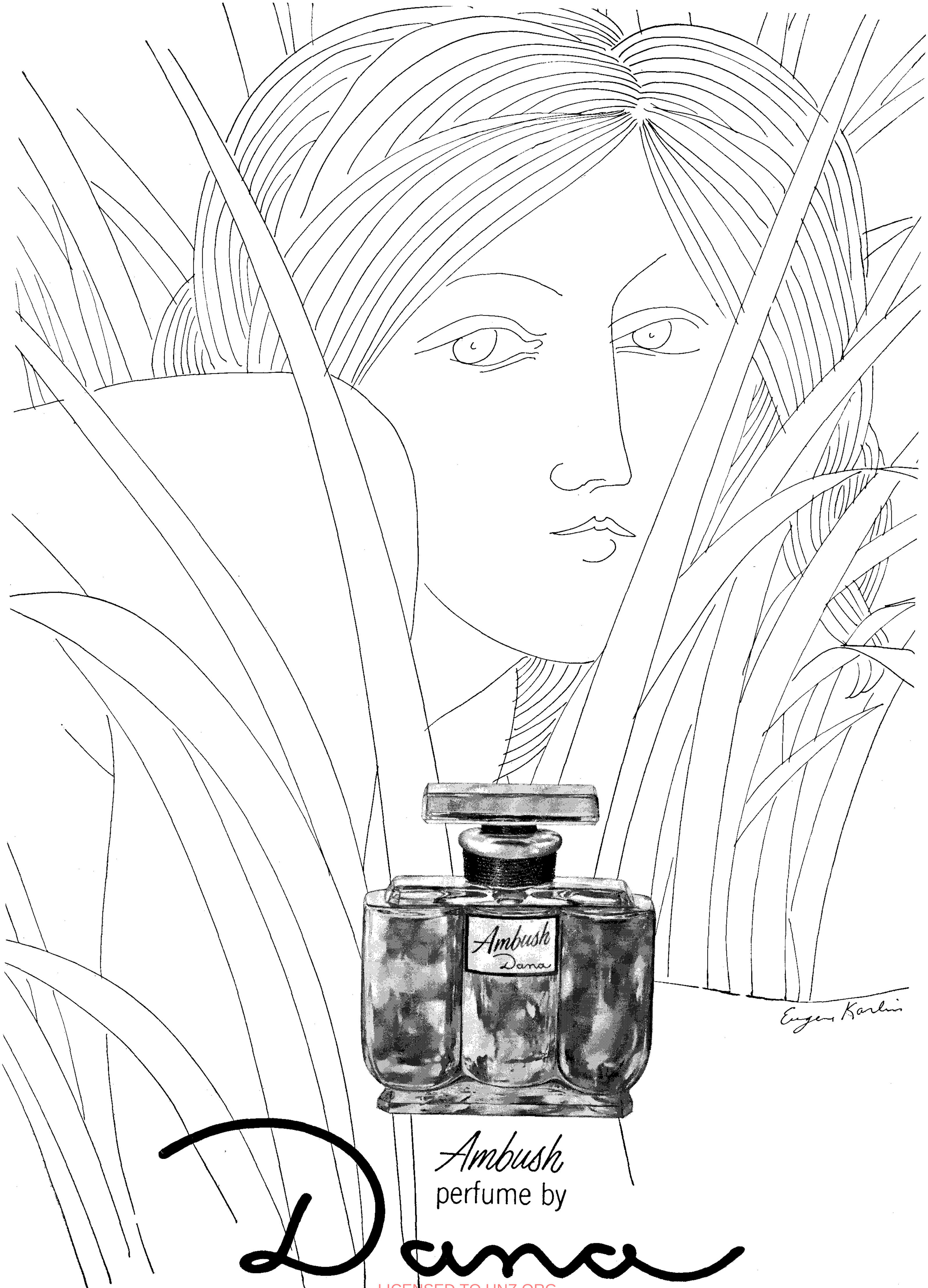
"Surely you're not thinking of driving away in that beautiful new automobile wearing that humdrum old suit!"

their harvest festivals; with their shipwrights and carpenters and masons and stucco workers and men skilled in winemaking and oil-pressing—not to mention their small bureaucracies of scribes to direct and oversee all the busy round of work and ritual observance and sport and hospitality.

Those scribes, I must add, were involved in our solitary disappointment during this remarkably rewarding day. One of the biggest finds at Kato Zakro came from the palace chancery—a group of fifteen clay tablets bearing the Minoan Linear A script. Great numbers of tablets with the later but related Linear B script were found at Knossos, and subsequently at Pylos and elsewhere on the Greek mainland. The sheer volume of the Linear B archive was an important aid to the brilliant young Englishman Michael Ventris, who transformed the whole picture of late Bronze Age history in the Aegean by proving that Linear B was a very archaic form of Greek. But the archive of Linear A tablets is exceedingly small; there were only a hundred and twenty altogether, mainly from Hagia Triada, and only about sixty of them were well enough preserved to be significant—before the find at Kato Zakro importantly increased the total. The Zakro find may be just enough to permit the earlier script to be deciphered, or at least partly deciphered, with some help from Ventris' work on Linear B. If that happens, we may at last learn from what stock the mysterious Minoans were descended, and perhaps learn their true name as well. I should have liked to see the new Linear A tablets, therefore, although God knows they would not have told me much. But they are so precious that they have been deposited in a vault, where they await publication by Dr. Platon. Every archeologist has the right to publish his own finds, and any attempt to anticipate him, even if publication is somewhat delayed, is regarded as very shocking indeed. Dr. Platon is, in fact, unusually liberal, for he freely permits his Linear A tablets to be shown to qualified persons. But advance notice must be given to get them out of their vault, and since we had failed to give notice we missed seeing the tablets.

This was a small flaw, however, in a quite marvellous experience. At dinner that evening, we drank a glass of the good Cretan wine to still greater finds at Kato Zakro, and I went to bed wondering whether seeing the dig itself would be as stirring as seeing the things that the dig had uncovered. The next day, while Harriet Pomerance spent hours filling her bags and boxes with everything from vitamins for the village children to toys for the Platons' son and daughter, Lee Pomerance and I did more sightseeing—driving out with the kind Dr. Alexiou to inspect the immensely promising new dig at Arkhanes, of which more later, and going thereafter by the sea road to Mallia, where the honey-colored stones of the palace beautifully catch the sun by the blue water. It was another good day, but the Pomerances and I were impatient to be on our way to Kato Zakro, so we set off very early the next morning in a hired car that can best be described as decrepit but determined.

THE five-and-a-half-hour drive to Kato Zakro over the Cretan mountain roads was often hair-raising, but it was always beautiful. The grape harvest was being gathered, and family parties were working in the vineyards, or spreading out the grapes on drying floors that glowed with every color in the lovely range from rich grape-green faintly gilded with ripeness to the deep golden brown of raisins ready for market. Now the road would run low along the coast, with the waves breaking over jagged rocks on one side and, on the other side, many little terraces of vines and olives and figs and vegetables, with scrawny sheep and brisk, irritable goats browsing in the pale-yellow stubble of the harvested wheat. Now the road would climb by hairpin turns to heights so breathtaking that the air seemed thin and the precipices plunging down to the sea were best not looked at. Here and there, we halted briefly, for a jolly lunch by a little beach or for a look at this or that. Mostly we chatted—about collecting, and about the conflicts of theory that hagride Minoan archeology, and about digs in other areas, like Anatolia, which is now supposed to be the archeological land of gold, and always, of course, about Kato Zakro. I learned, for one thing, that the first dig at Zakro was done by an Englishman, D. G. Hogarth, over half a century ago, but that he missed the palace site by being overlogical. Remembering the human fondness for a fine prospect, he chose the hillside,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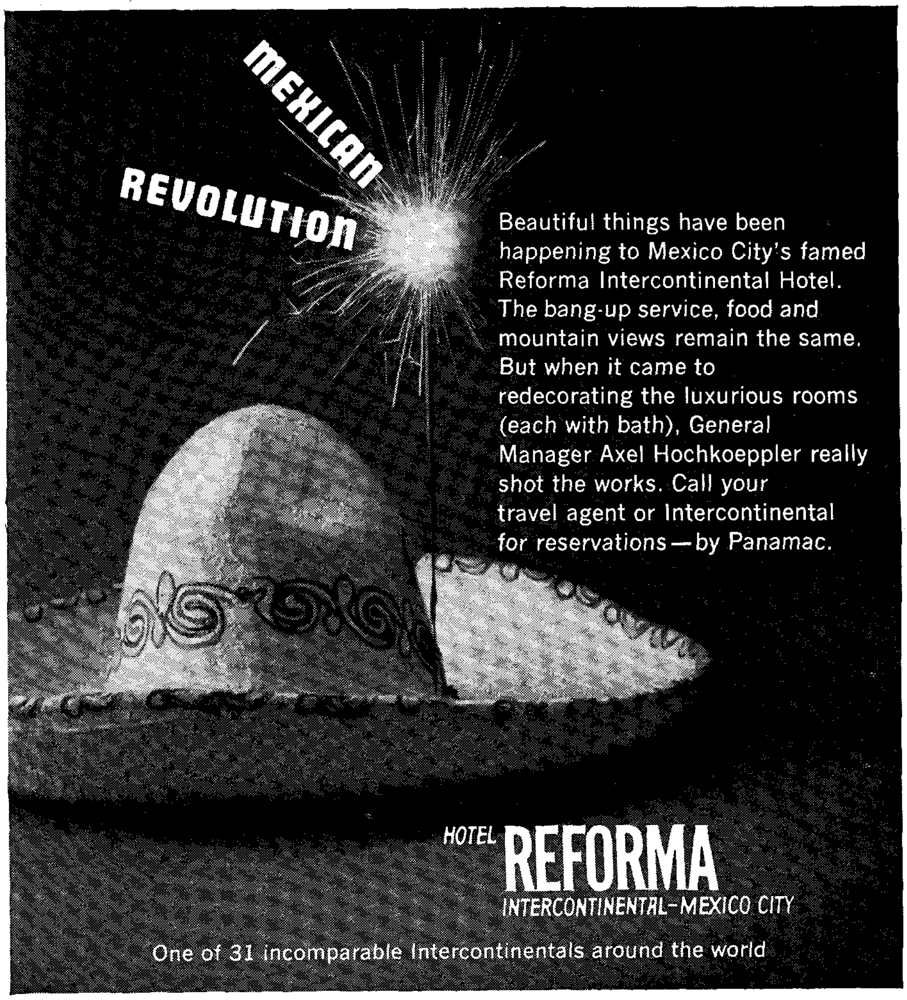

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whereas the Zakro palace is on the flat land at the foot of the slope—and this miscalculation now chagrins English archeologists. I learned, too, that the Zakro site very early produced the most important treasure in precious metals ever found in Crete, though not for the luckless Hogarth. The treasure was found and hoarded by a Zakro peasant, supposedly in the eighteen-nineties. On his deathbed, the peasant handed this treasure to Dr. Stylianos Giamalakis, a charitable, shrewd physician who formed a great collection by giving free medical care to poor Cretan farmers and fishermen and then waiting for them to express their gratitude by bringing in antiquities. Thus, there is little doubt that a prince of Kato Zakro was the original owner of the small but finely shaped gold cup, and of the golden headband with its scene of the Goddess of the Animals, and of the bull's-head pendant of purest butter-colored gold—surely one of the most exquisite pieces of jewellers' work to come down to us from antiquity—which are all in the Giamalakis Collection at the Herakleion Museum.

For an hour or more, the mountains had been growing bonier and bonier, and the cultivated patches smaller and rarer. For minutes at a time, we would see no vegetation except the thin heatherlike growth that clothed the rocky mountainsides, now bursting here and there into dusty lavender bloom. Then came Epano (Upper) Zakro, the hill village that supplies most of the workmen for the dig; Kato (Lower) Zakro is a tiny place, with a non-archeological population that hardly reaches a score, even in summer. The Pomerances are heroes in Epano Zakro, for the payroll of the dig's laborers has meant much to the village, so we had to stop briefly in the village square to be greeted with warmth as well as ceremony by the current mayor, the former mayor, and other notables. Refreshments of all kinds were pressed upon us, but we made excuses and drove on, for the Pomerances were quite visibly possessed by the sort of fever to see the palace again that seized upon Mole in "The Wind in the Willows" when he scented his earth-home far away across the fields. Now we were climbing again, over a high, grim ridge of gray primordial rock, through which spring freshets had long ago torn out a deep, dark gorge with steep, cave-pocked sides. Suddenly, rounding a sharp curve on the gorge's very lip, the car passed the crest of the ridge, and there below lay Kato Zakro.

Two enormous arms of rock em-

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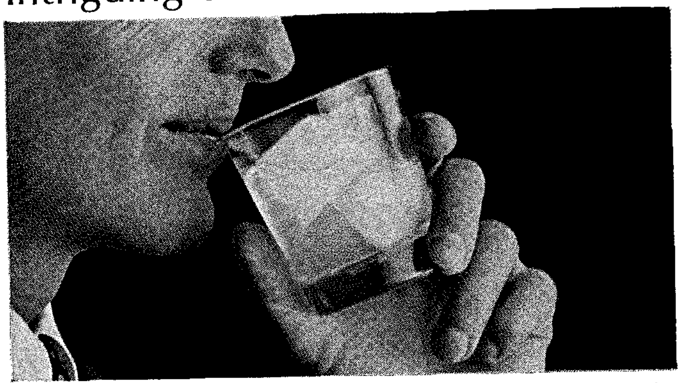

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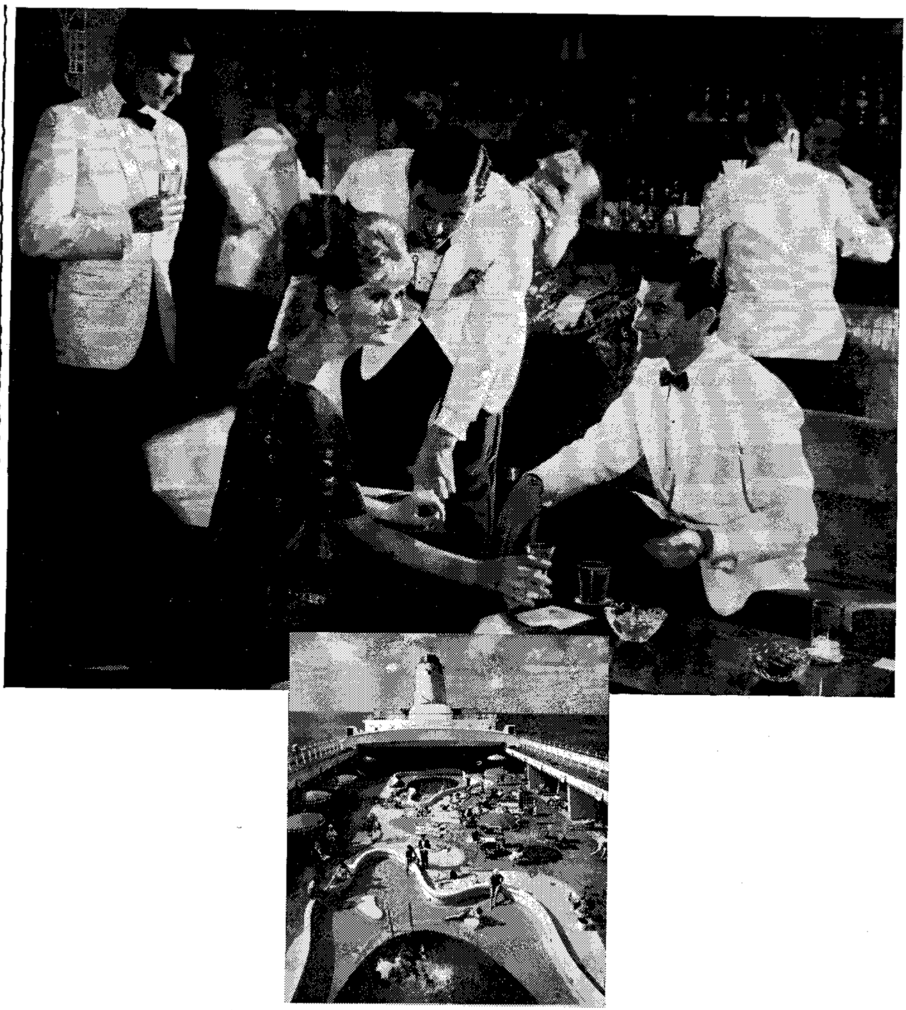
brace a glass-smooth bay. These rocky arms extend forward from high, tumbled slopes that surround a little delta. The delta, deep-earthed and green with crops, has been formed over many millennia by the stream that runs through the gorge when there is rain. It is a half-secret place—at least, it is open only to the sea—and under the warm gilding of the late-afternoon sun it was surely one of the most beautiful places that I have ever seen. A few minutes of steep descent brought us down to the beginning of the delta, where the palace is, and in a moment we were being warmly greeted by Dr. and Mrs. Platon. He is a short man, in vigorous middle age, with a sharp-eyed, sardonic, yet kindly face, which he habitually shades, while working, with a wide-brimmed straw hat. She is younger than he—an ample Cretan lady with thick dark hair, fine features, and the golden satin skin that Cretan women sometimes have. They were immensely welcoming to the Pomerances and their new guest, but they were also rather evidently preoccupied, in the manner of foremen with particularly complicated work in hand. So we settled ourselves quietly under a big olive tree, where the Platons have their open-air office, to watch the end of the day's digging.

Forty men were working here and there, turning or piling up earth, and from time to time two red-and-yellow trucks were filled from the piles and shuttled off to the dump, half a mile or so away. There was little to stir the mind in the lines of wall and the areas of uncovered floor until meaning was given to them by Dr. Platon's explanations—and that came later. Yet even at first glance the dig was a sight worth seeing. For one thing, the people of eastern Crete have a strong strain of the old Minoan blood. A language that the Greeks called Eteo-Cretan and that scholars assume to have been Minoan was actually spoken in the east Cretan town of Praisos down to late classical times—that is, until 140 B.C., when the place was stormed by an alliance of neighboring towns. The old blood shows even today. I had always supposed that the Knossos fresco painter had flattered the famous cupbearer, with his improbably broad shoulders and pencil-thin waist, but a good many of the workmen on the site at Zakro were made in just the same way. Moreover, all these handsome, good-tempered people, who called jokes to one another as they moved the earth, were obviously interested in their hard and outwardly uninteresting task; you



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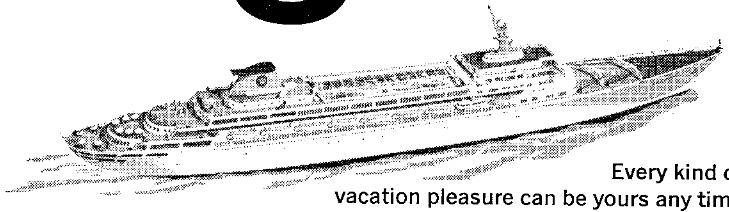

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could see the close rapport between them and Dr. Platon when he moved about the excavation to inspect the newly turned soil, looking very much like a robin on the alert for worms. Beyond the reddish-orange earth of the busy excavation site there was a vineyard to rest the eye with its green leafage, and the westering sun was now sinking swiftly toward the mountain peaks behind us. Quite suddenly, there was a shout from all the men, who hurried to stack their tools. The day's work was over, and the Pomerances, the Platons, and I drove the few hundred yards to the village of Kato Zakro.

Even "village," though a modest word, is bound to convey an exaggerated picture of Kato Zakro. Above the curving pebble beach there is a bluff. The highest point of the bluff is occupied by an open-air café that big, genial Nikos Karandonis has run since he lost a hand while dynamiting fish. Eight or nine little whitewashed houses straggle along the bluff and down toward the beach. That is all there is to Kato Zakro, except for another, more makeshift open-air café, which has been opened near the beach for the workmen who prefer lodging roughly with the peasants and fishermen to making the long climb up to Epano Zakro every evening. The Pomerances, whom everyone greeted as old and valued friends, have two bare rooms in a peasant house, where rudimentary plumbing has lately been installed. They gave one room to me. We first settled in and then walked to the beach to swim in front of the tiny two-room cottage occupied by the Platons and their two young children. Dr. Platon, who was finishing his notes on the day's work in a deck chair on his miniature veranda, glanced at us benignly from time to time as we wallowed in the marvellously clear water. While I was drying myself, he suggested that I come to the excavation early the next morning, and promised to take time off "to show me through the palace"—speaking of it, in truth, as though all its airy halls were still intact, as I am sure he saw them with his mind's eye.

AFTER a pleasant dinner with the Platons and a good night's rest, I reported at the dig as Dr. Platon had suggested, and found my hosts under their olive tree, busily taking notes. Laying aside his notebook with a smile, Dr. Platon said, "Come, we will go into the palace by the main entrance. But first we must look at the court." Thereupon he led me to the very center

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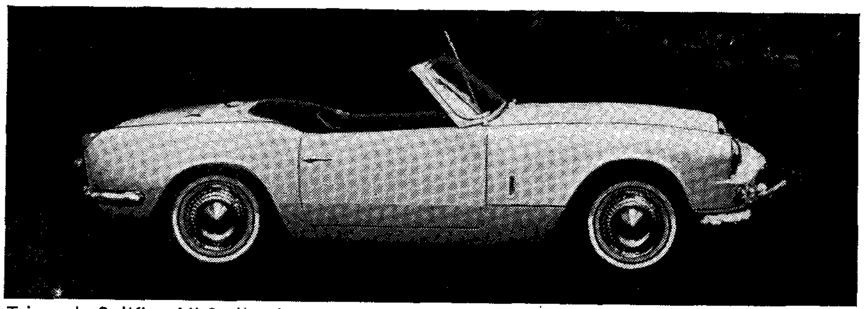

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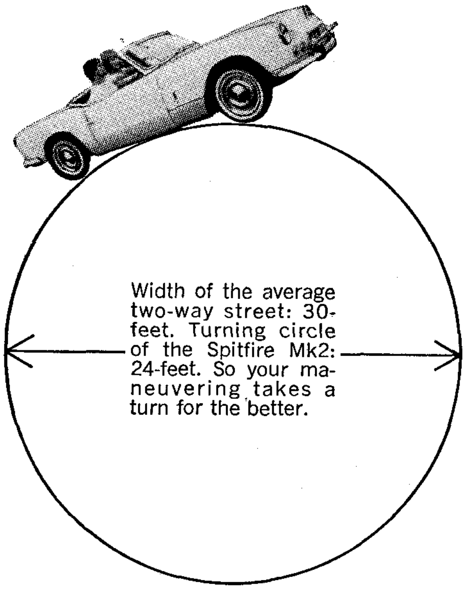

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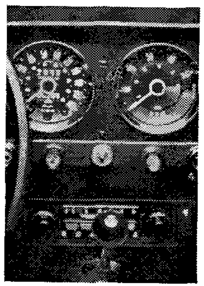

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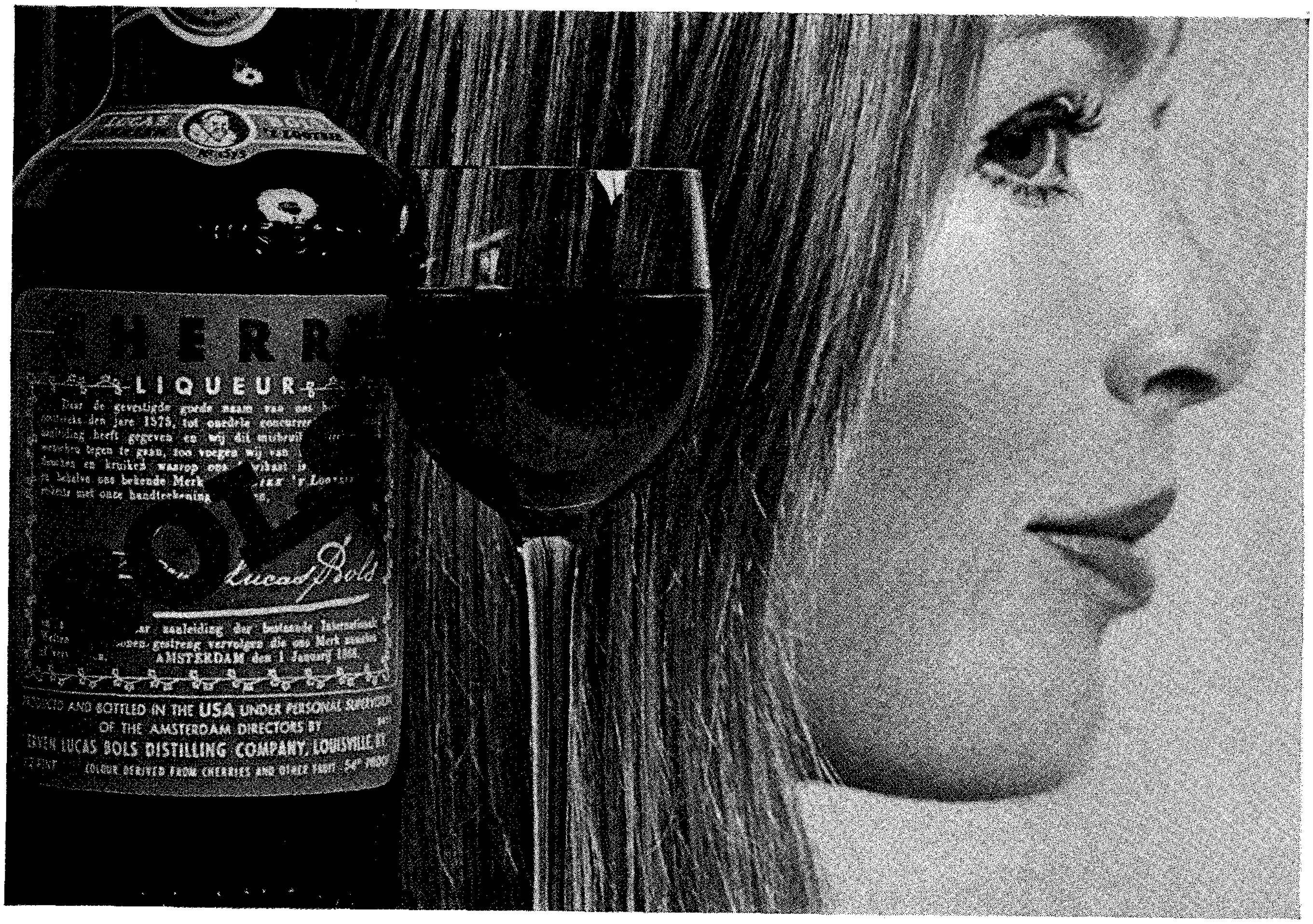
of the excavated area, where he explained that we were standing in the palace's great inner courtyard. This court had been over ninety feet long and a bit more than thirty feet wide, or, as measured in the Minoan feet discovered by Dr. J. Walter Graham, the chief student of Minoan architecture, exactly one hundred by forty. If Dr. Graham is correct in his well-buttressed deductions, courts of this type were partly designed for the sporting shows that the Minoan palace people evidently adored, if one may judge from the frequent depiction of both boxing and the bull game by Minoan artists. The boxers wear helmets and weighted gloves, so the sport must have been a fairly bloody spectacle, like classical Greek and Roman boxing. For the still bloodier bull game, according to the Graham theory, the entrances giving on the palace court were elaborately barricaded—in earlier palaces Dr. Graham has even found slots to receive the barricades—and the bull-leapers were left to face the bull alone, under the eager eyes of a large audience, like that shown in one of the Knossos frescoes. There were girls as well as youths among the bull-leapers, who seem to have worked in teams. The teams apparently had the additional duty of cutting out the great bulls from the herds in the hills, entangling them in nets, and bringing them in for the game. This is what is happening on the famous Vapheio cups, and also on a marvellous carved ivory lately unearthed by Dr. Alexiou. For the bull game itself, the teams, both girls and youths, entered the arena naked except for their jewels and their loin guards. The team members seemingly played and confused their bull until its murderous rushes had slowed down a little, whereupon the game's grand, climactic moment was reached. This was when the bull-leaper waited, unflinching, for the charging bull, seized the long, outcurving horns, and somersaulted upward, out of harm's way, over the bull's back. Sometimes, however, the leap was unsuccessful, and these grim moments obviously stirred the audience, for the Minoan artists also quite frequently depicted bull-leapers being hideously tossed and gored.

All this ran through my mind, and I found myself wondering at mankind's permanent weakness for sports of the more bloodstained sort while Dr. Platon and I perambulated the foundation lines of the great courtyard of the Kato Zakro palace. At length, we came to what Dr. Platon had called the "main entrance." By this he meant the ceremonial entrance to the palace's rooms of state, on the west side of the court. (Neither the outer gate of the entire palace complex nor the passage that must have led from the gate to the inner court has been unearthed yet.) In the remains of the courtyard wall were two adjoining gaps, each with its well-cut threshold stone. These marked the positions of two wide doors. One door led into a vestibule with a small guard chamber to one side. This vestibule gave, in turn, onto a much smaller court, which provided access to all the workrooms, storerooms, and the like. Beyond question, the guarded entrance was the everyday means of access to the west wing for the traders, artisans, and other persons with business at the palace. The ceremonial entrance, in contrast, must have been opened only on fairly grand occasions, for it gave directly onto the main rooms of state. These were built on an open plan, as modern architects would say; they were capable of being thrown together into a single hall more than seventy feet long and more than thirty feet wide at the broadest point. Ordinarily, however, this very large space was divided into a colonnaded L-shaped reception hall and a banquet room opening out of the bottom of the L. The main light came from generously proportioned windows (whose sills survive), but, in addition, in the angle of the L-shaped reception hall there was one of the stone-paved lightwells that the Minoan architects of the New Palace Era invariably provided. These lightwells were a part of the climate-control system. On overly windy or raw days, the outer openings of the great rooms would be closed, leaving the sheltered lightwell—really, a much enlarged, neatly paved, and elegantly colonnaded airshaft, about fifteen feet square at Kato Zakro—to provide light and air. Moreover, systems of room dividers, formed of French-door-like openings with transoms, permitted parts of the great rooms to be specially sheltered from the weather, and these rows of French doors were also placed between spaces with somewhat different uses, as between the reception hall and the banquet room. All these climate-control arrangements must have been important at Kato Zakro, where there is always a wind—often an extremely strong one. The windiness of the place was probably the real reason for D. G. Hogarth's bad luck; the main part of the palace was clearly built on the flat-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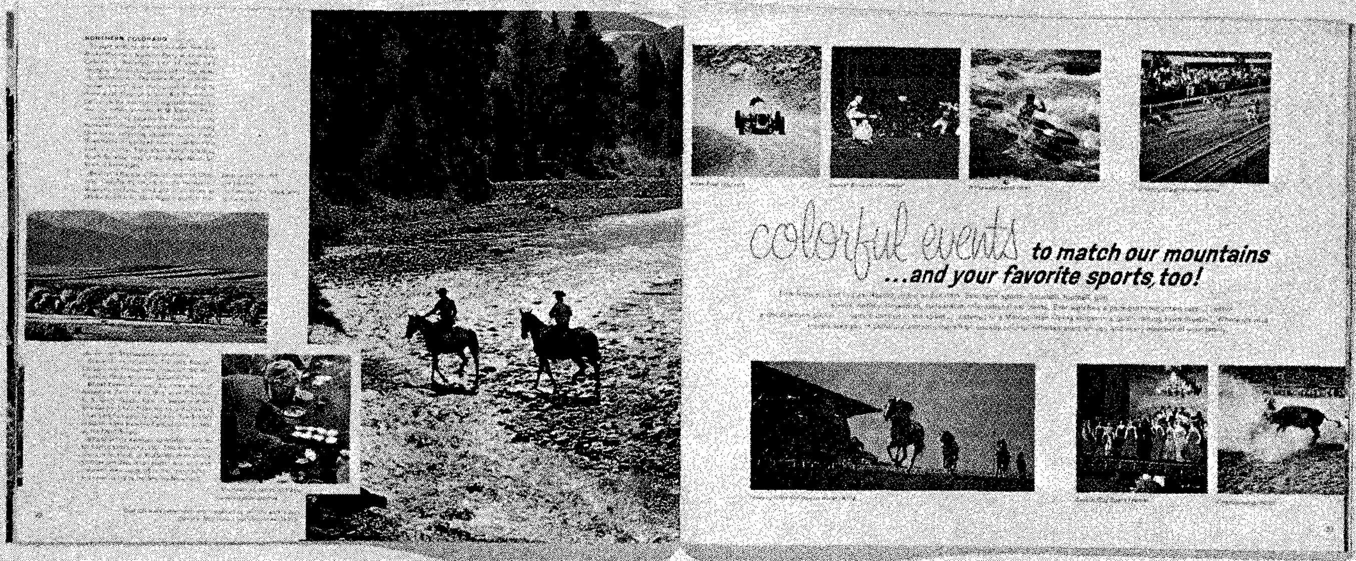
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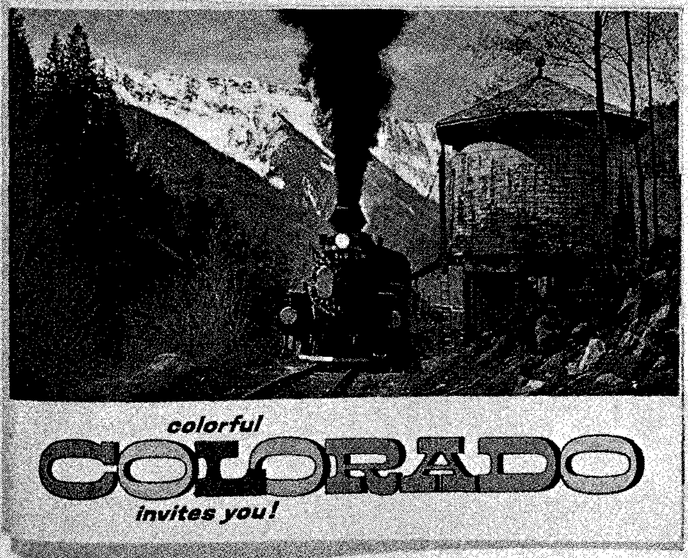
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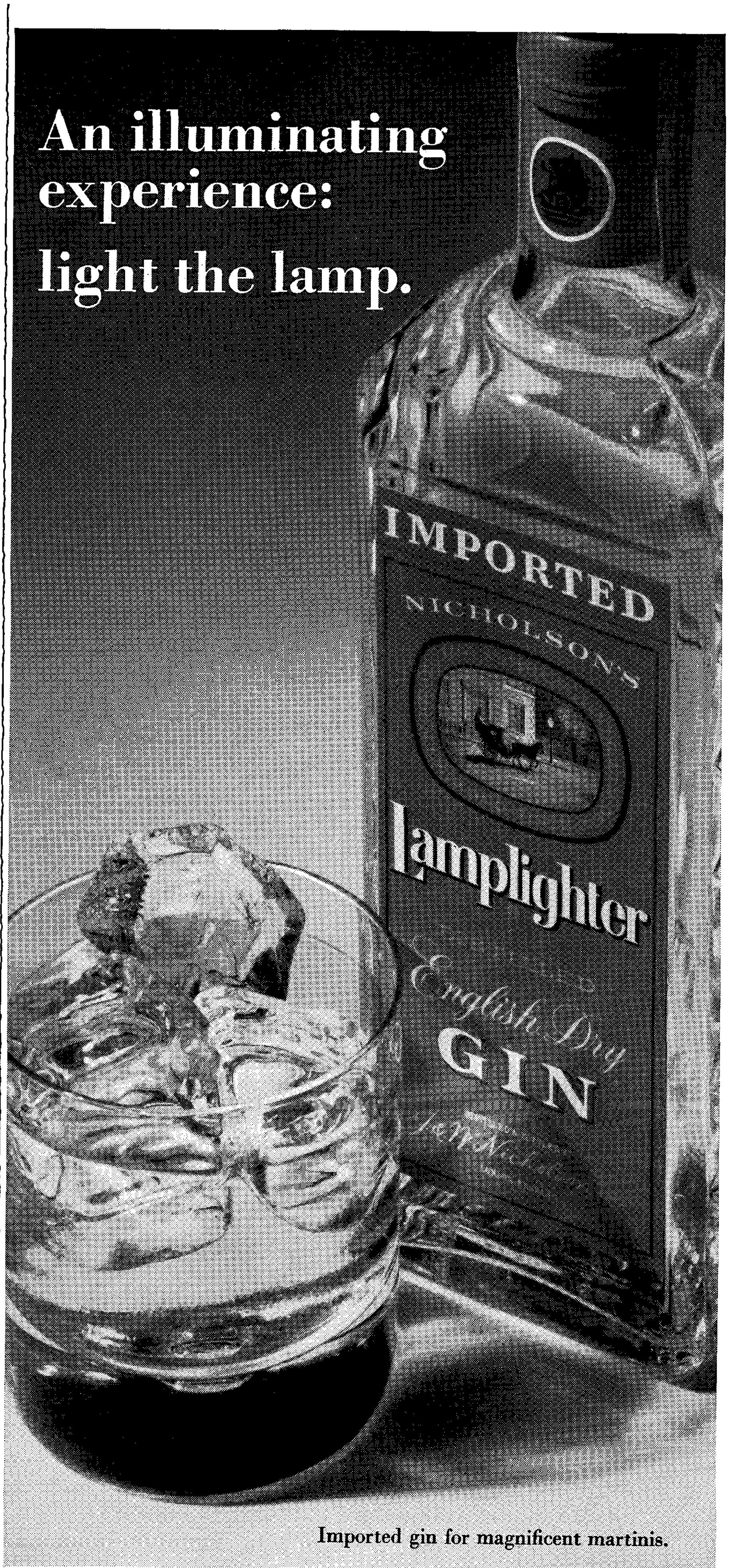
land of the delta, rather than on the slope above it, because the lower site is far less exposed.

I asked Dr. Platon how he had avoided Hogarth's very natural mistake. He answered that he was by no means sure that Hogarth was searching for a palace, but if he was it was hard to see how the poor man had gone so wrong, unless erosion had changed the aspect of the site since Hogarth's time. Dr. Platon smiled in the reminiscent way of people thinking of a happy past event, and then added that Lee Pomerance's imaginative letter, with its offer of funds, could hardly have arrived at a more opportune moment. Dr. Platon, it turned out, had not shared the pre-Zakro belief of most of his archeological colleagues that remote eastern Crete had never contained a palace; he had, in fact, undertaken several prospecting expeditions in order to find a palace site somewhere in this part of the island. Just before the Pomerance letter reached his desk, moreover, he had spotted at Kato Zakro important traces of the palace he was searching for. "Here there were several indications of palatial construction," he concluded. "For example, there was much *poros* stone"—a kind of coarse limestone—"all very well cut, and since this stone had to be brought in by sea from farther down the coast, it said 'palace' to me in a loud voice."

A little later, when we were standing in the broad oblong that had once been the banquet room, he gestured toward the stumps of the French-door cases, which were neatly cut away to permit the long-lost doors to be folded back into their casements, as shutters are folded back in grand eighteenth-century French houses. "The last door in the row was perhaps shut when the story of the palace suddenly ended, because there was something like a temporary bar in that corner of the banquet room," Dr. Platon said. "We found several great wine amphorae there. And in the opposite corner there was a big deposit of small wine jugs, so we may suppose there was a sideboard over there." He pointed to where traces of fresco had been found in the reception hall and to where the spiral decoration of the banquet room had been discovered. "The spirals ran all around the room just below the ceiling, which was very high," he said. "At first, I wondered why the spiral decoration seemed to have been interrupted, for we found only a few spirals inside the room, along the foundations. But then it occurred to me that the spirals must have landed in the court when the whole wall fell outward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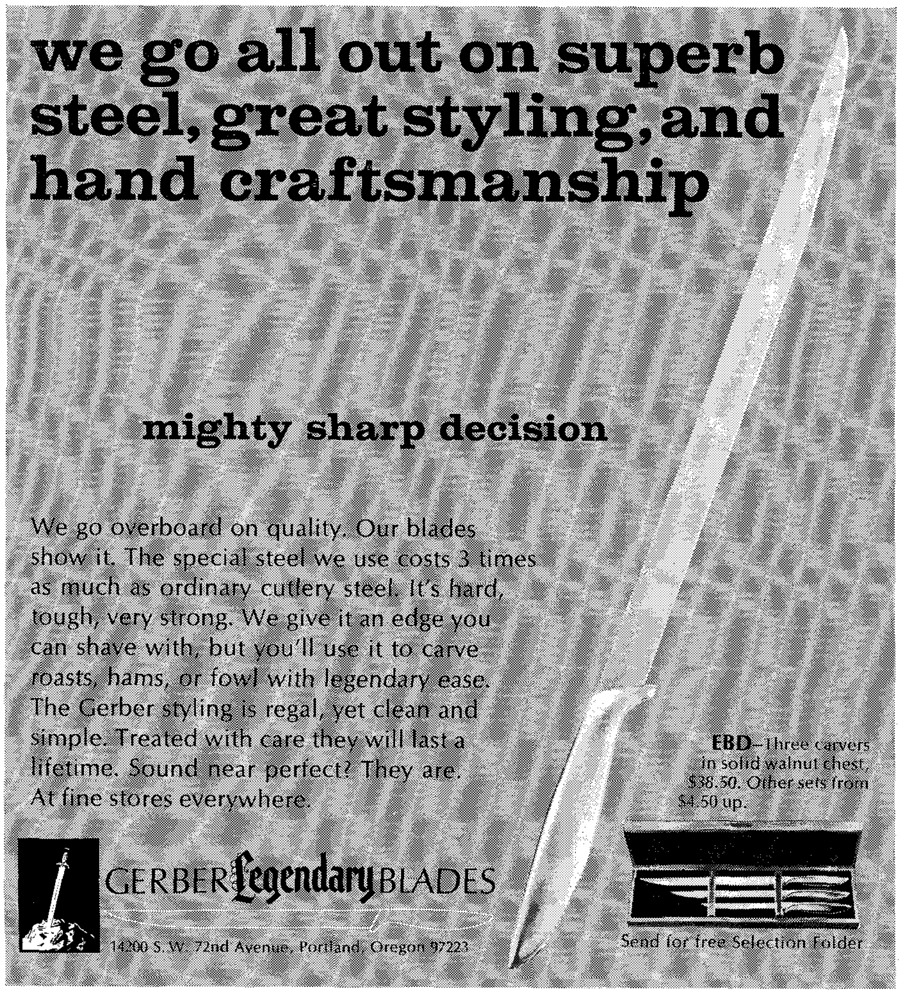
in the fire that ultimately destroyed the palace, so I looked in the courtyard, and, sure enough, I found my missing spirals." Again he pointed to the floors, which had a formal pattern of repeating rectangles enclosed in narrow lines of fine, hard plaster. "Here is one of our mysteries," he said. "The plaster of the dividing lines is like that at Knossos—it was originally colored red. But there was no fine white gypsum here at Kato Zakro to be used to fill in the rectangles, as in the Knossos palace and the others in central Crete. So the pavement design must have been completed with some sort of composition—perhaps a composition of resin and plaster. We don't know, but we have sent off samples of this floor stuff"—it had a characteristic grainy texture and buff color—"to be chemically analyzed. I think we shall find that the floors were shiny before the centuries decomposed them—the Minoans liked their pavements to be handsome."

As Dr. Platon added detail after detail in this casual manner, I found myself thinking of the Cupbearer Fresco from Knossos, with the youth bearing a great vessel so much like the finest vessel found at Kato Zakro, and also of the Knossos fresco bas-relief of the proud young prince in a lily crown stuck with nodding peacock feathers that could have been imported only from distant India. Kato Zakro's state rooms, too, must once have been gaily peopled with pretty women in long, flounced dresses revealing their high bosoms, and with rich-kilted men, slender, naked to the waist, wearing their hair in curling locks. The palace dwellers' life at Kato Zakro surely was less grand, less formal and elaborately ordered, than life in the mighty House of the Axe, where Minos ruled in splendor, for the Kato Zakro palace will always be far smaller than Knossos, even after the long work of excavation is finally complete. Yet a true palace it was, all the same, as the size of the state rooms and the fineness of the surviving masonry very clearly announce. And, as was the case with all Minoan palaces, it was also a partly self-contained community, with its own built-in facilities for everything from worship to manufacture.

From the state rooms, Dr. Platon led me to the palace sanctuary. The shrine itself was small, but in the years of its use, when the images of the divinities still stood on the low altar, it must have been a place of mystery and silence, for it was a lightless inner room. Next to it was another little room, where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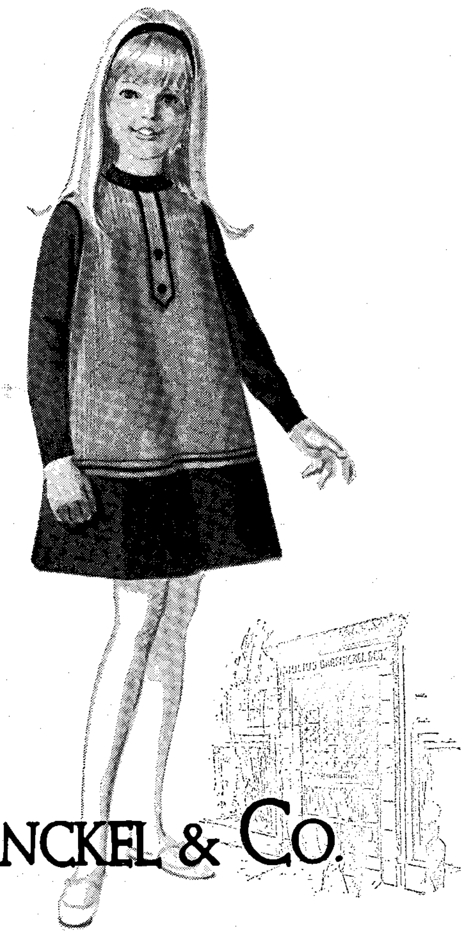

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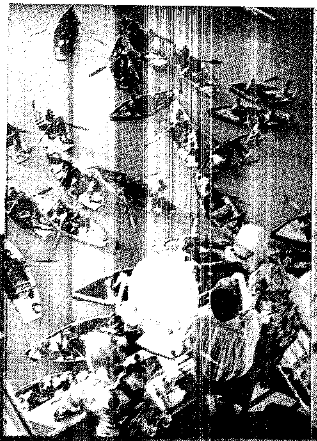
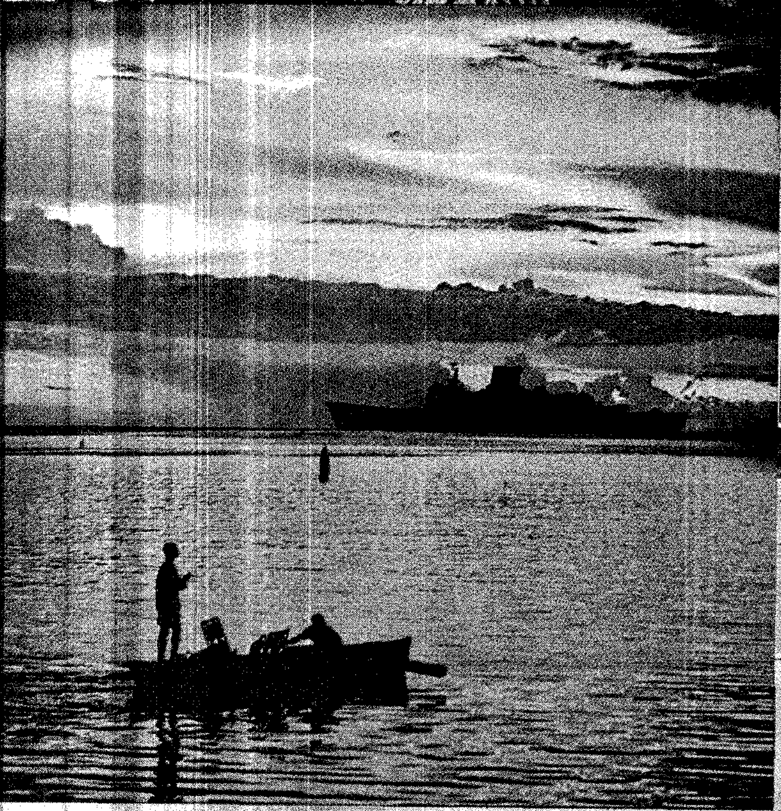
sacred vessels and other treasures of the cult were kept. And between the shrine and the state apartments there was one of the large square stone-lined pits that Minoan archeologists call "lustral basins," because they are thought to have been used for ritual lustrations of water or perfumed oil by those about to join in religious observations. Then, beyond the sanctuary, there was the room once used by the palace artisans who cut and drilled and polished the wonderful stone vessels, and next door to that there was a treasure store, where most of the Kato Zakro rhytons and stone vases were found, with other ritual objects, amid the stucco bases of wooden cases consumed by the long-ago fire. "We could even tell which cases held which rhytons," Dr. Platon said.

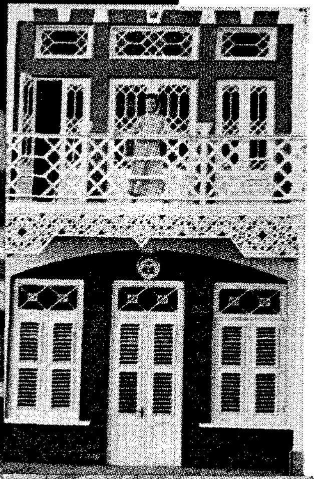
Neat storage was something of a Minoan specialty, for the archive room, not far from the treasure store, had also had its carefully arranged cases, or sets of niched shelves, and in the remains of one of these most of the Kato Zakro Linear A tablets were found. The fire that finally consumed the palace did not, alas, reach the archive room soon enough to bake more than twelve tablets into enduring terra cotta. The many other tablets that the cupboards almost certainly held, being of sun-dried, unbaked clay, were most probably crushed to powder when the upper floor fell in at the climax of the conflagration. Three additional tablets, however, were in an upstairs room when the fire began. Perhaps they were records of the latest deliveries of Syrian ivory or Cypriote copper, and had been set aside for the prince to study. The prince of Kato Zakro must surely have had a separate suite of rooms in which he transacted his day-to-day business, and his office suite would most naturally have been situated above the main state rooms. At any rate, these three tablets were safely baked in the first fury of the fire, when the upper floor was consumed, and then fell into the reception hall, where they were recovered in fragments from the pavement.

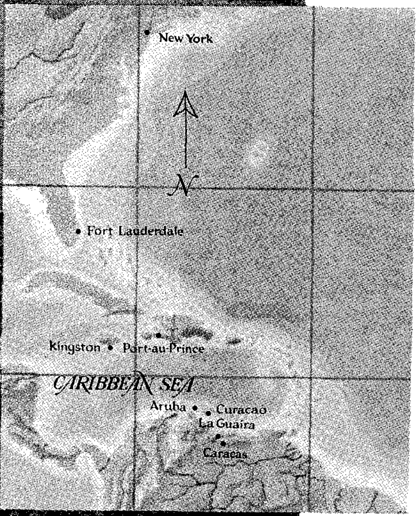
The former existence of that upper floor was clearly announced by the means of access to it—the remains of two staircases. One, no doubt for the prince's use, was situated near the lightwell and not far from the reception hall and the palace shrine. The other, which one is tempted to call the service stairs, was in the more businesslike part of the west wing, among the rows of storerooms, large and small. Some of these had evidently been pantries, for they were filled with hundreds

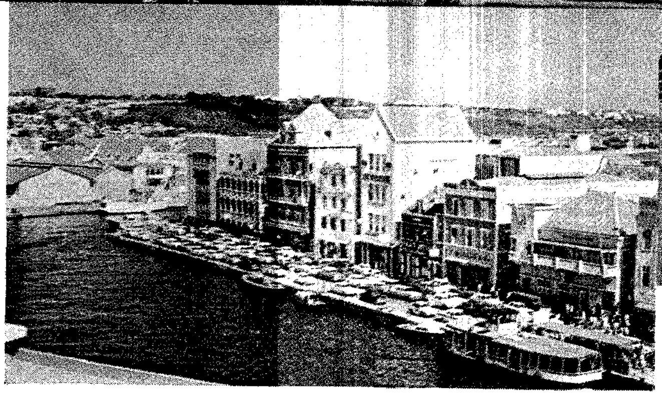
GRACE











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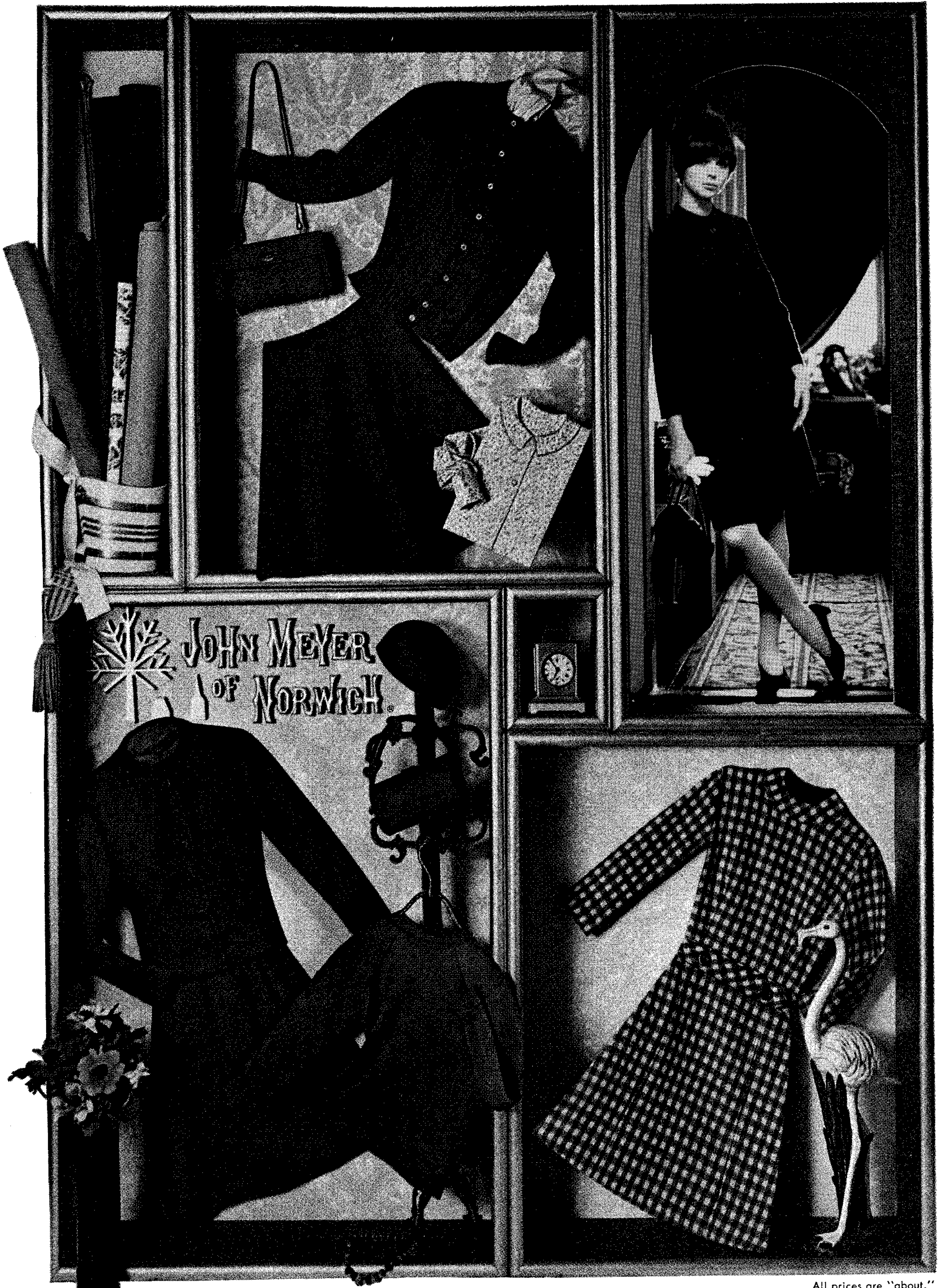

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of pieces of tableware, while others held great numbers of huge pottery storage jars that once contained wine and oil and grain and other produce. In addition, the west wing had attached to it, but not communicating with it, an industrial establishment of some sort, most probably an ancient dye works. Rows of small dye vats, or compartments resembling dye vats, were found in this area, next to a simply built courtyard that could have been used for drying the newly dyed textiles. It is quite likely that one of the Kato Zakro palace's profitable exports was stuff dyed with the Tyrian purple that the Roman emperors later wore. A short sail beyond Zakro harbor, there is a little island that has many very ancient heaps of murex shells—the sea creature from which this precious dye used to be extracted. The shells are pierced, showing that extraction had occurred, and the shell heaps contain pottery fragments of Minoan date.

As we hopped over the stumps of walls that commemorated these parts of the lost palace, Dr. Platon often interrupted his explanation of the ground plan to talk for a few moments about some other subject. Now he would describe the murex-shell heaps, and assert that the Phoenician master dyers of Tyre had borrowed their technique from the far older Minoans. Now he would glance across the foundation lines, from the dye works to the former treasure store, and this cheering spectacle would remind him that "our palace is unique, because it was never plundered." Or the remains of one of the palace's many drains would provoke a regretful admission: "We haven't found a bathroom yet, although the drainage system is so well designed that one may be sure the plumbing here quite equalled that at Knossos." Or we would pause to watch one of the museum technicians, detached to work as excavation squad leaders in the digging season. This man was deftly uncovering a buried pot with a tool like an icepick and a large whisk broom. Dr. Platon recalled that he was the workman who got out the rock-crystal rhyton. "You wouldn't guess it when you see the rhyton now, the museum experts have restored it so beautifully," he said, "but the truth is that it came out in over three hundred pieces. This man didn't miss a single sliver of the crystal."

The place where we watched the pot being uncovered was at the junction of the palace's west and north wings. The north wing had a stone-paved, colonnaded portico opening on the great inner court, and from the

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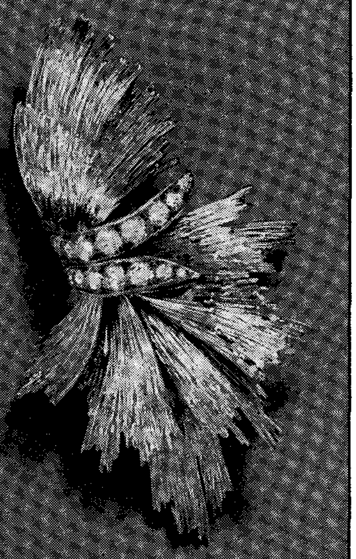

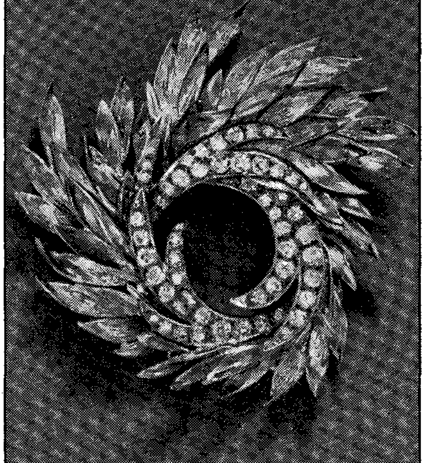

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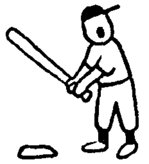
court the wing was built upward, step fashion, on fairly steep ground. What it contained no one could say when I was at Kato Zakro, for the whole slope was a perfect maze of stones from the fallen walls, with bits of undoubted foundation showing only here and there. Clearing was proceeding very slowly, since Dr. Platon is an excavator who goes forward hardly more than a few inches at a time until he has plain signs of the nature of the ancient ground plan. In one angle of the north wing, however, the palace kitchen had already been uncovered. It was a big room, with a roof supported on wooden balks—the rough stone bases of the balks are still in the floor. The hearth was in one corner, where a huge clay tripod cooking pot was found, but the clincher proving that this had really been the kitchen was a small closetlike space that had clearly served as an antique substitute for a garbage can. When found, it was jammed with animal bones and other culinary refuse.

The structures closing the great inner court to the south have been excavated only far enough to prove that the court was indeed closed on this side. They will be tackled later, for the main aims this year were to find the pattern of the palace on the difficult northern slope and to uncover the great east wing. In the soil here, a putative throne room, close to fifty feet long by thirty feet wide, with a fine colonnaded opening on the great courtyard, had already been three-quarters traced. At one corner of the east wing, a well chamber had also been found, with stairs going down to the wellhead, and pottery buckets lined up beside the wall, and a hollow stone to hold one of the curious round-bottomed drinking bottles they still use in Crete. It was obvious that the east wing had been very large, for nothing remotely suggesting the outer wall of the palace itself had yet been encountered. I asked Dr. Platon how big an area he would guess the whole palace had originally occupied. The question evidently pleased him, for there was a sparkle in his eye when he replied, "Of course, we cannot tell yet. We must wait and see. But if you want my guess, I think the palace covered an area of at least seven thousand square metres—a little bit smaller than Mallia, but still great enough, great enough!"

Then the sparkle faded, and he kicked one of the east wing's big foundation stones, which was deeply grooved. "Look at the plow marks on the stone," he said glumly. "We shall be lucky if we find much beyond the mere foundations of this wing, for the terrain has been greatly disturbed by cultivation. The peasants had even dug down to remove one of the throne room's column bases—surely because it blunted or broke a plow. We were very lucky that the ground covering the west wing had never been so deeply tilled."

HAVING spent the morning in this manner, mastering the complex design of the excavated part of the palace, I decided to devote the afternoon to studying the technique and organization of the dig. This was the first active archeological excavation I had ever visited for more than a few hours, and although I have been an archeological buff for a good many decades, I must confess that I was surprised at the intricacies revealed by Mrs. Platon, who took over the task of explanation that afternoon. To begin at the beginning, even opening a dig in Greece is not a simple business. Everyone wants to dig there, and each of the archeologically inclined nations is therefore limited to three active digging concessions. Hence, there would have been a fearful row if Lee and Harriet Pomerance had ever tried to do more than give the first seed money and carry on thereafter as "friends of Kato Zakro," for Zakro might then have been considered an American concession above the three-dig limit. From the first, however, it has always been a Greek dig, not only because Dr. Platon is both discoverer and chief excavator of the site but also because it is sponsored by the Greek Archeological Society and receives additional support from the Greek Archeological Service. Even in straight terms of money, the Greek contribution considerably exceeds the American contribution.



In short, even the sponsorship of a dig like that at Kato Zakro can be surprisingly complicated, and, as I learned that afternoon from Mrs. Platon, the organization of such a dig is also fairly elaborate. Any serious dig, whether major or minor, needs continuous, minute professional supervision, and meticulous records must also be kept of the daily, even hourly, progress. At Kato Zakro, this was mainly done by Dr. and Mrs. Platon. One or the other was always walking about the site, now telling a workman to go more slowly, now consulting with the foreman of the dig about next steps, now advising one of the museum technicians who had an

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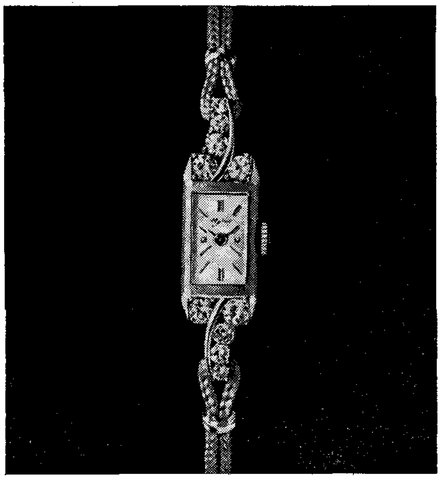

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especially ticklish job in hand. Both were constantly taking notes, and at the end of every day's digging Dr. Platon had to spend an hour or two consolidating all these notes into an orderly daybook.

In addition to the Platons, the staff of the dig included two junior professional archeologists, Joannis and Efi Sakellarakis. While I was there, these two young people were on detached service supervising a branch dig—the excavation of a Minoan country house that had been revealed when the villagers of Epano Zakro improved the road down to the palace. But they could always be called back to the main dig in an emergency, as they were at the time of the discovery of the treasure store two years earlier, when armed guards were posted every night and the whole work of removing the stone vessels was done by the professional archeologists and museum technicians until the last fragment of the last vessel had been successfully retrieved. Unfortunately, there was no such delightful emergency while I was at Kato Zakro. Yet this failure to unearth any objects of cardinal importance did not mean that the continuous pictorial record of the dig could be neglected. The meanest undecorated pot, the poorest fragment of wall fresco was repeatedly photographed by the staff cameraman, George Xylouris, from the moment of its discovery until it had been fully disengaged, and the general course of each day's digging was also photographically recorded by more panoramic pictures taken at regular intervals. Later on, Mrs. Platon told me, George Xylouris' work would be supplemented by careful, measured plans made by the staff architect, Joseph Shaw—"who is our American staff member," Mrs. Platon explained. But Shaw was not due to begin work at Kato Zakro until September 1st, so I missed meeting him, as I also missed meeting another Greek archeologist-staff member, Eleni Zaganiari.

With the two Platons, Joannis and Efi Sakellarakis, Eleni Zaganiari, George Xylouris, and Joseph Shaw, what may be called the professional staff of the dig numbered seven persons. Lower in the hierarchy, yet enjoying great authority, was the general foreman of the excavation, Charalambos Papadakis. This grizzled, kindly-faced man, who somehow managed to maintain the strictest discipline without ever raising his voice, had been Dr. Platon's digging partner for close to half a lifetime—through all the decades of Dr. Platon's long Ephorship of Crete—and he was always called into

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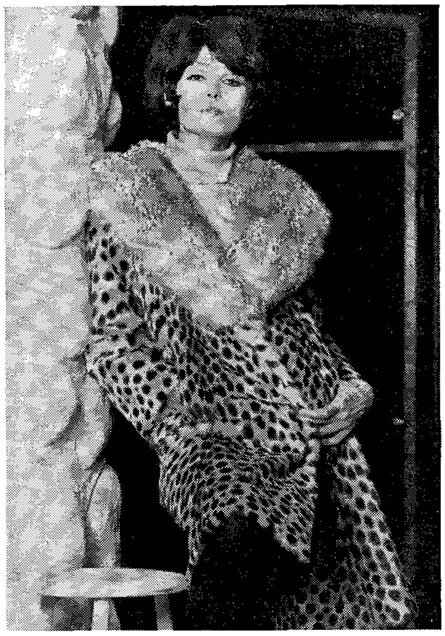

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conference when a digging problem arose. I learned to watch for these archeological summit meetings, for they were both amusing and impressive. The topic might be the course of a foundation wall or, more often, the appearance of a reddish streak in the soil, suggesting decomposed mud bricks and therefore indicating a possible partition. Dr. Platon would mount the nearest large stone to get a better view, and would cock his head on one side, more than ever resembling a robin after worms, while he studied the few inches of soil that were under discussion. The foreman, meanwhile, would first kneel to get a close look, almost seeming to sniff the little area; then he would rub the soil gently with his work-roughened hands; and, finally, he would stand up again and crumble a soil sample for Dr. Platon. Thereupon Dr. Platon would render the verdict, and they would both nod cheerfully if Dr. Platon had decided, for instance, that a reddish patch really did mean decomposed brick, or they would shake their heads regretfully if the decision was negative. After that, the workmen at this spot would be carefully instructed on the next steps to be taken and the digging method to be used.

All the workmen on the dig, with the exception of the two truck drivers, were divided into four self-contained squads. Each squad was led by one of the four museum technicians assigned to serve with Dr. Platon for the digging season. These men—George Iliakis, Anasstasios Karoussos, Alekos Papadakis, and Costas Constantakis—had all been recruited and trained by Dr. Platon when he was still Ephor of Crete, and he treated them much as a kindly but exacting schoolmaster would treat favored pupils. The technicians, in turn, treated the men in their squads in a decidedly schoolmasterly manner, doing their best to teach the tricks of delicate excavation to the more careful workers and seeing to it that the happy-go-lucky pick-and-shovel men did not get out of control. An elaborate gradation of digging methods existed. At any moment, the heavy tools might be laid aside in favor of miniature picks for removing soil inch by inch, and when a bit of fresco or a pot lip turned up, the miniature picks would also be dropped and the soil would be removed almost literally grain by grain with the point of a pocketknife or the icepick-like tool that some preferred, while a whisk broom was used to sweep aside the loosened grains. Thus, the tempo of excavation varied enormously. The squad engaged in tracing the foundation walls

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of the east wing had been going forward at the rate of nearly a yard a day, for they were finding nothing but the great stones of the wall footings. But on the morning of the day that the Pomerances and I reached the palace a cluster of fairly coarse, undecorated medium-sized storage jars had begun to emerge at a point near the well chamber, and although these jars were not much more than twenty-four inches high, they were far from being fully disengaged several days later. Watching such work as this on that first sunny afternoon, I began to see how skilled archeologists can be so confident that they really have recovered every trace of the lost past that the covering earth may conceal.

SUCH, then, were the main things I learned during the first of a series of flawless days—for I was a guest at Kato Zakro for the better part of a week. Every day, Dr. Platon arose very early, in order to be at the palace when work started, at 8 A.M. The Pomerances and I were awakened a little later, had a morning swim, and took our breakfast on the seaside terrace of the Karandonis café, where the sun filtered gently through the branches of an old pine tree and the waves slapped on the shingle at the foot of the bluff. (For some reason I could never determine, the café's fried eggs had a faint flavor of pine needles, which was perfectly delicious.) Breakfast over, we strolled to the excavation site, where Harriet Pomerance would sketch and make notes, Lee Pomerance would take snapshots to illustrate the lectures he sometimes gives on Kato Zakro, and I would contentedly watch the countless small and big events—now another Platon-Papadakis summit meeting, now the stirring discovery of a fragment of rock crystal in a corner of the throne room—that lend variety to every hour of a successful and productive dig. At noon precisely, the workmen would give their "Time's up!" shout, and a few minutes later we would all be in the water again. After the noon swim came a light but excellent lunch with the Platons, and after lunch came the habitual Greek siesta, which the Pomerances and I, having no grave responsibilities, were usually content to prolong until midafternoon. Another couple of hours at the excavation site would follow, and since the afternoons are very hot at Kato Zakro, this was the ideal preparation for the last swim of the day. For this evening swim, when the sea horizon made an exquisite transition from palest mauve

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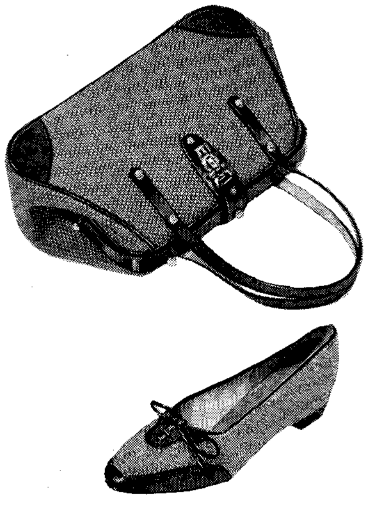

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to violet, Dr. Platon would bring his little son, Eleutherios, down to the beach and try to teach him to paddle, while several of the workmen would splash about in the shallows or race one another out to sea. After that, we commonly gathered for a long, easy cocktail hour on the Karandonis café terrace. Here the Platons would turn up if they were not too busy, and off in a corner the five professional fishermen of Kato Zakro would be coiling their nylon lines in final preparation for the night's work. Nikos Karandonis and his wife would come and go, bearing minute glasses of anise-flavored ouzo and larger glasses of thin, sour wine and plates of the little bits of fish, sausage, cucumber, and the like that the Greeks call *mezethes*. Darkness would fall and the stars would begin to show in the velvet sky above, and finally lamps would be brought out and we would make our way to a house, also with a pine-tree-shaded terrace, whose kitchen Mrs. Platon had hired for the season. With the stars showing through the pine branches, we would take our evening meal, talking of this and that, enjoying the excellent wine, hungrily consuming such admirable specialties of the Platon cook as wild mountain hare stewed with freshly gathered aromatic herbs, and half-listening the while to the plaintive *bouzoukia* music that the workmen played on a little phonograph at their beachside café nearby. Dinner began late, in the Greek way, and ended much later still, for the Platons were good talkers and good hosts as well, so that it might be as late as eleven o'clock when we took up the lamps once more and strolled back to our rooms. For my taste, at least, days like these could hardly be improved upon. Nor was there any monotony in them, for there was always something new to do or see, or some new problem raised by the new-found palace to be discussed.

During one of my first days at Kato Zakro, for instance, the workmen in one corner of the north wing reached a layer of almost black soil. This indicated past burning, and it raised the question of the beginning and the end of the Kato Zakro palace. The charcoal-impregnated soil in this corner belonged to a stratum somewhat below the palace's former floor level. Hence, it told of a fire in some kind of building that underlay this part of the palace—probably a fisherman's or a farmer's house, for such houses were quite likely the only buildings at Kato Zakro in the Era of the Old Palaces. This is one of the most interesting features of the great find at Kato Zakro. In

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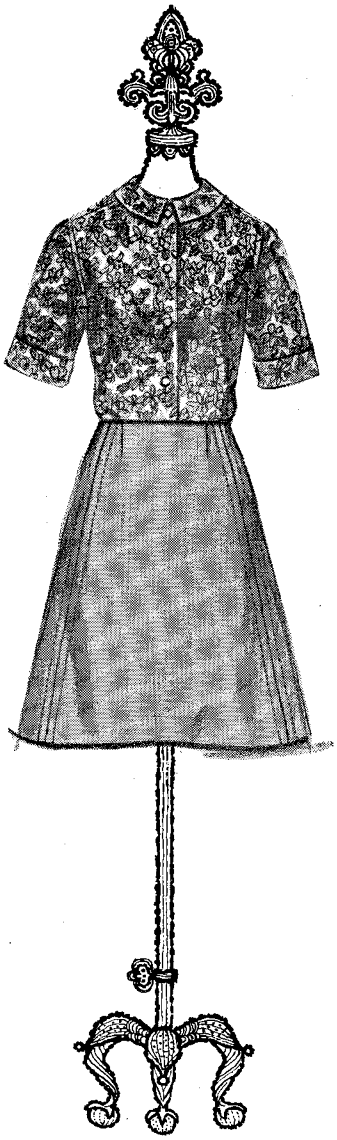

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the Era of the Old Palaces, Knossos, Phaistos, and Mallia had all been palace sites, and they had been heavily occupied sites for centuries before that; in fact, the Neolithic levels at Knossos, indicating occupation long before the Bronze Age, are among the very deepest anywhere in Europe. Kato Zakro, in sharp contrast, supported none but relatively humble folk in the Era of the Old Palaces. These people buried their dead with modest grave goods in the caves that pock the sides of the gorge leading down to the delta, and some of their houses were built on the palace's future site. Then, about the year 1600 B.C., this seemingly unlikely site was chosen by the palace builders, whoever they may have been; this construction *de novo* obviously implies a deliberate, calculated choice. Everything was levelled, and then there was erected the palace whose buried ruins are now being uncovered. A century and a half later came "the decisive catastrophe," as Dr. Platon always called it (making the event sound even more terrible by pronouncing the word in the French way—"catastroff"—with an emphatic, somehow sombre accent on the last syllable). This catastrophe took the form of a fearful earthquake, combined with the fire that earthquakes so often cause by scattering coals from hearths, toppling lamps, and the like. Dr. Platon believes that his "decisive catastrophe" was foretold, so to say, by preliminary temblors severe enough to do quite serious damage. The six big bronze crosscut saws found thus far in the ruins were scattered here and there in a seemingly aimless way—two of them were even on the floor of one of the state rooms—just as they would have been if carpenters had been making extensive repairs. Furthermore, the final, terrible shock, which also brought down the palaces at Knossos, Phaistos, and Mallia, must have come on slowly, with a series of warning shakes of the earth before the huge, islandwide upheaval, for the Kato Zakro palace was evacuated by all its inhabitants just before it was totally destroyed. The evacuation was evidently hasty; otherwise, the splendid objects in the treasure store would have been removed. But the palace dwellers and their dependents, servants, and workmen had time to run out into the open, for no skeletons have been found in the ruins. There was time as well to snatch up and carry out such extra-important things as the official seals in the prince's chancery (which would have been of gold or semi-precious stone, carved with the prince's own device) and the especially valuable pieces of jewelry and vessels of gold and silver that the palace dwellers surely owned. Of these, only the little ivory butterfly and the silver cream jug have been found in the excavation, no doubt because they were dropped in haste or somehow overlooked in the last, desperate salvage operation. The Giamalakis treasure must also have been dropped or overlooked if it was found within the palace site, but it is also possible that it came from an unknown princely tomb.

As Dr. Platon made all these points in his habitually methodical way, I could not help imagining the great building with its bright-painted wooden colonnades a bit askew from the warning shakes, and with stones missing here and there from its fine façade, and its broad window shutters hanging every which way, and the lords and ladies in their rich clothes and jewelry, together with the carpenters and artisans and cooks and scribes, all running in helter-skelter panic through the main courtyard toward the gate that led to the open fields, and all carrying whatever valuables they had hastily caught up when the pavements began to heave beneath their feet. This dreadful day occurred in about 1450 B.C., if Dr. Platon is right. The destruction was so nearly complete, moreover, that Kato Zakro was apparently abandoned thereafter. The palace was never rebuilt, and even in the little dependent town that climbed the slope outside the palace walls to the west, beyond the supposed dye works, there is a long gap in the pottery between the sherds in the styles that the archeologists date about 1450 and the sherds, showing strong mainland-Greek influence, that are dated between 1350 and 1300.

Pottery, I ought to note at this point, is the archeologists' principal time indicator and general detective instrument. In every ancient culture, quite naturally, pots were always being broken and thrown away. The sherds last forever in the earth, so their sequence at different levels can be fairly confidently used as a measure of time. The time dates that I have been giving are simply the dates that Dr. Platon assigns to particular styles of pots. I have used time dates only to avoid repeated and bewildering references to Middle Minoan III, Late Minoan I-A, and so on, but a professional would have said that the Kato Zakro palace was built at the opening of Late Minoan I-A and was destroyed at the close of Late Minoan I-B. For

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our purposes, the important point is that the long subsequent gap in the pottery sequence means that the palace and its dependent town were left in utter desolation by their former inhabitants. Perhaps Kato Zakro was thought for a while to be a place accursed. A century or more passed before the rich fields of the little delta and the good fishing on the coast and the fineness of the harbor combined to tempt people to come and live there again.

Yet even if Kato Zakro had continued to be both inhabited and prosperous, there would never have been any need to rebuild the palace, since great changes in the organization of Cretan society quite clearly followed the catastrophe that Dr. Platon dates at 1450 B.C. Of all the palaces that were then simultaneously destroyed, Knossos alone had a further history as a palace, and the decipherment of the Knossian Linear B archive has now proved that the rebuilders of the palace of Minos were pretty certainly Greeks from the mainland. The Lion King of Mycenae, or the even richer king who ruled Boeotia from the magnificent palace of Cadmus, in Thebes, or some other mainland prince or coalition of princes, is thought to have seized the opportunity of the earthquake catastrophe of 1450 to launch a raid on Crete, and this raid ended in the island's subjugation. Knossos' primitive-Greek Linear B tablets enumerate men and women doing labor service, and contain tax lists of cattle and the like in towns all over Crete. This clearly means that all, or almost all, of Crete at this time was controlled from the palace of Minos. Since Linear B was the first Greek script, it also means that the last Minos of the immemorial line was a Greek, who ruled when still another great catastrophe—this one final—overtook Knossos. This new earthquake (or was it a revolution?) happened on a day when the wind was blowing hard from the south, as is shown by the fire scars of the final conflagration, which also cooked the Knossos Linear B tablets into enduring terra cotta. By Dr. Platon's dating, this grim windy day occurred in about the year 1380. Thereafter, Crete had a varied pattern, with many places showing strong mainland-Greek influence and other places showing strong Minoan survivals. This pattern lasted until Greece's Mycenaean Age also arrived at its terminal catastrophe, and the Dorians invaded Crete as well as the Peloponnesus, and the Classical Age of Greece at last began. Even in the Classical Age, moreover,

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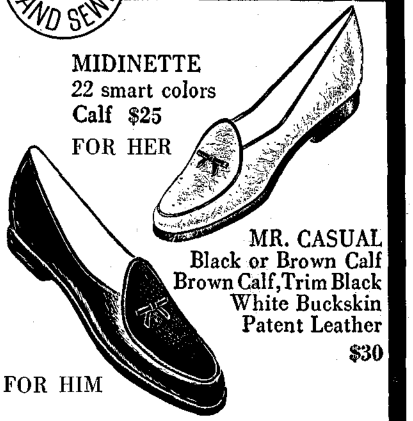

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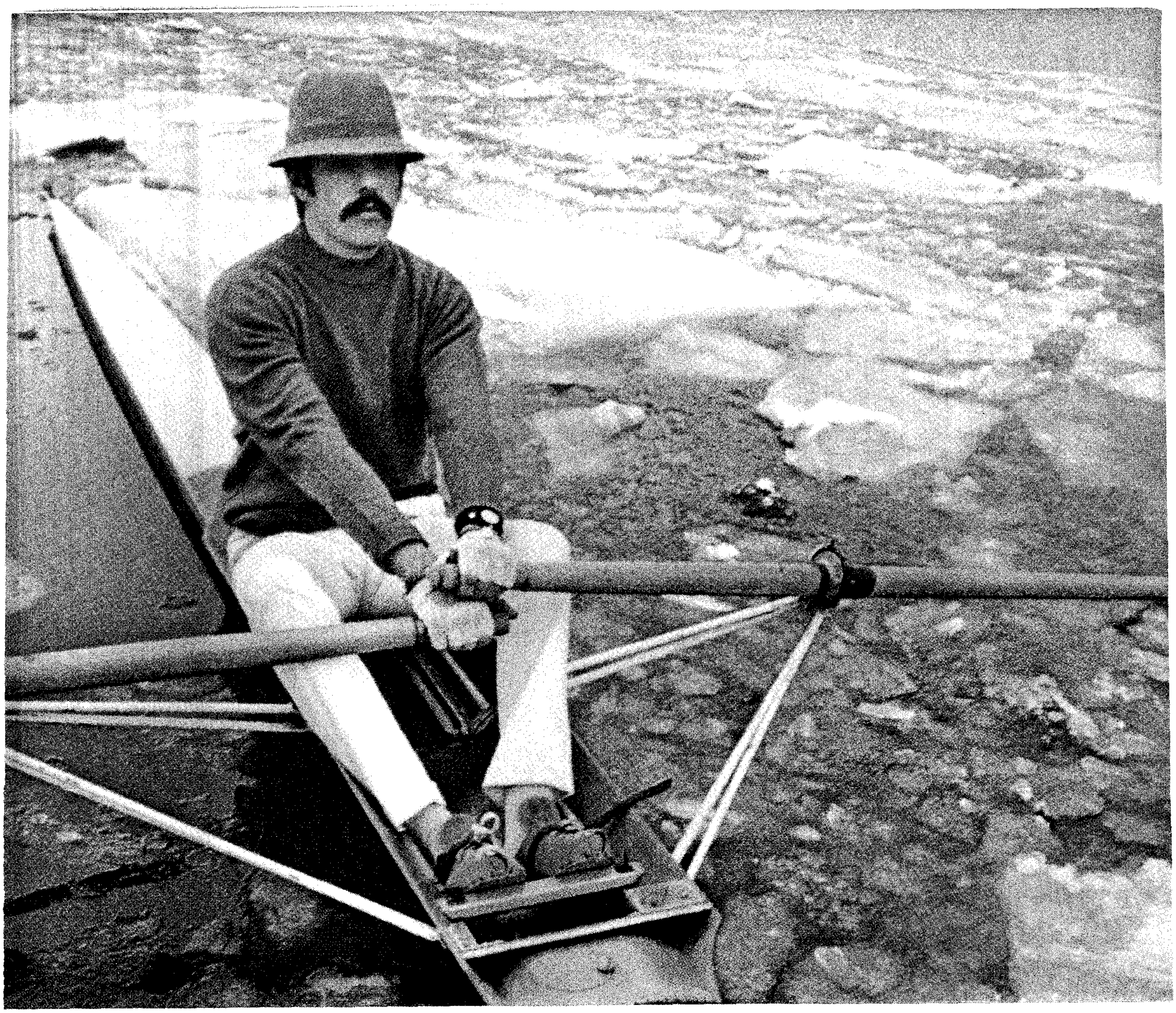

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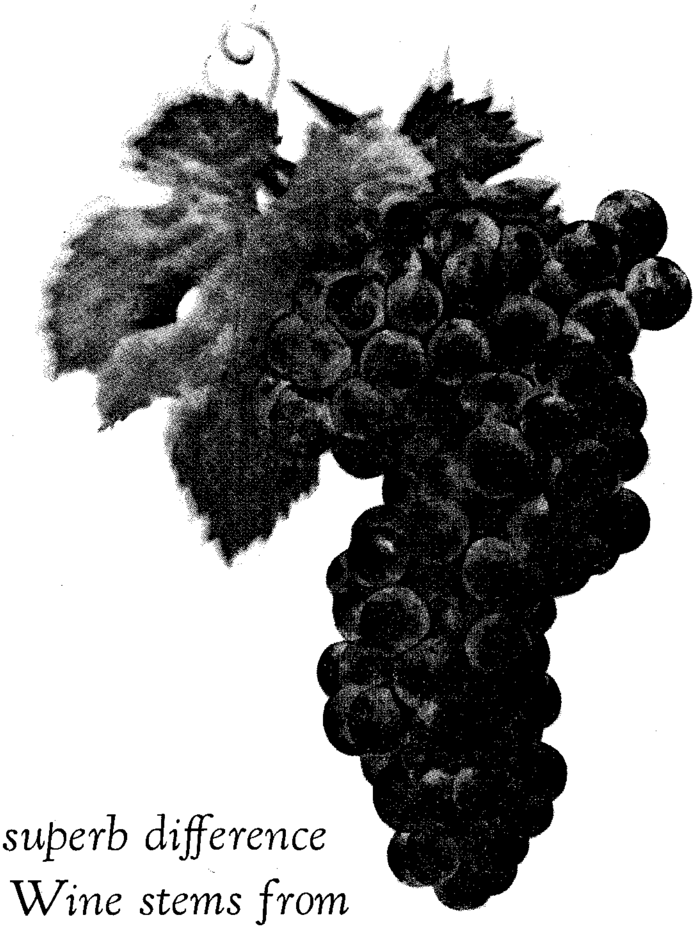

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I offer these brief notes because one always likes to know the end of any story, and this is how the story of the superb Era of the New Palaces seems to have ended. As for the Kato Zakro palace, its purely local story reached a full stop with the catastrophe in 1450 B.C.; nothing thereafter happened to it during all the centuries until its ruins began to be uncovered four years ago. That infinitely remote catastrophe has now produced its own entertainingly human epilogue, however, and this must certainly be described.

IN brief, the only other Greek archeologist with seniority approaching Dr. Platon's is Dr. Spyridon Marinatos. The two men are friends, but Dr. Marinatos' bold theorizing has by no means invariably commanded Dr. Platon's complete agreement. The disagreement has been reciprocal from time to time. When Dr. Platon announced that he had found a fourth Minoan palace at Kato Zakro, Dr. Marinatos caused a scholarly stir by attacking this claim in a university lecture in Athens. He declared that what Dr. Platon had found could not possibly be a real palace but must be, at best, a country mansion of unusual richness. Whereupon Dr. Platon devoted most of the next digging season to excavating the courtyard, thereby proving that his colleague was mistaken, for all Minoan archeologists agree that the test of a true palace is the combined presence of a great inner court and of certain mason's marks, such as a double axe, on the structure's stones. On the other hand, Dr. Platon's dig at Kato Zakro proved that he himself had been mistaken in expressing doubt about the most daring and ingenious of all the theories proposed by Dr. Marinatos. This was the theory that the catastrophe that destroyed the new palaces was directly connected with a gigantic volcanic explosion—worse by far than the eruption of Krakatau in 1883—which tore off half of the mountainous island of Thera, now sometimes called Santorin, at some moment in the late Bronze Age.

Volcanism on a major scale is often accompanied by serious earthquakes as well as tidal waves. The earthquake and tidal waves that devastated nearly half of Chile not very long ago were consequences of the eruption of an undersea volcano off the Chilean coast. Dr. Marinatos had suggested that when the island of Thera quite literally blew up, all of Crete, only a few score

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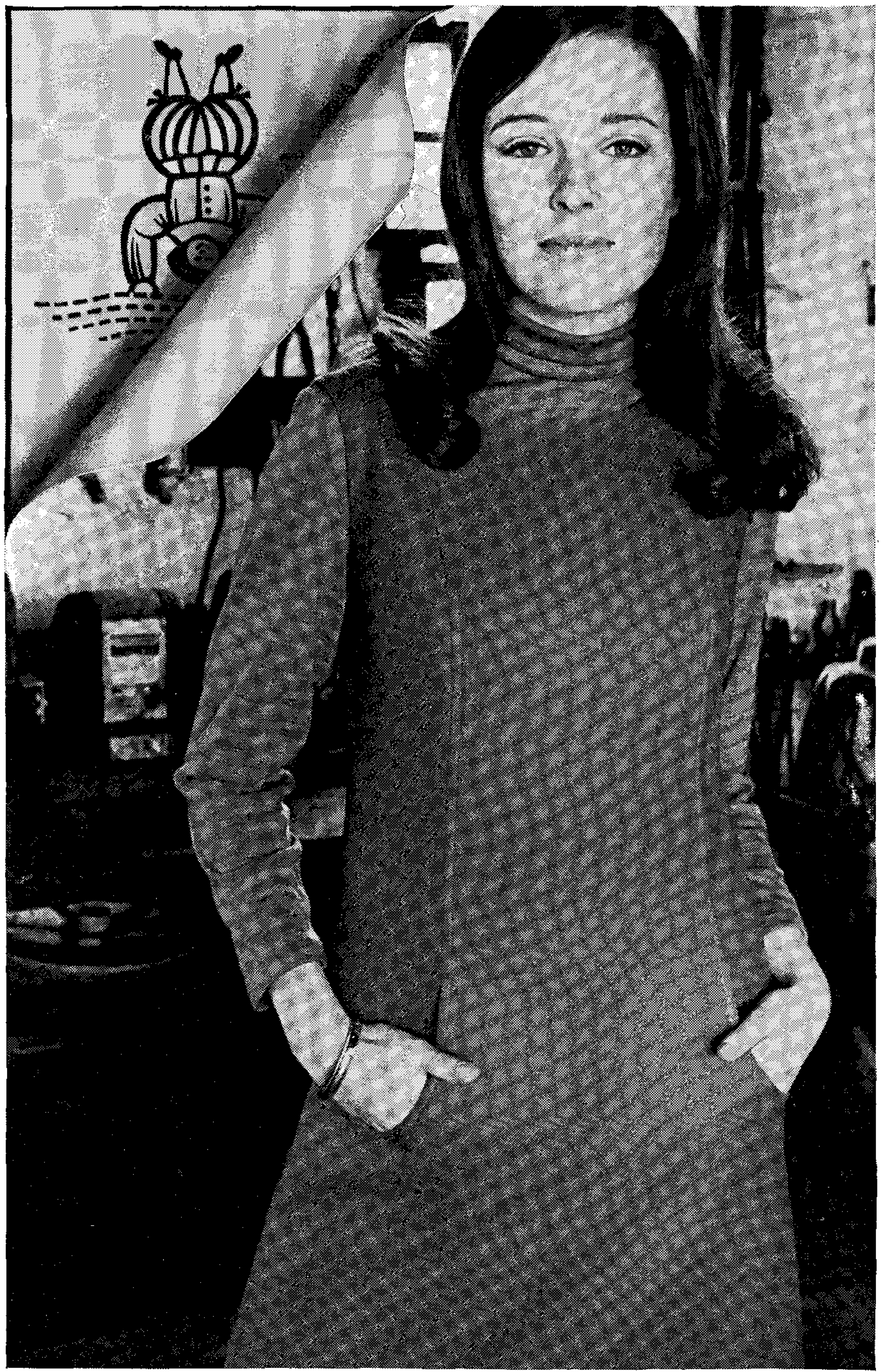

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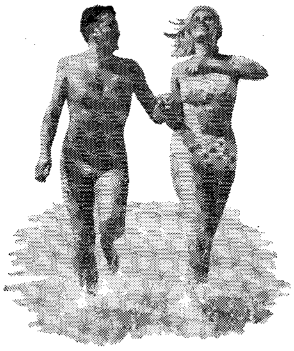

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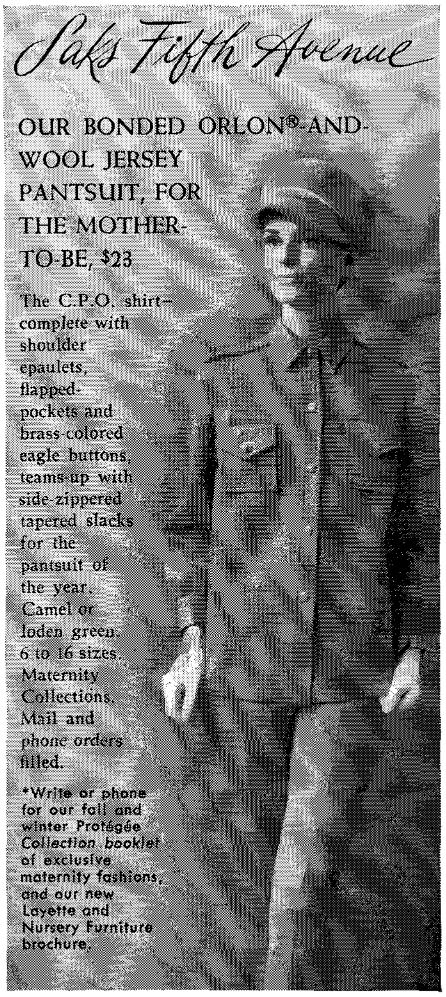
miles across the Aegean, was simultaneously ravaged by the same frightful earth movement. "Extremely curious" were the kindest words that Dr. Platon at first managed to find for this suggestion—until his own digging at Kato Zakro produced a number of what volcanologists call scoriae. These scoriae are bits of rather light, sulphurous material spewed forth by most volcanoes; large scoriae from the Krakatau eruption have been found up to seventy-five miles away from the volcano's cone. The Zakro scoriae are unquestionably of volcanic origin. The places where they were found proved to Dr. Platon that they had fallen into the palace area at the moment of his "decisive catastrophe." The fact that Kato Zakro is about seventy miles from Thera was no objection, either, for the volcanic explosion at Thera was undoubtedly far more terrible than the explosion of Krakatau, whose dust slightly darkened the skies and gave an added glare to the sunsets of the whole globe for more than a year. In sum, the Marinatos theory was as fully proved as any theory that concerns remote and unrecorded events can ever be proved. I was in doubt, however, about whether the proof was fully accepted by Dr. Platon.

One evening at dinner, I ventured to ask Dr. Platon whether he did fully accept the Marinatos theory. "The theory, which at first seemed so extremely curious, must certainly be accepted now," he answered forthrightly. "Unless I am mistaken, Marinatos gave a date late in the sixteenth century B.C. for the explosion at Thera, whereas our Zakro excavation has now shown that the true date was at the end of Late Minoan I-B—in the middle of the fifteenth century, in short. All the same, the Marinatos theory is clearly correct in broad outline."

The talk that evening about the history of the palace rather naturally raised another question, which was pursued at lunch and dinner the next day. The question was why on earth this particular site had been chosen by the palace builders. It was not—indeed, it is not—easy to agree on a really final answer, for the discovery of this fourth palace at Kato Zakro has challenged many of the notions that previously dominated Minoan archeology. (This was, in fact, the reason Dr. Marinatos said that the palace could not be a palace.) Beyond much doubt, palaces were first built at Knossos, Phaistos, and Mallia because these were, in Bronze Age terms, entirely natural sites for palaces. Cretan trade with Egypt and Asia began even before the Era of



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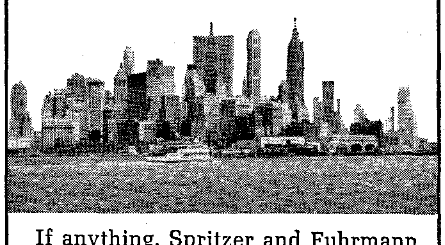

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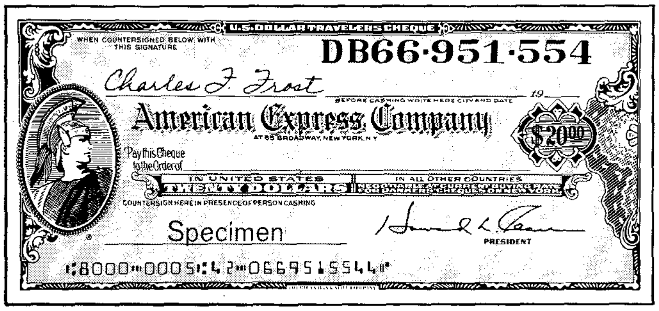
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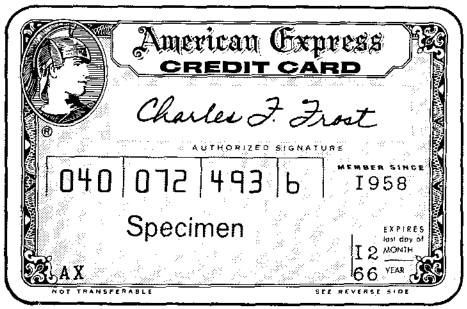
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the Old Palaces, as is shown by early Bronze Age imports into Crete of Cycladic idols, obsidian from Melos, and fine stone vessels from proto-dynastic Egypt, and trade was clearly one factor in the equation. Mallia is on the sea; Knossos, farther inland, had easy access to two close-by ports, Amnisos and Katsamba, which offered ship captains a convenient choice for different wind conditions; and the Phaistos palace, on its forward-thrusting spur of hill, looks straight across one end of the green Messara plain to the blue water beyond. But at the outset the good land that these three palaces dominate was clearly a more important factor than the seaborne trade that brought in so much wealth. Of the three, Phaistos is best situated for agriculture, since the Messara plain is decidedly more productive than the land around Knossos. It is not surprising, therefore, that the present Italian excavator, Professor Doro Levi, has lately found persuasive evidence that in the Era of the Old Palaces the palace at Phaistos actually outranked the palace of Minos in size and grandeur.

For all these reasons, the accepted notions were that the Minoan palaces at first grew, so to say, from the good land around them, and that the territorial magnates who laid the old palaces' foundations then gained added wealth by entering the seaborne trade, exporting oil and salted olives and luxurious pottery and the fine work of the palace artisans, and getting in return gold and ivory and copper and tin. These long-held notions about the origins of the Minoan palaces are thus directly challenged by the discovery of Kato Zakro, for the simple reason that Kato Zakro has very little good land in its immediate neighborhood. The delta itself is smaller than many an American farm run by a single family. The vale of wheatfields and olive orchards that supports Epano Zakro is very beautiful, but it is barely big enough for the subsistence of this isolated village. And it is fifteen minutes' drive in a motorcar to the next little vale of comparable productivity, down the coast in the direction of the harbor town of Siteia. Thus, the Kato Zakro palace cannot conceivably have grown from the land around it, in the manner of the other palaces. Its location must have had a quite different motive behind it. Our discussions of this motive revealed the only slight difference of opinion between Lee Pomerance and Dr. Platon that I was able to observe during these happy days.

The source of the difference, I suspect, was the simple fact that Lee Pomerance is a businessman with archeological interests, whereas Dr. Platon is the purest sort of pure archeologist. Pomerance, the businessman, was strongly wedded to the theory that timber exports—suggested by the number and size of the saws found at Kato Zakro—were a primary source of the wealth of the palace, whereas Platon, the archeologist, though he had been tempted by this theory the previous year, had now concluded that the places where the saws were found indicated that they were merely being used to repair the palace when the final disaster struck. Lee Pomerance had worked out in his own mind all the details of the prince of Kato Zakro's lumbering enterprise. The great cypress logs, which were also used in the construction of the palace itself, could have been cut in the mountains in the dry season and floated down through the gorge to the delta in the rainy season. Egypt, totally lacking good timber, would have been a rich market, as it was for the cedars of Lebanon. With all this in mind, Lee Pomerance was just the least bit put out when he discovered that Dr. Platon had abandoned the timber-export theory—although he was persuaded by Dr. Platon's analysis after further reflection.

I must add that I can see no reason for the two views to be mutually exclusive. Dr. Platon's explanation of the curious findspots of the saws strikes me as persuasive, but even if these particular saws were being used by carpenters at work repairing the palace after a preliminary earthquake, that need not rule out a timber-exporting industry, which would surely have been carried on outside the palace.

Exports there certainly were, and the chances are that the wares exported were fairly numerous—the products of the dye works, for instance. It seems pretty likely, too, that the stone-carvers who filled the Zakro treasure store with so many splendid vessels did not produce solely for their own palace and its shrine. One is tempted to guess, in fact, that the amphora reproduced in the Knossos Cupbearer Fresco is closely similar to the best vessel found at Kato Zakro for the simple reason that amphorae of this special type were products of the Zakro workshop. Furthermore, a good many pieces of Minoan export pottery "have more a Kato Zakro look

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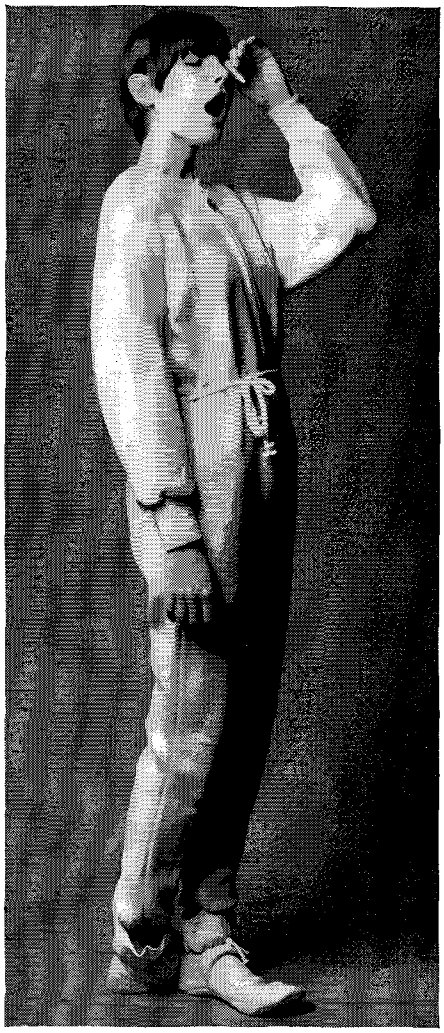

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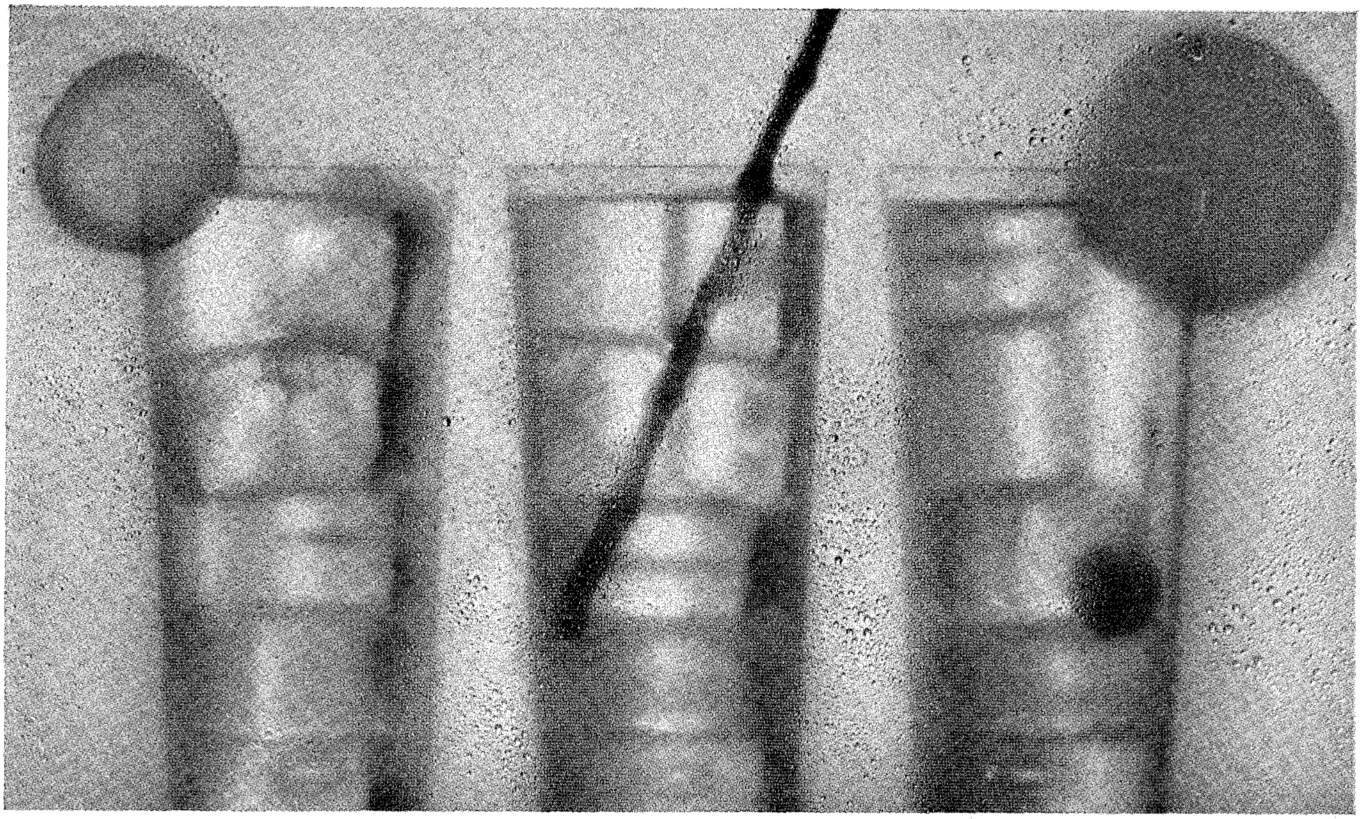

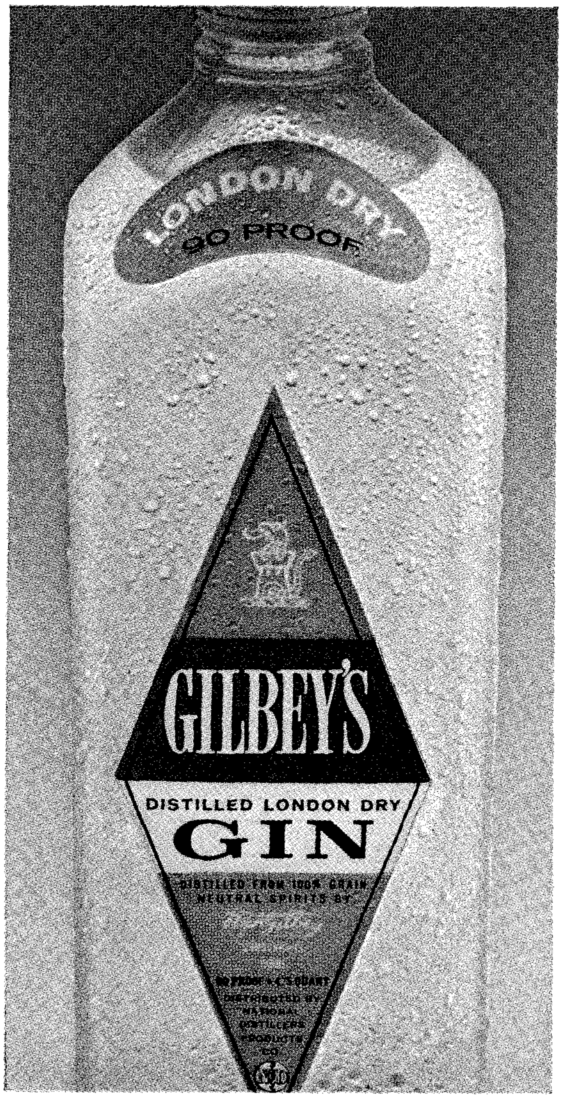
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than a Knossos look," as Dr. Emily Vermeule has put it. Dr. Vermeule, who is the author of the authoritative "Greece in the Bronze Age," sees this "Kato Zakro look" in pottery found at Kea, at Kythera, and in important tombs in Messenia, in the western Peloponnesus. In addition, there is a Kato Zakro pitcher, painted with nautili in full sail, that is all but identical with one of the most celebrated of all Minoan pieces—the so-called Marseille Vase, which was almost certainly found in Egypt, since it was brought to France at the beginning of the nineteenth century by a member of Napoleon's Egyptian expedition.

Nor is the evidence for a busy trade at Kato Zakro limited to such indications as these. In the nineteen-twenties, near the close of his life, the American archeologist Richard B. Seager is known to have uncovered a large warehouselike group of buildings of Minoan origin near the southern end of the beach at Kato Zakro. Seager's dig was never published, since he died too soon, but the structures he discovered are there for all to see. The foundations stand on the lowest slope of one of the rocky arms that embrace the delta, conveniently close to the beach itself but safely above the level of any springtime flood brought down by the stream through the gorge. In this area, too, until quite recently, the remains of a stone jetty were visible at low tide, but these remains now seem to have been scattered, undoubtedly by a wild winter storm.

Lee Pomerance and I went to have a look at Seager's warehouse complex on the afternoon of the day when the palace's economic base was a major luncheon topic. We followed the dry bed of the stream, among the oleanders, from the gorge's mouth down to the beach. Here, ranged in echelon along the slope, were the strong stone foundations of at least four and perhaps five plain rectangular buildings. That they had been used as warehouses was clearly suggested by the businesslike character of their siting, by their close proximity to the shore, and by what seemed to be the remains of loading platforms, like those of modern warehouses. Within the foundations, many sherds lay about on the surface, and all were of the coarse, thick pottery so often used as shipping containers in the ancient world. I picked up a pocketful and took them back to show to Dr. Platon at dinner. He examined the sherds with an air of confident expertise, shoved half of them to one side, and made a neat heap of the rest, which

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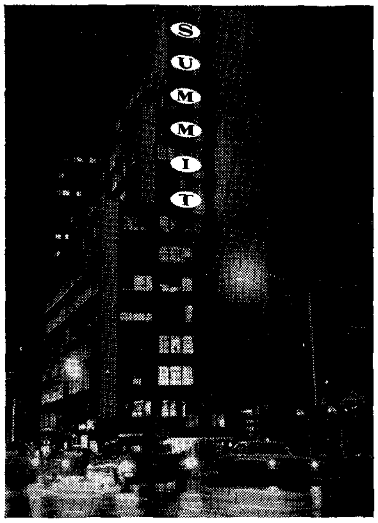

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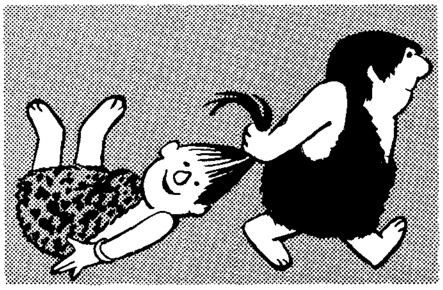
were all of a plain reddish-buff ware, with no grit in the paste. "These are Minoan, and of the palace period," he said. Ridiculously, it made me feel, for the moment, as though I had added my jot or tittle to the sum of archeological knowledge.

THAT evening, when we had the stewed wild hare I still recall with so much pleasure, my necessary departure from Kato Zakro was getting disagreeably close. The next morning, therefore, I kept a promise I had made to Joannis and Efi Sakellarakis, to visit their branch dig on the road to Epano Zakro. They were a young, intelligent, and companionable pair, who added materially to the general enjoyment of life at Kato Zakro. I must confess, however, that they also interested me for an extraneous reason, which I never quite ventured to explain to them. Whenever I have gone to Greece, I have always been much struck by the persistent and inexplicable survival of ancient physical types. Those workmen who looked like the Knossos cupbearer are cases in point. The survival is hard to explain, since Greece has been overrun by so many different races that very little of the old stock ought to have survived. Yet Efi Sakellarakis looked as though she had stepped straight out of the fresco, from the Mycenaean palace at Tiryns, of white-robed maidens bringing offerings, and Joannis Sakellarakis, with his fringe of beard and his dark almond eyes, appeared to be the original of the youngest of the Emperor Justinian's courtiers in the mosaic in San Vitale in Ravenna.

Their branch dig was on a hillside, with a fine prospect over Epano Zakro's supporting vale of orchards and wheatfields. It was exhilarating to climb over the thick stumps of walls in the brilliant morning sun, and it was interesting, too. The place that the road improvers had run across had been a prosperous country house in the time of the Kato Zakro palace. Here and there, bits of fresco with barely discernible but very pretty floral patterns adhered to the wall stumps just above the former floor levels, thereby attesting that the palaces had no monopoly of luxury in Minoan Crete. Even more striking, however, were the indications of the "industrial character"—in Joannis Sakellarakis' professional phrase—of this Minoan landowner's comfortable house. When I was there, the workmen were unearthing what appeared to be an oil press, and a wine press had already been completely disengaged. The wine press consisted of two shallow, spouted vats,



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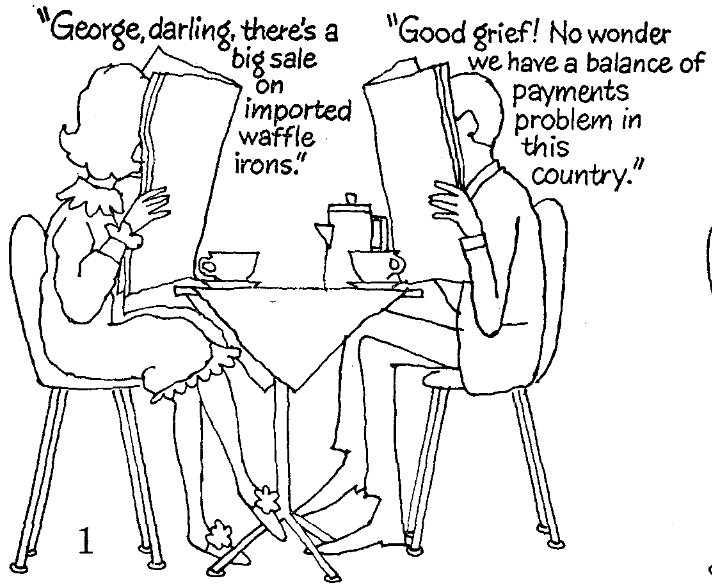
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"George, darling, there's a big sale on imported waffle irons."
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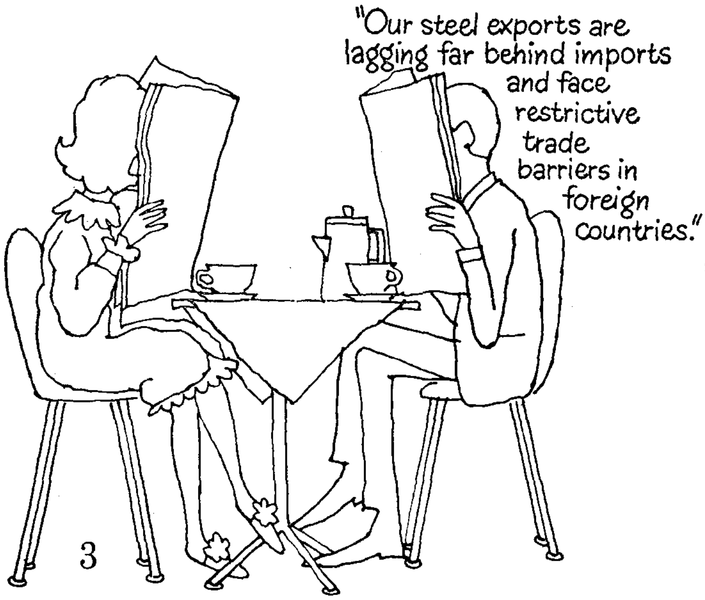
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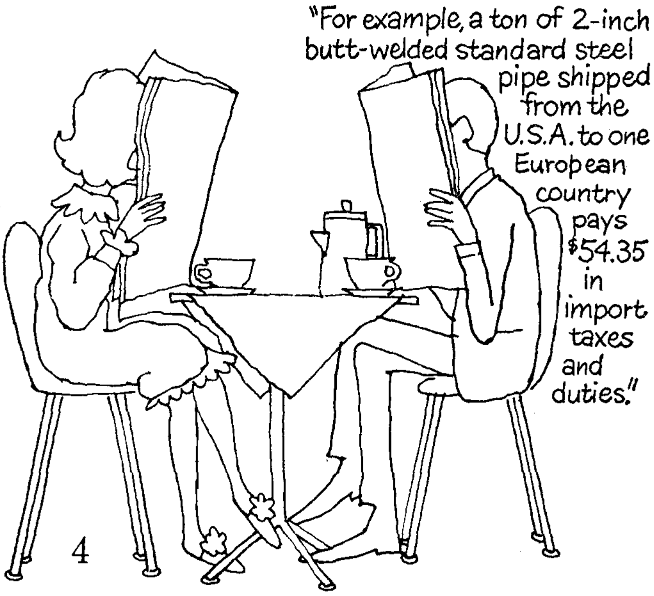
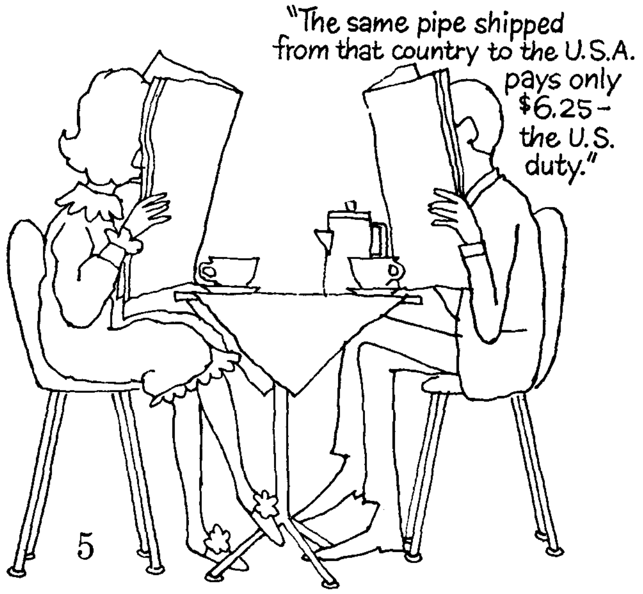

4
"For example, a ton of 2-inch butt-welded standard steel pipe shipped from the U.S.A. to one European country pays $54.35 in import taxes and duties."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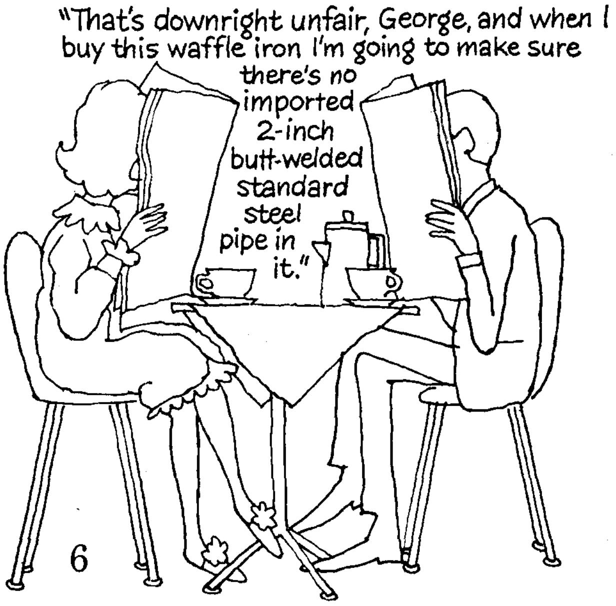
"The same pipe shipped from that country to the U.S.A. pays only $6.25 – the U.S. duty."


6
"That's downright unfair, George, and when I buy this waffle iron I'm going to make sure there's no imported 2-inch butt-welded standard steel pipe in it."

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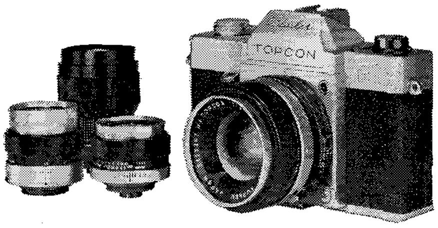

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each about a yard across and eight to ten inches deep, set next to each other on a ledge, with the spouts pouring into the first of two pairs of large pottery jars. The pairs of jars were arranged in tandem, with a pipe running from the higher to the lower jar in each pair. When the wine press was still in use, the pipe between each pair of jars no doubt had an attached strainer—perhaps of woven hair, like the sieves that were formerly used for jelly-making in old-fashioned American country kitchens—to keep grape pips and bits of twig out of the second jar. Behind the two vats there were the remains of a narrow bench for those who trod out the grapes. There was something so real, solid, and obviously workable about the arrangement that it positively summoned up a picture of the grape harvest in the vale of Epano Zakro on the order of the scene depicted on the Harvesters Vase. To be sure, the twig-twined tools, like very long and attenuated brooms, that the harvesters of the vase are carrying probably indicate that the frieze shows the celebration of the olive harvest. If this interpretation is correct, the men in the procession, who wear the Minoan kilt and, as usual, are naked to the waist, have just finished sweeping and beating the old, gnarled trees to bring down the last of the new-ripened olives. A good many of them are drunk already; one of them, indeed, is laughably and most realistically falling-down drunk. So one must suppose that landowners like the master of the house being dug by Joannis and Efi Sakellarakis had a duty to serve wine in the fields, at any rate on the days of harvest feasts. Everyone in the procession is singing lustily to a tune played by musicians, one with an Egyptian sistrum. Perhaps the landowner was also called upon to hire a band. Altogether, the vase obviously portrays the beginning of an incomparable rural party, and if the olive harvest was celebrated in this enthusiastic manner, one may be sure that the grape harvest was the signal for an even more smashing celebration. One could all but see such a procession, very jolly with drink already, winding up the slope from the Epano Zakro vineyards—which probably have not changed very much through the millennia—to the prosperous grange whose presence is now commemorated only by the Sakellarakis dig. Here, one supposes, there was more wine to drink and a hearty meal to be eaten, with dancing to follow; those musicians were surely not there for the sole purpose of leading the procession from the

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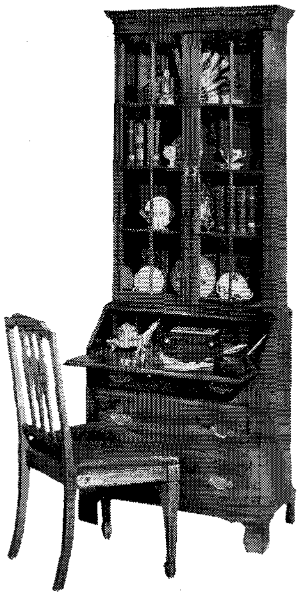

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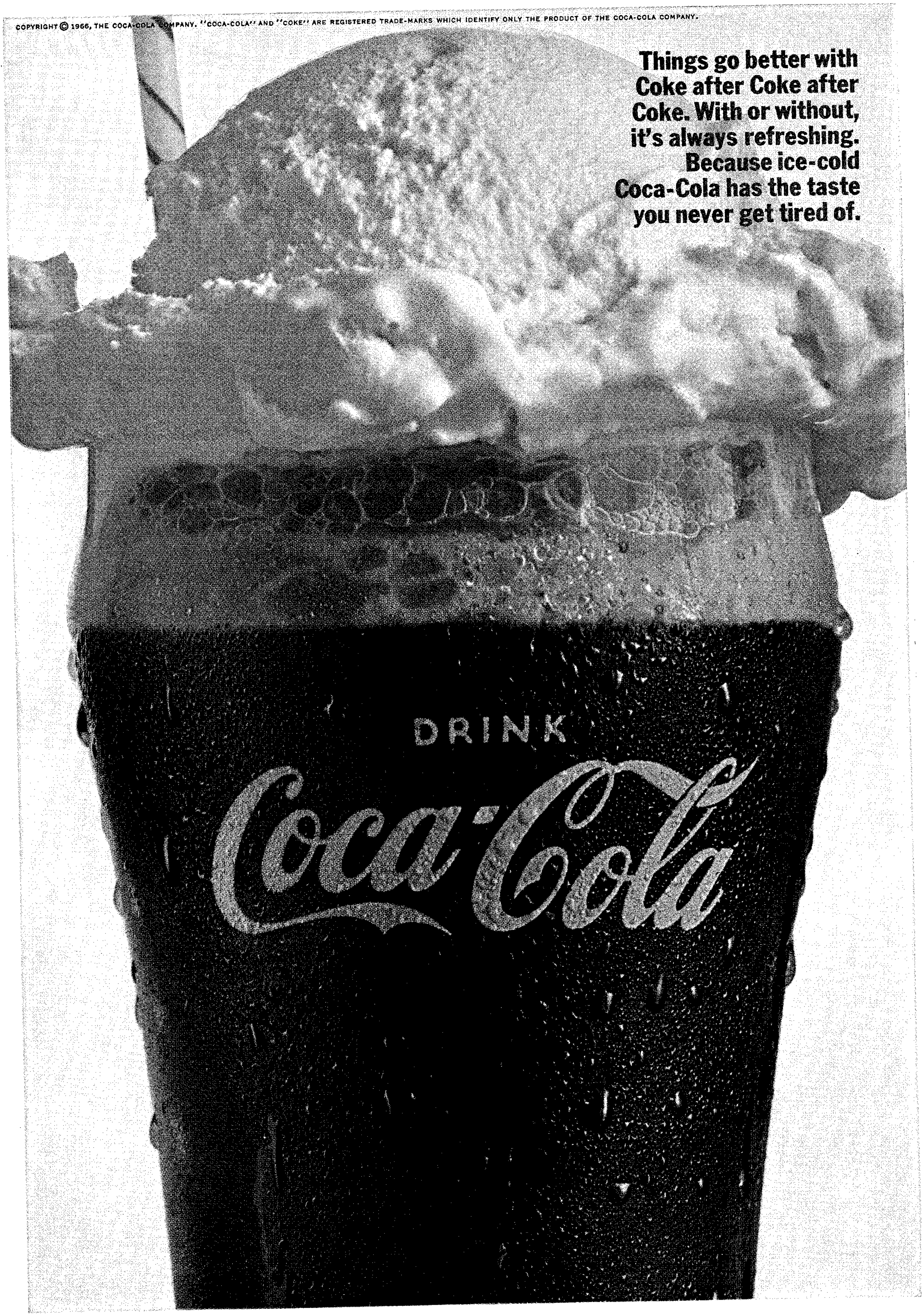

Things go better with Coke after Coke after Coke. With or without, it's always refreshing. Because ice-cold Coca-Cola has the taste you never get tired of.

lds. I think, too, that master and men joyed the party together, for al-ough the upper class of Minoan Crete early had great privileges, its members ould hardly have wanted a rustic festi-al procession as the theme of one of eir most luxurious vessels if parties ke this were occasions in which they ad no share. I said something of this rt to Joannis Sakellarakis when we t down on a foundation to enjoy the un and a cigarette, and I found that e agreed with me that Minoan society ust have been decidedly less class-ivided than one might suspect from he palaces' splendid remains. This pass-g mention of the palaces started him alking about the dig at Arkhanes—the lace that Lee Pomerance and visited with Dr. Alexiou—nd he talked about it with nore than a little passion. Since he Arkhanes problem appears o be intimately linked with he Kato Zakro problem, I think the acts are worth setting down.

At Arkhanes, then, only a few kilometres from Knossos, there is a wide nd fertile valley, with vineyards that roduce the best wine in Crete. The own lies on one side of the valley; on the other side is Mount Iouktas. In the own, many decades ago, Sir Arthur Evans excavated what appears to have been a large, circular springhouse, with superbly cut masonry and a channel running out. Here, too, was the alleged findspot of the only major Minoan object now being offered on the world market—a bull's-head rhyton that you can have for the nice economical sum of eighty thousand dollars, if you wish to ignore the experts who doubt its authenticity. And here, if both Joannis Sakellarakis and Dr. Alexiou are not mistaken, was the *fifth* Minoan palace of the New Palace Era.

It is not possible to tell as yet whether the dig at Arkhanes (of which I believe this is the first published news in America) will turn out quite as sensationally as these two able archeologists now expect. The palace, if it was one, underlies the modern town. For decades—since Evans dug the springhouse, in fact—it had been known that there was something important under Arkhanes. Funds to resume excavation were collected a couple of years ago, and thus far Joannis Sakellarakis, who is on Dr. Alexiou's staff when he is not seconded to Kato Zakro, has been the archeologist in charge of the dig. What he has found has been fairly amazing. Clearance of the first town lot has now gone as far as is safe; the surrounding houses might be undermined by further digging. The only important objects unearthed have been four "incurved" altars—stone altars of a semi-anvil shape, like the altar on which the great lions rest their forepaws in the Lion Gate at Mycenae. But the whole excavation at Arkhanes is covered with an elaborate crisscross of foundations. These were all laid down when the Kato Zakro palace was built, and, like the ones at Zakro, they were wholly new construction on a site not previously palatial. The great building that they supported was destroyed by the same catastrophe that destroyed Kato Zakro and Knossos and Mallia and Phaistos about 1450, and, like all the other palaces but Knossos, Arkhanes was not rebuilt thereafter. In short, the Arkhanes-Kato Zakro parallel is exact. Furthermore, the nature of the construction at Arkhanes is quite staggeringly impressive. Stones with mason's marks of the usual palatial type have turned up already, and this puts the new excavation part way to palace status, as it were. But these stones with their illegible, hardly visible marks, all carefully preserved in isolation, as at Kato Zakro, do not immediately impress the visitor. What *is* impressive is simply the quality of the masonry. One cannot imagine façade stonework better cut and fitted. In quality, it equals anything found to date that survives from the Minoan age of Crete, and it is better than the masonry of Mallia and a number of other famous sites. It is the stonework that "says 'palace' in a loud voice," as Dr. Platon put it about Kato Zakro.

Joannis Sakellarakis, who is a rather intense young man, had other things about Arkhanes to talk of besides the stonework. For example, the area he has already excavated contains a small portico with two neatly cut round column bases of stone that still have the precisely defined burn marks of the wooden columns they supported. Sir Arthur Evans guessed the shape of the lost columns at Knossos—for all Minoan columns were of wood, and the shafts have disappeared everywhere—by studying seals of the Minoan period, which often show a column or two. Late Victorian taste and the distortions of the seal-cutters thus produced the thick, squat, and decidedly ugly replacements that Evans installed at Knossos in order to hold up parts of the huge building that might otherwise have fallen once their surrounding earth was removed. Joannis Sakellarakis' burned column marks at Arkhanes have now shown, however,

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that the foot of each wooden shaft had no more than half the diameter of its stone base. This, in turn, indicates that Evans' replacements are wrongly proportioned, because he made each column cover all but an inch or so of its base—thereby, of course, almost doubling the original diameter. The main outlines of the replacements at Knossos are perfectly correct—Minoan columns undoubtedly tapered outward, just as Evans said—but, with far slenderer members than Evans envisioned, a Minoan colonnade must have produced a much more elegant effect than one would guess from the Knossos replacements. Thus, the long-dead Minoan architects have now been belatedly vindicated.

Joannis Sakellarakis was even more excited by indications that his structure at Arkhanes covered a very large area—in fact, even bigger than the probable area of the palace at Kato Zakro. He had a town plan of Arkhanes in his back pocket, and he got it out to show where the already excavated town lot was and where the other surface signs of similar fine masonry were—literally, several blocks away. The character of the stonecutting has persuaded him not merely that all, or almost all, of this widely separated masonry is contemporary but that it belongs to a single structure. In this case, the Arkhanes palace—if Sakellarakis is right and it is indeed a palace—must have been one of the largest and grandest buildings of Minoan Crete in the Era of the New Palaces.

One must be very careful about drawing conclusions from incomplete digs like those at Arkhanes and Kato Zakro. Yet I have a strong suspicion that the great Zakro find and the potentially comparable Arkhanes find will eventually settle more than one of the major controversies that divide Bronze Age historians. The first controversy concerns the political organization of Crete in the climactic Era of the New Palaces, when Kato Zakro and Arkhanes were built, flourished, and were destroyed. Originally, a much longer period was in dispute, since Sir Arthur Evans, who was nothing if not imperial, was convinced that all Crete was ruled from Knossos from the very outset, just as he was convinced that the rulers of Crete were always Minoans until the final destruction of the palace of Minos. Today, Evans is all but universally considered to have been wrong on at least two counts. It is now pretty generally agreed that in the Era of the Old Palaces, Minoan Crete was divided into petty kingdoms, the main

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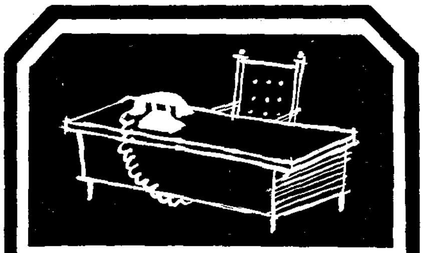

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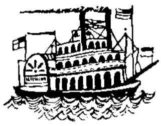

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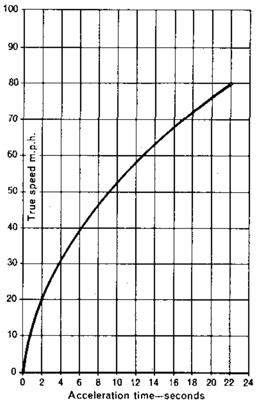

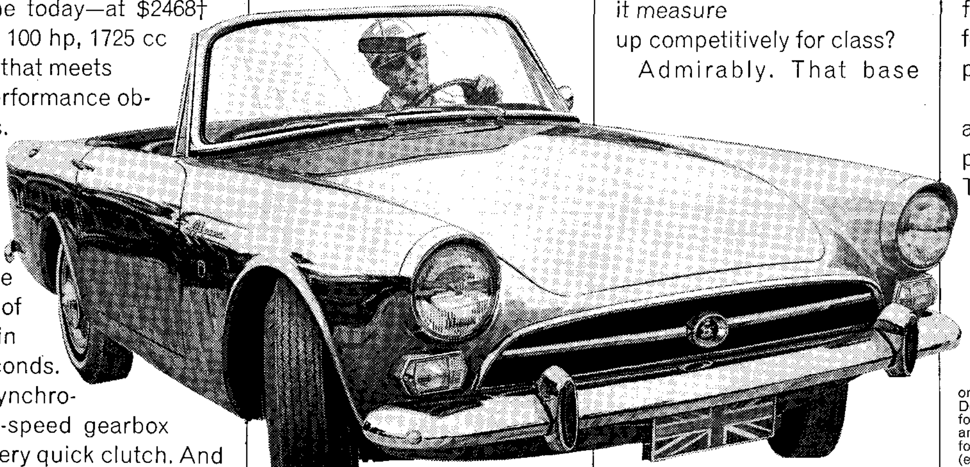

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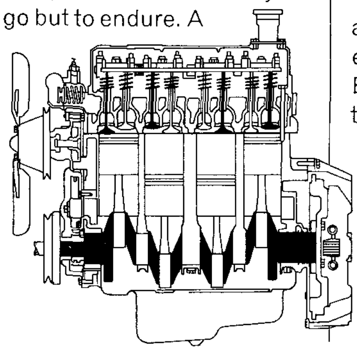

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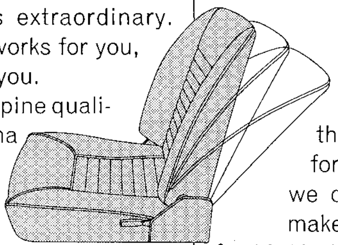

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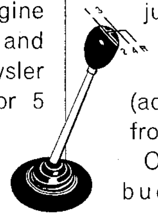

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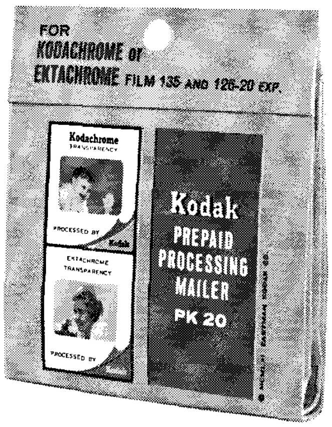
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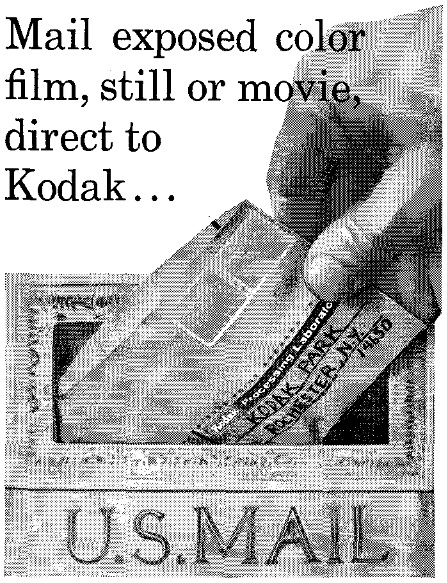

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ones being ruled, of course, from Knossos, Phaistos, and Mallia. After all, if Phaistos was then a richer, grander palace than Knossos, as Dr. Levi's excavations seem to prove, it is hard to imagine Knossos ruling Phaistos. Secondly, it is also generally agreed that all Crete was indeed ruled from Knossos in the terminal period, when the Knossos scribes kept their records in the primitive-Greek Linear B script—but for that very reason, which would have horrified Evans, it is also agreed that the Knossian palace dwellers must by then have been Greeks. Thus, the question still being argued is whether Crete began to be ruled from Knossos in the Era of the New Palaces, when the palace scribes were still using the Linear A script. Henri van Effenterre, the wise excavator of Mallia, points out that Crete has always been politically fissiparous. Hence he thinks that Crete remained an island of small kingdoms in the Era of the New Palaces, as it had been when the old palaces were still standing. He has a good many learned supporters. Dr. Levi, at Phaistos, holds the contrary view, however. So do the English diggers at Knossos. And so do Dr. Platon and Dr. Marinatos. In addition, it may be noted that J. D. S. Pendlebury, a remarkably brave and picturesque pupil of Sir Arthur Evans who was killed in the wartime Cretan resistance to the Germans, long ago traced an islandwide Minoan road net. Because the net centered on Knossos, it appeared to sustain the view that in the Era of the New Palaces Minos of Knossos was the overlord of the whole island. Since the war, Pendlebury's evidence has been attacked by certain anti-Knossians, but Dr. Alexiou told me, just before I regretfully left Herakleion, that recent investigation had largely substantiated the existence of this Knossos-centered road net, even though some of the traces that Pendlebury found have now been destroyed by modern improvement.

Such, then, is the present state of the problem, *without* the seeming evidence from Kato Zakro and Arkhanes cranked into the calculations. No one has tried to do this as yet, since this evidence is incomplete and its purport may, of course, change with further digging. But let us assume, for the moment, that the Kato Zakro-Arkhanes evidence is not misleading (as I believe will prove to be the case). On this assumption, I would say that it points to a rather more elaborate political organization of Crete in the New Palace Era than anyone has recently suggested, as far as I am aware. The argument depends

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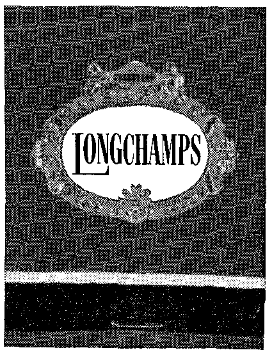

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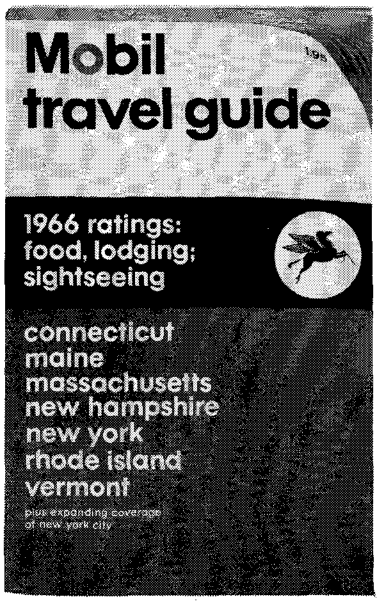

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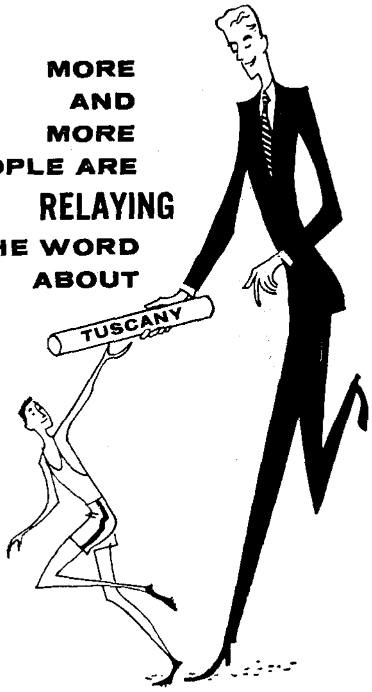
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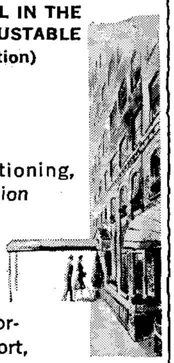

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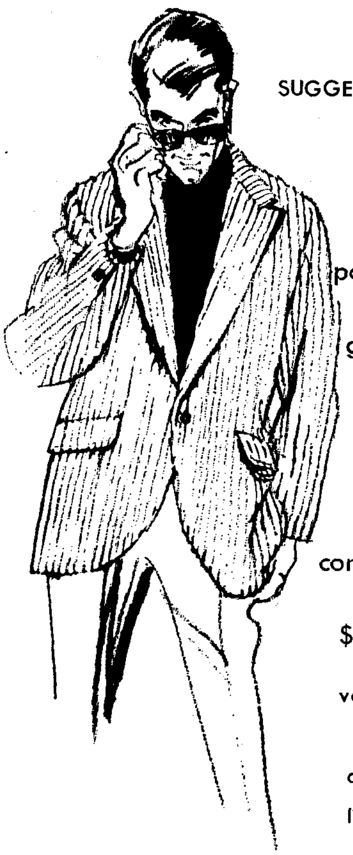
on the need to explain the surge of palace building and palace improvement that began in about 1600 B.C., and on the further need to explain the peculiar pattern of this extensive palatial construction. It was all very well for the anti-Knossians, like Henri van Effenterre, to suggest that the stylistic and other similarities between Knossos, Phaistos, and Mallia were mere accidents of fashion—as long as there were only three new palaces, all built with greater grandeur on the sites of old palaces. A very different picture is presented if one has to explain not three but five new palaces, all identical in basic style, all having the same mason's marks on their well-cut stones, all with the same novel and beautiful features, all built or rebuilt at about the same time, with no precedent for two of the five. With five palaces to account for, and with two of them built on sites never before occupied by palaces, one is almost forced to presume the existence of some sort of machinery for centralized decision-making. An islandwide building program is, in fact, very strongly indicated. And you have to be very tortuous indeed to explain an islandwide program without assuming the emergence of a central authority with islandwide powers.

That authority must surely have been possessed by Minos of Knossos, whose vast House of the Axe so far overtopped all the others in the New Palace Era.

After the catastrophe that destroyed the old palaces, Minoan society passed through a depressed intermediate period lasting about a century. In his "Crete and Mycenae," Dr. Marinatos has suggested that this uncertain opening of the Era of the New Palaces was divided from the superb sequel by a major political event. Shortly before 1600 B.C., according to Dr. Marinatos, an exceptionally talented and energetic Minos ascended the Griffin Throne of Knossos. This great Minos, says Dr. Marinatos, inaugurated the high period by infusing a new vitality into Knossos, and then by bringing the whole island under his rule. If Dr. Marinatos is correct, this Minos also directed the construction of the new palaces in the splendid form that the ruins now show. Dr. Marinatos further argues that the similarity of the mason's marks on the palace stones quite probably means that Phaistos and Mallia, besides being rebuilt themselves, were required to contribute to the rebuilding of the House of the Axe at Knossos. This argument, however, has now been negated by Arkhanes and Kato Zakro—at any rate,

Alexander Shields



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Kato Zakro and Arkhanes were npty sites when the surge of palace ilding began. Instead, it would seem ore sensible to interpret the identical ason's marks as meaning that teams skilled workers and foremen, and aybe even an architect or two, were nt out from resurgent Knossos to asst in the rebuilding of Mallia and haistos and to organize the new nstruction at Arkhanes and Kato akro.

But why in the world, it will be sked, was one palace, with one ruler, ot thought to be quite sufficient by the ıler of Knossos at the beginning of ne New Palace Era in 1600 B.C., s it was certainly thought sufficient by ne first Greek Minos of the terminal hase about a hundred and fifty years ter? Part, maybe all, of the answer nost probably lies in the fact that the alaces were cult centers as well as rincely houses. In the Minoan cult, he Great Goddess—Goddess of the nimals, Goddess-Maiden, Goddess-Mother, Goddess-Crone—was evidenty more important than any other deity, ven including the Young God, or Cretan Zeus, who greatly shocked he Greeks of the classical period because he died and was reborn each year. Because of the Great Goddess's importance, it seems highly possible that Cretan society was matrilineal, meaning that inheritance was through the mother. In that case, Pasiphaë was the equal of Minos at Knossos. But even f the queen was also the chief priestess, her husband was almost certainly the principal male servant of the deities. He was, in fact, a priest-king, as Sir Arthur Evans called him long ago. Thus the royal houses of the established palaces must have been deeply impregnated with sanctity, and Minos of Knossos may well have hesitated to defy the awe inspired by the cult by cutting off the ancient royal-priestly lines of Mallia and Phaistos. In the Bronze Age, moreover, with no transport except on men's backs or in rude carts or in coastal shipping, it may also have seemed easier to rule Crete by a system of vassal-princes—or perhaps one should say prince-viceroys—than to attempt total centralization at Knossos. These viceroys or vassal-princes would have taken the broad lines of their policy from Knossos; they would surely have remitted a share of their revenues to their overlord on the Griffin Throne; and they would probably have accepted some degree—maybe a very considerable degree—of Knossian direction of their overseas trade. But they would still have ruled their

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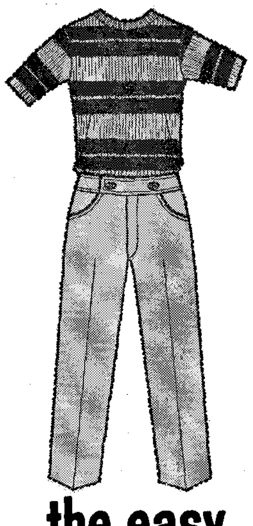

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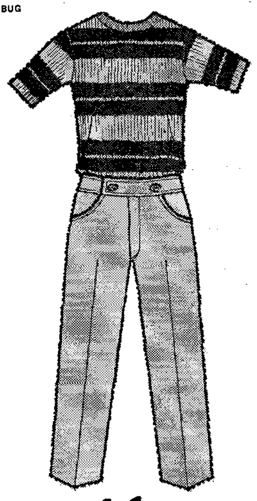

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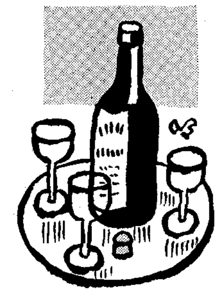
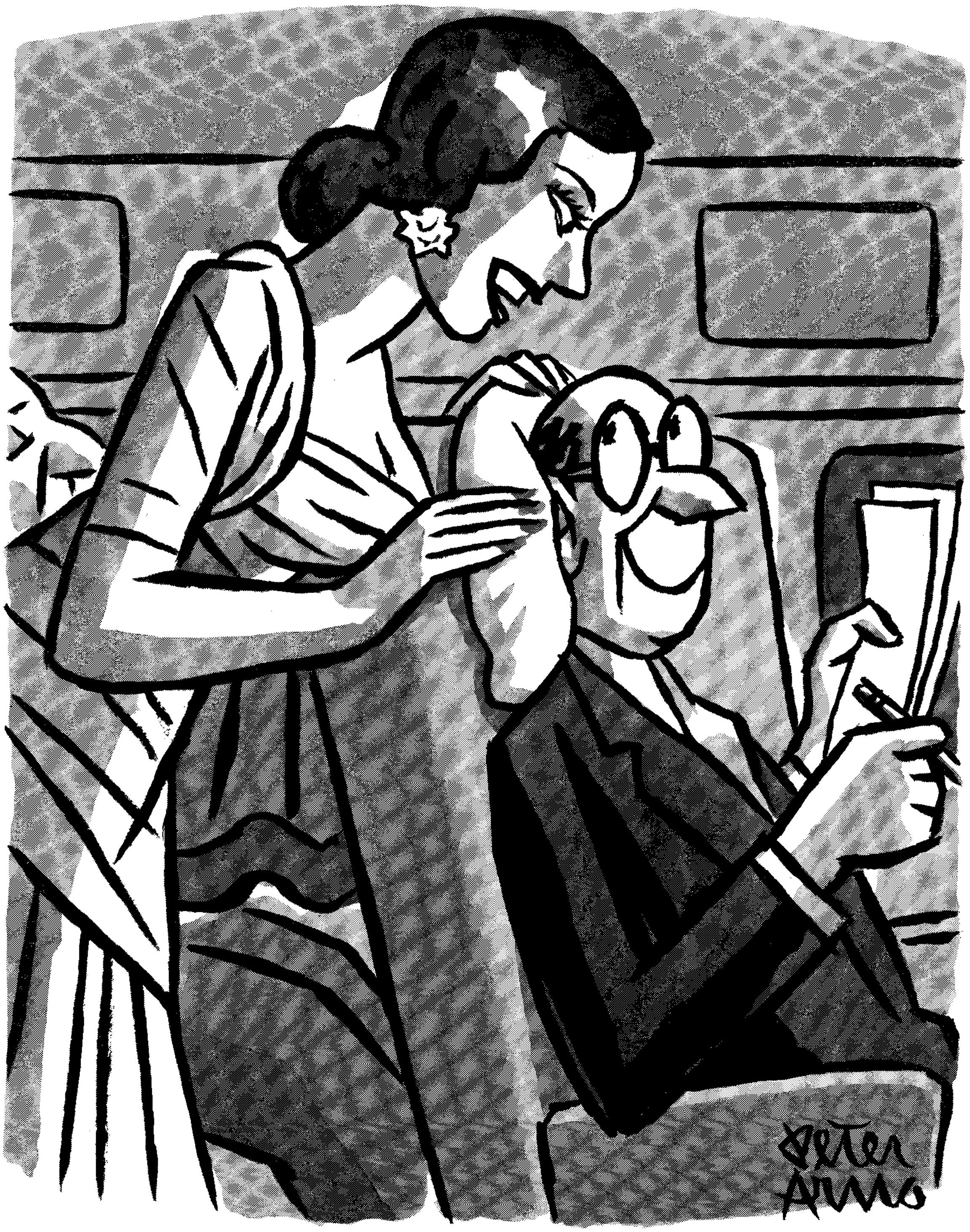
own domains as true princes, with great local authority. I myself think that they were rather more viceroys than vassals—but this distinction will hardly have been apparent to their people, in whose eyes, one may guess, they were always priestly rulers, less grand, perhaps, but hardly less awe-inspiring than Minos himself.

As for Arkhanes, Dr. Platon believes that a palace was built there as a summer residence for the members of the royal house of Knossos. Rich people from Herakleion have summer places at Arkhanes nowadays, and it is really too near Knossos to have been an independent political center. If this is the correct interpretation, the apparent size and grandeur of the palace at Arkhanes is another strong indication of the overwhelming predominance of Knossos. As for Kato Zakro, it is far removed from Knossos, and a deliberate decision to build a palace on this beautiful but distant site, in a region with so little tillable land, is not at all easy to explain. However prosperous the local timber industry may have been, for instance, it can hardly have required princely direction. But a wonderfully simple and logical explanation is automatically provided if you just assume that Kato Zakro is a vital and hitherto missing bit of evidence concerning another problem that has been much argued by Bronze Age historians.

A short summary of this dispute is required before one can see where and how Kato Zakro fits into it. In brief, Thucydides long ago prefaced his description of the sea empire of Periclean Athens with a thumbnail sketch of earlier "thalassocracies," or states that ruled empires by sea power. Minos of Knossos, said Thucydides, was the first thalassocrat in history, and he added that the fleets of Minos cleared the Aegean of the pirates who had recurrently infested these waters since men first went to sea. These statements by Thucydides were one of Sir Arthur Evans' more powerful arguments for the existence of a grandiose Minoan empire—almost like the nineteenth-century British empire—that reduced Mycenae and other states of mainland Greece to the status of colonies. The analogy with imperial Britain was carried so far that Evans' disciple Pendlebury actually compared the relationship between the High King of Mycenae and Minos of Knossos with the relationship between the puppet maharajas of British India and the King-Emperor in London. Learned murmurs then began to be heard, however. A other able British archeologist, A. J. Wace, stoutly challenged Evans' co tention that Mycenae had been subje to Knossos, and presciently suggest that it was far more likely that Gree had won control of Knossos in its la period. The inherent improbability of Bronze Age empire that even distant resembled the nineteenth-century Bri ish empire struck others besides Wac Finally, the Ventris decipherment of t Linear B tablets proved Wace rig about Greeks' ruling Knossos in its la phase. There are fashions in scholarsh as in everything else, and it becan temporarily unfashionable to believe the Minoan thalassocracy described Thucydides. Yet it is quite possible th Minos of Knossos, without ruling M cenae—indeed, without directly co trolling any major Greek state on th mainland—enjoyed rather wide impe rial powers. The Theseus legend, wit its account of an annual levy of yout and maidens for service in the Labyrinth, very strongly suggests that Athens paid tribute to Knossos, and som other mainland states may have don so, too—but there is a sharp differenc between payment of tribute and nineteenth-century-style colonial subjection Then, too, the remarkable indication of Minoan influence that are now bein found on the island of Keos, only two score miles from Athens, by Professo John Caskey, of the University of Cincinnati, seem to point to the existenc of a Minoan outpost there Another outpost is indicate at Kythera, just below th Peloponnesus, and there ma have been even more. Finally, excavations on Rhode and elsewhere have show rather clear evidence tha Minoan trading colonies existed in the Aegean islands.



To be classed as an empire this loose net of tribute-paying states like Athens (if there were any besides Athens) and coastal outposts like Keos and trading colonies like Trianda, on Rhodes, would certainly have had to be held together by sea power. But in the Bronze Age, it must be remembered, sea power did not mean anything remotely comparable to the British Navy. Minos of Knossos can well have ruled the Aegean, and even wider waters, with fleets of merchant ships of superior construction that carried just enough arms to overawe the lighter craft of piratically inclined individuals. There is positive evidence, too, that supports Thucydides' statement that Minos of Knossos was the first thalasso-



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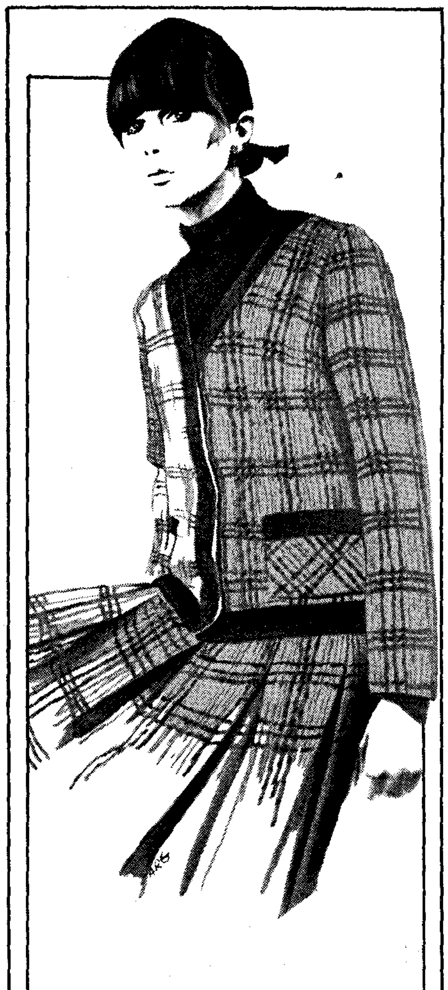
crat. To begin with, none of the Minoan palaces had any serious land defenses, and this clearly implies confident reliance on sea power as protection against pirate raids. Besides, the eastern Mediterranean is dotted with places that are still called Minoa, and it is logical to interpret the wide recurrence of this evocative place name as a reminiscence of Minos of Knossos' vanished net of trading colonies and outposts.

All the points here summarized, and other interesting data as well, have recently been marshalled in a powerful and convincing manner by Professor Sterling Dow, of Harvard. If the evidence from Kato Zakro had been available to Professor Dow, I suspect that he would have used it as the keystone of the arch of his argument that there really was a Minoan thalassocracy. For the construction of the Kato Zakro palace seems to me to imply something even more interesting than central, islandwide planning. After puzzling over it for a long time, I feel very sure that the peculiar siting of the Kato Zakro palace implies decidedly sophisticated long-range maritime planning of just the sort that would have been required to sustain history's first major sea power. The truth is that the tranquil, protected anchorage at Kato Zakro, wide enough to offer a safe haven for many Bronze Age ships, is really the only conspicuous advantage of the palace site. The home ports of the fleets of Minos the thalassocrat were undoubtedly Amnisos and Katsamba, the twin harbors of Knossos. But the small vessels of the Bronze Age never left the sight of land if they could help it, even though added days of coastal sailing might be required to reduce the risky runs across the open water. This continued to be the normal practice in Greek classical times, and even under the Roman empire. And Kato Zakro is, in fact, the last good anchorage before one makes the open-water run to the Asian coast or the Aegean islands. At Kato Zakro, too, there is always a wind, and ships putting in here for a day or so of final preparation for the dangerous passage across open water could drop their anchors with cheerful confidence that they would not be becalmed. These, I think, are the real clues to the mystery of the selection of this particular palace site. Assume that Crete was indeed unified by Minos of Knossos. Assume, further, that Minos of Knossos ruled a sea empire. Then Kato Zakro had a double function. It was built to house the prince-viceroy of eastern Crete, and, as a princely palace, was an important



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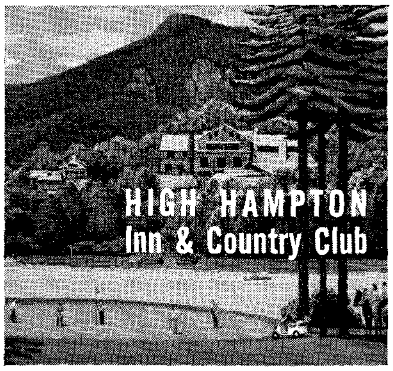

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ter of industry and trade, like all other Minoan palaces. But the ace-viceroy's palace was situated just e, rather than at some other east etan site with wider prospects and re tillable land nearby, because the e harbor was of critical importance Minos, whose fleets used Kato Zak- in some sense, as a forward naval se. Perhaps the prince of Kato Zakro s Lord Admiral of the Eastern Seas, addition to his other duties.

These are, of course, mere specula- ns, based on no evidence except the arked peculiarities of Kato Zakro's ography. Yet they are not only logi- l speculations; in addition, they point e way to a wonderfully neat solution the sole grave problem that Professor ow's argument unavoidably raises. his is the problem of getting con- iering Greeks to Knossos in a period hen the seas were ruled by the fleets Minos of Knossos. When the sea wer of Minos dominated the entire egean, one can hardly imagine one of e Greek mainland rulers even con- dering a seaborne raid on Crete. Yet e archeological record is clear. The placement of Minoan Linear A by rimitive-Greek Linear B means that reeks from the mainland not only got Crete but also subjugated the island nd ruled it from Knossos. And this emingly happened, furthermore, al- ost simultaneously with another reat historical development—the dis- ppearance of Minoan influence and ower throughout the Aegean and its eplacement by Mycenaean coloniza- ion and trading. An enormous event is eeded, in truth, to explain this enor- nous transformation, which may be ated about 1450 B.C.

The date is worth emphasizing, for t is the same date that Dr. Platon gives o his "decisive catastrophe" that de- troyed Kato Zakro. It is extremely empting to guess that the enormous vent that transformed the whole Aegean political-economic scene was sim- ly this same "decisive catastrophe." As we have seen, it was almost certainly a vast seismic convulsion linked to a gigantic volcanic eruption on the island of Thera. Besides generating earthquake shocks that reduced all the new palaces of Crete to heaps of smoking ruins, this convulsion must surely have caused fearful tidal waves. Such waves, rolling outward from a presumed center at Thera, would have met a solid obstacle at the Cape of Palaikastro, just northwest of Kato Zakro, and thus Kato Zakro itself would have been partly protected from them. But no such protection would have been en-

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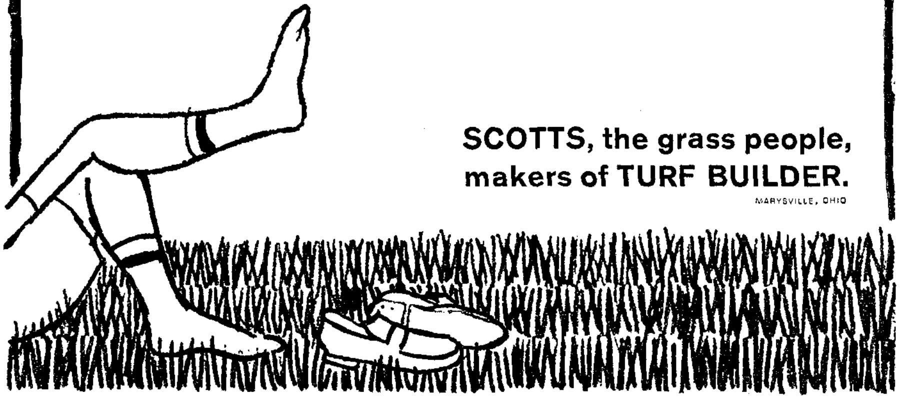

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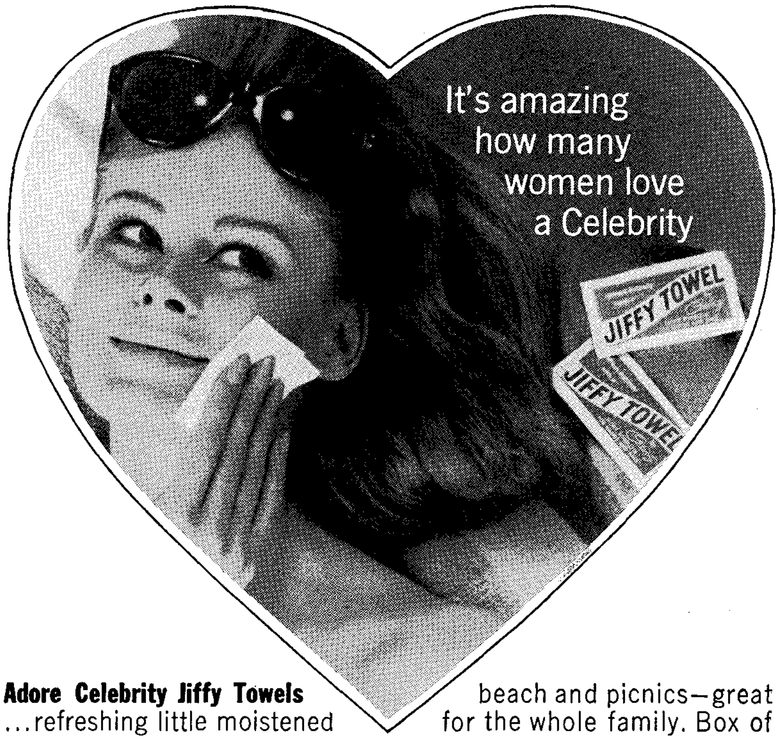

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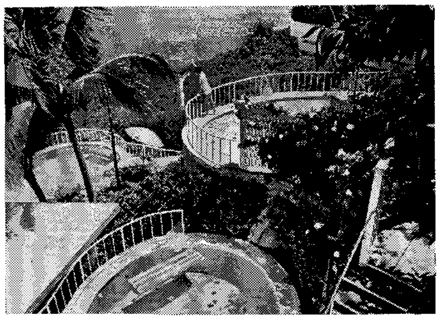

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joyed by any of the harbors on the exposed north coast of Crete, which must have been hammered by tidal waves from one end to the other. In the Bronze Age, ships put to sea only in the good season and took shelter in their home ports throughout the stormy winter months. Hence, it is only necessary to suppose that Dr. Platon's "decisive catastrophe" took place in these same winter months, when almost the whole sea power of Minos would have been laid up in the two home ports, Katsamba and Amnisos. The fleet would have been smashed to matchsticks. With its sea defenses thus destroyed at a stroke, all Crete would have been left naked to any invader who still possessed ships and arms. And how could the mainland Greeks have resisted such a glittering opportunity, especially when these mainlanders, with their great new wealth, as revealed by Mycenae's golden grave circles, must have bitterly resented the far-ranging authority of the Knossian sea empire?

THUS, Kato Zakro—or so it seems to me—has now provided some crucial, hitherto missing pieces that help to solve more than one of the great puzzles concerning the dawn of Western history in the distant Bronze Age. I wish I had been quick-witted enough to see the meaning of these newly discovered pieces before I had to leave Kato Zakro, for I should then have been able to discuss these matters with Dr. Platon. I like to think the arguments given above would have appealed to him, but as it is, I cannot be at all sure. There was still plenty to talk about, however, on our last evening together under the pine tree in the Platons' open-air dining room. The Platons' cook, Stamatoula, outdid herself. The Platon children, who never went to bed until their parents did, were napping peacefully on a couch in the inner room. The breeze had fallen, and the stars were very brilliant. Harriet Pomerance had undertaken an innovation, wearing her thick brown hair in a single braid, which Lee Pomerance rightly said made her look young and pretty. Even today, I can see the table, with the wine going around and the conversational ball rolling very nicely and the stars glimmering through the pine branches and the lamp hanging above us from a nail in the house wall. It had been a good day at the dig, for in the afternoon the workmen had turned up a fragment of rock crystal that greatly excited Dr. Platon, because its form strongly suggested part of the lip of a crystal

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found long ago at another Minoan
On the subject of the unification
rete under Knossos, Dr. Platon
ursed confidently and shrewdly.
des the indicators I have already
, he had others to offer. For ex-
le, one of the most significant early
at Kato Zakro was an impression
e presumed great seal of the Knos-
hancery, with its fine design of a
nificent bull. Similar impressions
he great seal of Knossos have been
d at several other sites in Crete.
it is natural to suppose," Dr. Platon
"that Minos of Knossos was send-
out his directives under his great
."

t was curious to think back over the
of thirty-five centuries to this
ient society that achieved the first
ly striking Western success. With
d reason, we can picture Kato
ro and the other Cretan palaces as
directing centers of a planned so-
y in the true sense of that phrase.
e plan, no doubt, was based largely
custom, but it was bureaucratically
ninistered in the strictest manner.
n and women available for labor
vice were carefully counted by the
ace scribes, and so were the villages'
ts and sheep and cattle. Minute tal-
were kept of the tithes or quarters
the harvests that filled the palace
rerooms with wine and oil and grain.
e main aim of all this planning and
lying was clearly to meet the needs
d serve the pleasures of the palace
ellers (for cult demands seem to
ve been much less exigent than in
ocratic Egypt, for example). Not
rely peacock feathers from remote
dia but also lapis lazuli from Af-
anistan, and semi-precious stones
om many other places, and African
egroes to serve as mercenary or slave
ops, and monkeys for playthings,
d gold from Egypt, and copper and
and Syrian ivory, and Egyptian
rs of alabaster that probably contained
rfumed ointment, and all sorts of
her things were imported for the
lers and the lesser palace folk, and
pay for these imports the work of
e artisans and the produce of the land
Crete were widely exported. In the
ew Palace Era, as findspots of pot-
ry indicate, Minoan trade reached
ut as far as Sicily to the west, into
natolia and elsewhere in the Middle
ast, and, of course, northward to
ainland Greece and all the Aegean
lands. (In Egypt, in the tomb of the
reat vizier of Amenhotep III, Rekh-
nire, the Egyptian-Cretan exchanges
re still visually commemorated; one
omb wall shows a procession of slen-

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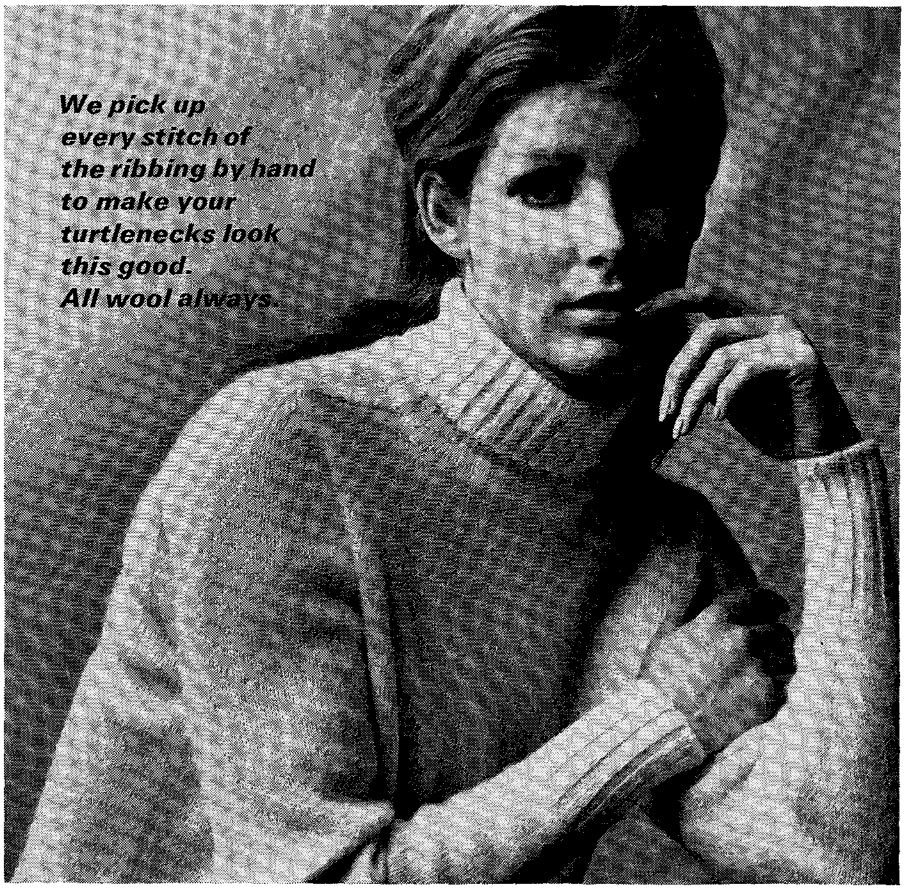
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der-waisted *Keftiu* bearing the characteristic vessels of the New Palace workshops.)

All these evidences of a wide-ranging commerce betoken the prosperity of this first Western society, and despite Minoan civilization's numerous features that would now seem strange, I feel sure most Westerners today would also have been charmed by the beauty and luxury of the palaces—the airy, frescoed, climate-controlled rooms, the good looks of the palace folk (if one can trust the fresco painters), the splendor of the artisans' work, the omnipresence of the flowers that the Minoans were so fond of, and even by the extremely efficient plumbing. There were, no doubt, sharp social contrasts in this Minoan Crete of three and a half millennia ago, but I also think there was a strong social unity. Maybe I am wrong, but I suspect that this ancient civilization was in some ways a manifestation of the kind of society that Sir Isaiah Berlin, in his recent fine essay on J. G. von Herder, described as the ideal of this German philosopher. Sir Isaiah wrote:

> Men, according to Herder, truly flourish only in congenial circumstances, that is, where the group to which they belong has achieved a fruitful relationship with the environment by which it is shaped and which in turn it shapes. There the individual is happily integrated into the "natural community," which grows spontaneously, like a plant, and is not held together by artificial clamps, or soldered together by sheer force, or regulated by laws and regulations.... Each of these natural societies contains within itself the "ideal of its own perfection, wholly independent of all comparison with those of others."

That last evening in Kato Zakro, at the dinner table where I had enjoyed myself so much, the long-vanished Minoans so filled my mind that there were moments when I hardly followed the thread of the conversation. Above all, I kept wondering whether, in my lifetime, the true identity of the mysterious Minoans would ever be discovered. Finally, I recalled that the language of the Minoans of the New Palace Era may one day be revealed—if it is ever revealed at all—by a decipherment of the Linear A archive that will be as generally accepted as Ventris' decipherment of Linear B. So I contented myself with asking Dr. Platon when he meant to publish his crucially important Linear A tablets from Kato Zakro. "Normally, I feel that publication of the results of a dig should take place only when the dig is completed," he answered. "But this case is very special, as you must agree. So I intend to pub-

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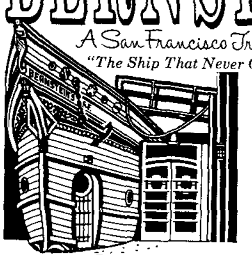

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the tablets independently this win- ”

Vlaybe the mystery will be solved ast when Dr. Platon offers the de- ıerers this considerable enlargement the Linear A archive. At any rate, subject was rather abruptly but most eeably closed at this point. The sic that the workmen were play- on their portable phonograph at ir nearby beachside café had already ome noticeably louder. Quite sudden- Joannis and Efi Sakellarakis emerged m the shadows, both bubbling with ety and looking more than ever like young Byzantine *clarissimus* and a rynthian bearer of offerings. A dance s beginning, they announced, and y invited us to join the party. At the ıchside café, sure enough, we found workmen from the dig energetically ing the athletic Cretan dances. Lee merance and I, as was only proper, ade our contribution to the party by ying rounds of the thin red wine of stern Crete. Harriet Pomerance, who very light on her feet, took rapid sons from Andonius, the best of the ncers, and then she and Efi Sakel- rakis, already an expert, joined in. r. Platon sat smiling in the lamp- ht, with little Eleutherios sleeping his lap despite all the jollity and ise. The dancers laughed and clapped, d then the wine went around again, d the dancers formed up once more and sumed with more élan than ever. So e kept it up that evening until long st the usual Kato Zakro bedtime, and said my goodbyes the next morning ith a slightly winy head. But it was orth it, for the dance by the beach in e lamplight, so cheerfully bringing to- ether every contributor to the great ig, was a good way to remember ato Zakro. —Joseph Alsop

•

> The bellboy was identified as Joseph F. Taylor, 30, of 2023 13th st. nw. He was charged with disorderly conduct and colliding. The first charge was incurred when it abusive after the acciden to was reported. Taylor became Pvts. Robert F. Zinn and Fred Campbell of the Accident Investigation Unit.
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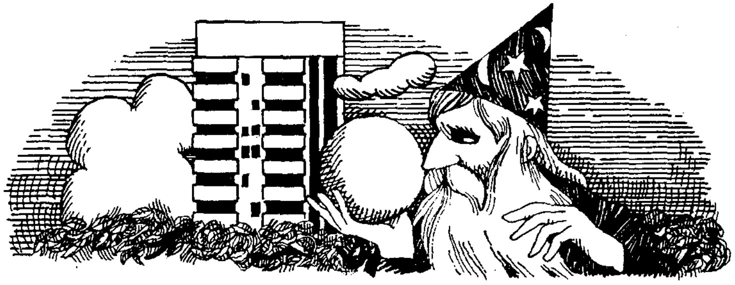

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Dangling Satire

"MODESTY BLAISE" is a thriller of sorts, with its own kind of inadvertent suspense. The problem is not to identify the killer, or even to predict the outcome, but to fathom the plot. The story line is so subtly concealed among inaudible jokes, startling cuts, Dada touches, gadgetry, and sheer décor (many interior settings resemble a dance of the Tiffany lamps in a hairdresser's aerie in Brasília) that all but the most faithful readers of Peter O'Donnell's comic strip and novel, both called "Modesty Blaise," may require a libretto to find out what's going on. What is apparently going on is, yet again, a spoof, with Monica Vitti as Modesty, the master spy; Dirk Bogarde as the archfiend Gabriel, her adversary; Terence Stamp as Willie Garvin, her crony from the underworld; and Harry Andrews as Sir Gerald Tarrant, her client, and an official in the British government. Each of these actors had recently come from a serious role in a more important film ("Red Desert," "The Servant," "The Collector," "The Hill"), and doing a spoof must have been very restful for them. Jack Hildyard, the photographer, and Joseph Losey, the director, have clothed them and daubed the world with matching cartoon colors and made trick shots of everything, until the entire film, including the actors, has become a sequence of gaudy animated props. (It is surprising how much the contemporary color-thriller spoof owes to the animated cartoon. Hard-edge, candy-palette effects, dehumanized characters, complicated machinery for mayhem, Surreal devices, and a special conjunction of violence and laughter—Tom and Jerry and James Bond may be brothers under the fur.) But a spoof of what? A spoof of everything. Like so many other films, "Modesty Blaise" is a kind of dangling, all-purpose satire, as though the creators had simply set out a flypaper mood of irony and hoped that a lot of funny ideas about things would flutter in from all over and get stuck. Some shots (a monk at an organ, a hat blown off a man's head in one scene to land on a Ministers' conference table in the next, a couple improbably singing in the rain, a charge of Arabs on horseback, followed by an amphibious invasion, also by Arabs, in Second World War movie style) parody visu clichés in cinema history. Much lim wristed dialogue and mannered b havior on the part of the men ("C it be," says Bogarde in disgust at brea fast, "that this egg is *fertilized?*") a some sadistic contact sport on the pa of the women—in a death strugg

with Modesty, Gabrie wife, Mrs. Fothergill (R sella Falk), wears a ma suit, and looks from the re curiously like Peter Selle in "What's New Puss cat?"—seem meant to tw homosexuality. A speech which Gabriel, piously disclaiming h own pleasure in murder, lapses into a American accent presumably parodi U.S. statements on foreign policy. An with everybody's hair color and co tume changing every minute, and lin like "I am the villain, and I must co demn you to death" and "But I a the heroine. Don't I get away?," th film seems to intend self-parody, o auto-spoof. There is also the color ove everything: lavender and yellow para sols for Gabriel; red, yellow, gree and blue smoke for arriving or esca ing in; print scarves and dressin gowns and pastel nighties for tying an sleeping in; orange ropes for hangin buckets and Mrs. Fothergill on; tur quoise cigarettes smoked in the cente of the mouth for sensuality; blue, yel low, and red apéritifs and rainbo rowboats and fuchsia sails with sketche on them for luxury; harlequin outfit for plunging to one's death in; checked whorled patios and walls for gettin dizzy by; vanilla, chocolate, straw berry, and pistachio ice cream for burst ing into song with; purple girders an a ship's hold filled with overflowin paint cans just for the hell of it. A one point, one even begins to notic that an Arab chieftain's eyes are blue while his nose is slightly gray and th nose of one of Garvin's mistresses i pink. Perhaps this is intended as a screaming satire on contemporary cosmetics, art, and interior decoration. The trouble is that so little of it is funny or interesting, except possibly to the participants. Outside the underground, there has been no more doting, self-indulgent film, full of personal predilections and fetishes, since "Viva Maria." And so much of it, intended to be as fast and charming as antics in a Beatles film, is, instead, like high jinks

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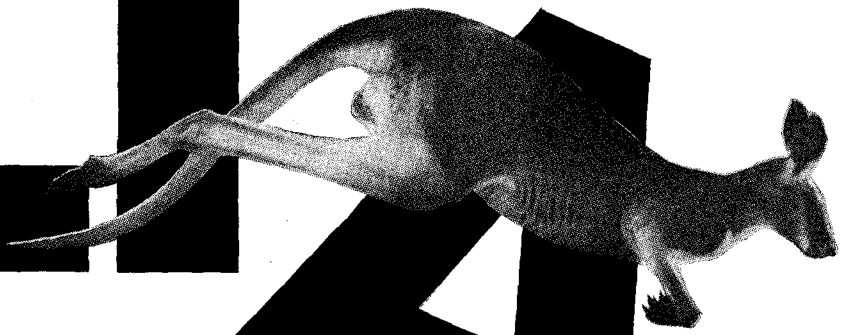

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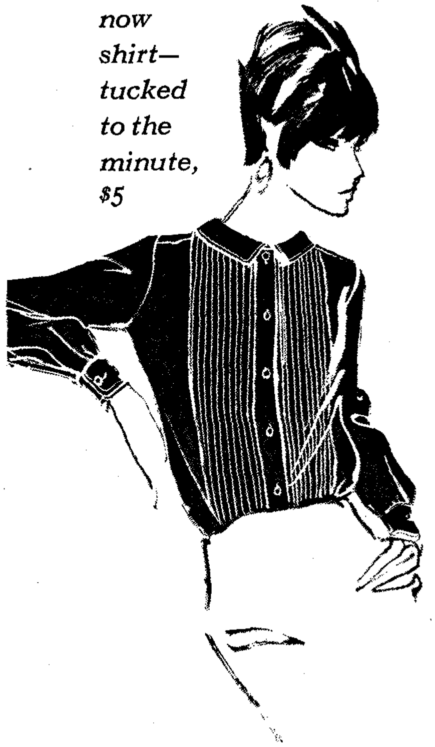

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at a Shriners' convention, frenetic and panting, self-amused but embarrassingly out of control. All-purpose satire simply doesn't work.

"IT HAPPENED HERE" is a good, very serious British film, made with great care and little money, about the power of evil to compromise all who are touched by it—those who join in it, those who fight it, and those who ignore it, asking only to go about their business in peace. The plot of the film assumes that it *did* happen here—specifically, that the Nazis succeeded in invading and occupying England. A British nurse (played by Pauline Murray, a fine actress with a tired, New Canaan sort of face) has lost her husband before the occupation, and keeps insisting that now "all we've got to do is try and get back to normal." An apolitical, battle-weary person, she finds work as a nurse in the Fascist central organization, and her indoctrination, beginning as innocently as a girls' drill at Foxcroft, ends in atrocities and Final Solutions. Since the underlying situation is monstrous, evil questions are raised (Who should live and who should die? At what price? What is worth saving?), and every possible response to the questions is more or less evil. The nurse and all the essentially decent population of England are drawn into the hopeless moral dilemma posed by the totalitarian regime. The film was written, produced, and directed by Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo, and acted largely by a cast of amateurs. It is a low-keyed statement about political man, as relentlessly pessimistic as "Lord of the Flies," and it is presented brilliantly. Mr. Brownlow and Mr. Mollo draw the viewer into their conclusion slowly, at the pace of a deceptively understated documentary, and before it is over they have almost (but, fortunately, not quite) succeeded in making the experience of the thirties and forties in Germany comprehensible in terms of oneself and one's next-door neighbor.

—RENATA ADLER

•

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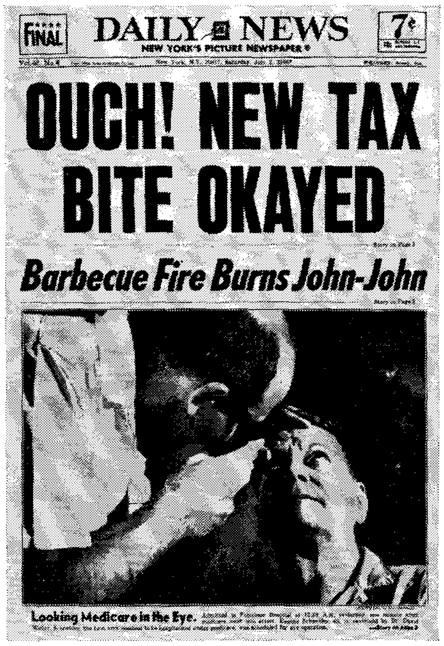

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THE SPORTING SCENE

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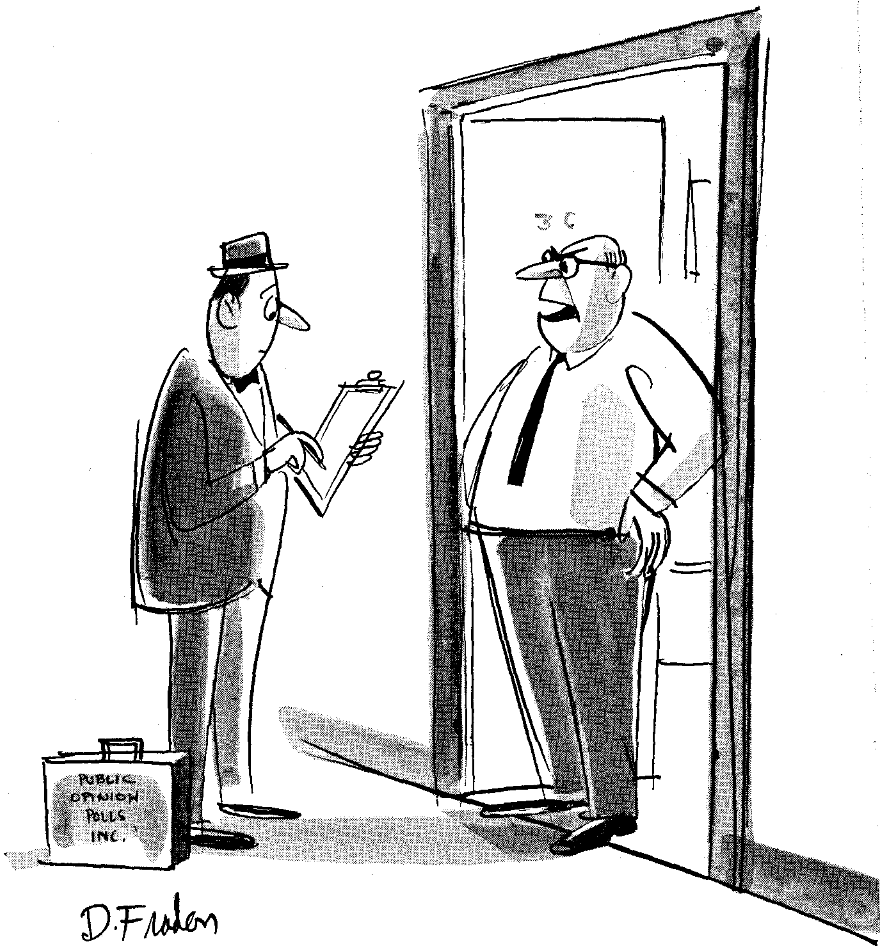
A VERY easy way to get into an argument with a golf traditionalist, on either side of the Atlantic, is to suggest that the Old Course at St. Andrews is no longer the finest course in Great Britain. Those who take this controversial stand generally concede that the Old Course, though a little too short and idiosyncratic by the best modern standards, is still a superb test of golf, but they contend that there just happen to be some better courses. The one they usually name first is Muirfield, which lies in East Lothian, along the southern shore of the Firth of Forth, some twenty miles east of Edinburgh, and the one they usually name second is the Ailsa course at Turnberry, in Ayrshire, on the west coast, about fifty miles south of Glasgow. There is something to be said for this bold contention. The Ailsa course, which was turned into an R.A.F. airbase during the Second World War, was remodelled in the nineteen-fifties by the Scottish golf architect Philip Mackenzie Ross with such taste and imagination that it emerged not only as a far sounder course than before but also, in the minds of many well-travelled golfers, as the most vibrant, adventurous seaside layout east of California's Pebble Beach. Muirfield occupies a much flatter and less spectacular stretch of dune land than either Ailsa or St. Andrews—or Prestwick, or Birkdale or Dornoch or Sandwich, for that matter—but between 1891, when the course was established, and the middle nineteen-twenties, when it underwent its last considerable revision, its eighteen holes gradually gained character and distinction, and Muirfield came to be recognized as the outstanding "classical," or "orthodox," course in Britain. The qualifying adjectives were calculated to pacify the adherents of St. Andrews, who have always been the first to point out that the Old Course is a law unto itself, quite unlike any other links.

Muirfield's great quality is its frankness—its honesty. There are no hidden bunkers, no recondite burns, no misleading or capricious terrain. Every hazard is clearly visible. Chiefly for this reason, the course has always been extremely popular with foreign golfers, and especially Americans; it has a sort of "inland" flavor that makes visitors feel much more at home on it than on any other British championship course. Moreover, Muirfield is perhaps the most beautifully conditioned course in Britain. The turf on the fairways is firm and crisp, the greens are remarkably true and of uniform speed, and even the numerous bunkers are assiduously groomed. In recent years, the British Open has regained nearly all its former prestige, and while the list of entrants for the 1966 championship early this July would undoubtedly have been imposing wherever the event was held, the fact that it was Muirfield's turn to act as host to the Open guaranteed attendance by leading golfers from all over the globe. (Indeed, the only one who wasn't on hand was Billy Casper, the new United States Open champion, who earlier this season had committed himself to appear that week in a tournament the Mormon Church—his church—conducts.) The winner at Muirfield, as everyone knows, was Jack Nicklaus, and though he obviously played the best golf and earned his victory honestly, many of the players he defeated made no bones about their disappointment. Each of them was convinced that Muirfield was just *his* cup of tea and that *he* should have won there.

Back in 1892, when the British Open was held at Muirfield for the first time, golfers thought somewhat less
kindly of the layout. For exan
when Andrew Kirkaldy, the ro
and-ready professional from St.
drews, was asked at the close of
tournament what he thought of
course, he declared, "Ach, it's an
water meadie. I'm glad I'm g
home." (The fact that Harold Hil
an amateur—and an Englishman
boot—had just won the Open m
have had something to do with Kir
dy's dour judgment.) Then, there's
companion story about the name
visitor who was foolishly asked his o
ion of the course after he had battle
on a cold, rainy weekend. "Muirf
be damned, and this whole benigh
area!" he spat out. "I don't call
East Lothian. I call it East Loa
some." The chances are that this gol
like Kirkaldy, came from the (
Course, for over the years there
been a strong rivalry between Mu
field and St. Andrews, which, as
crow flies, is only twenty miles av
across the Firth of Forth, on the F
shire Peninsula. Muirfield, you see
more than just a splendid golf cou
It is the home of the Honourable Co
pany of Edinburgh Golfers, the (
golfing organization in Scotland t
possesses a lustre approaching that of



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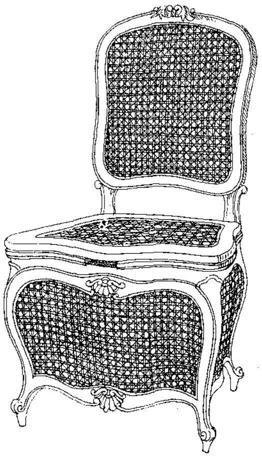

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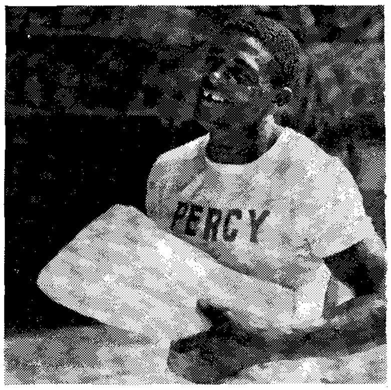
Le Manoir

famed Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. The Honourable Company came into existence at Leith, outside of Edinburgh, in 1744, and thus ranks as the oldest golf club in the world—ten years the senior of the R. and A. Furthermore, although the R. and A. later became the official governing body of British golf, it was the Honourable Company that drew up the game's first set of rules (thirteen in number), for its first competition, in 1744, and this is quite a feather in its cap. From the club's inception, its membership has been composed largely of Edinburgh's top-drawer lawyers, doctors, civil servants, and other professional men. (Sir Henry Raeburn, the artist, was an active member, and his full-length portrait of Alexander Keith, one of the eighteenth-century captains of the Honourable Company, hangs in the bar of the present clubhouse.) Like true sons of Edinburgh, the Honourable Company has always been inclined to look upon all other Scots as country cousins—including, one may be sure, the Fifeshire lairds who have traditionally been the backbone of the R. and A. This attitude has gained the club the reputation of being a rather snobbish outfit, but its members believe that a better word would be "discriminating." In any event, in Colonel Brian Evans-Lombe, a former cavalry officer who served the Honourable Company as secretary from 1948 until 1963, when he retired, Muirfield had the ideal administrator. Evans-Lombe, who was enamored of detail, created a whole new standard for course maintenance. Under his direction, the bunkers became works of art—walled with rectangles of turf fitted together so precisely that a master mason could learn from them. He was openly critical of careless visiting golfers who replaced their fairway divots with the grain going the wrong way. In time, Evans-Lombe, fundamentally a most pleasant man, became, like all high-strung perfectionists, impatient of interruptions in his schedule, as he demonstrated one May morning in 1959 when, only a day or two before the Walker Cup match at Muirfield, John Ames, then the president of the United States Golf Association, arrived at the club and knocked on the secretary's door to pay his respects. "What is your name and what do you want?" Evans-Lombe asked brusquely, without looking up from his desk. "My name is Ames and I'd like a locker," the intruder replied calmly.

The American team won that Walker Cup match, 9–3, defeating what



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possibly the strongest British side
assembled, and, in general, Amer-
golfers have fared well at Muir-
It was there in 1920, for exam-
that Bob Gardner, an exceptional
ound athlete from Chicago (he
the first pole-vaulter to clear thir-
feet and was twice our Amateur
champion), came within a whisker
ecoming the first American-born
enger to carry off the British Ama-
In the final, against Britain's Cyril
ey, Gardner, three down with only
holes to play, won three of them
thirty-sixth with a birdie) to even
natch and send it into extra holes.
ose days, the first hole at Muirfield
a long one-shotter. Gardner put
e shot nicely on the green, but Tol-
followed with an even better shot,
ve feet from the cup, and after
dner missed his putt, Tolley holed,
that was that. The next time the
ish Amateur was held at Muirfield,
926, an American finally broke
ugh—Jess Sweetser. The astonish-
thing about Sweetser's victory was
he somehow managed to stand up
he exhausting physical demands of
championship despite a severe ill-
, which he thought at the time was
ly a bad case of flu but which
ed to be tuberculosis. (He recov-
from it completely.) Sweetser's
lest match en route to the final—he
that easily—came against the Hon-
able W. G. Brownlow (later Lord
gan), in the semifinals. Brownlow,
se golf costume included a small
ed cap, a clerk's long coat, and
k silk gloves, was two down with
to play, but on the seventeenth
n, after changing from a blade-
lel putter to a wooden-headed
er, he rolled in a twisting forty-five-
ter to win the hole. On the eight-
th, he rolled in a thirty-five-footer
win that. Sweetser eventually beat
on the third extra hole. In 1929,
irfield was the scene of Walter
gen's fourth, and final, victory in
British Open—a sensational per-
mance in which he finished a record-
aking 67 on his second round by
ing the flapping flag on the home
en with his approach shot, and on
final day left the field far behind
h two superb 75s in a full gale. As
can gather, Muirfield has been a
d place for making history.

THE story of the 1966 British
Open is, essentially, the story of
w Jack Nicklaus, who won our Open
1962, our Professional Golfers Asso-
tion championship in 1963, and the
asters in 1963, 1965, and 1966, fi-

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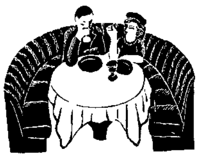
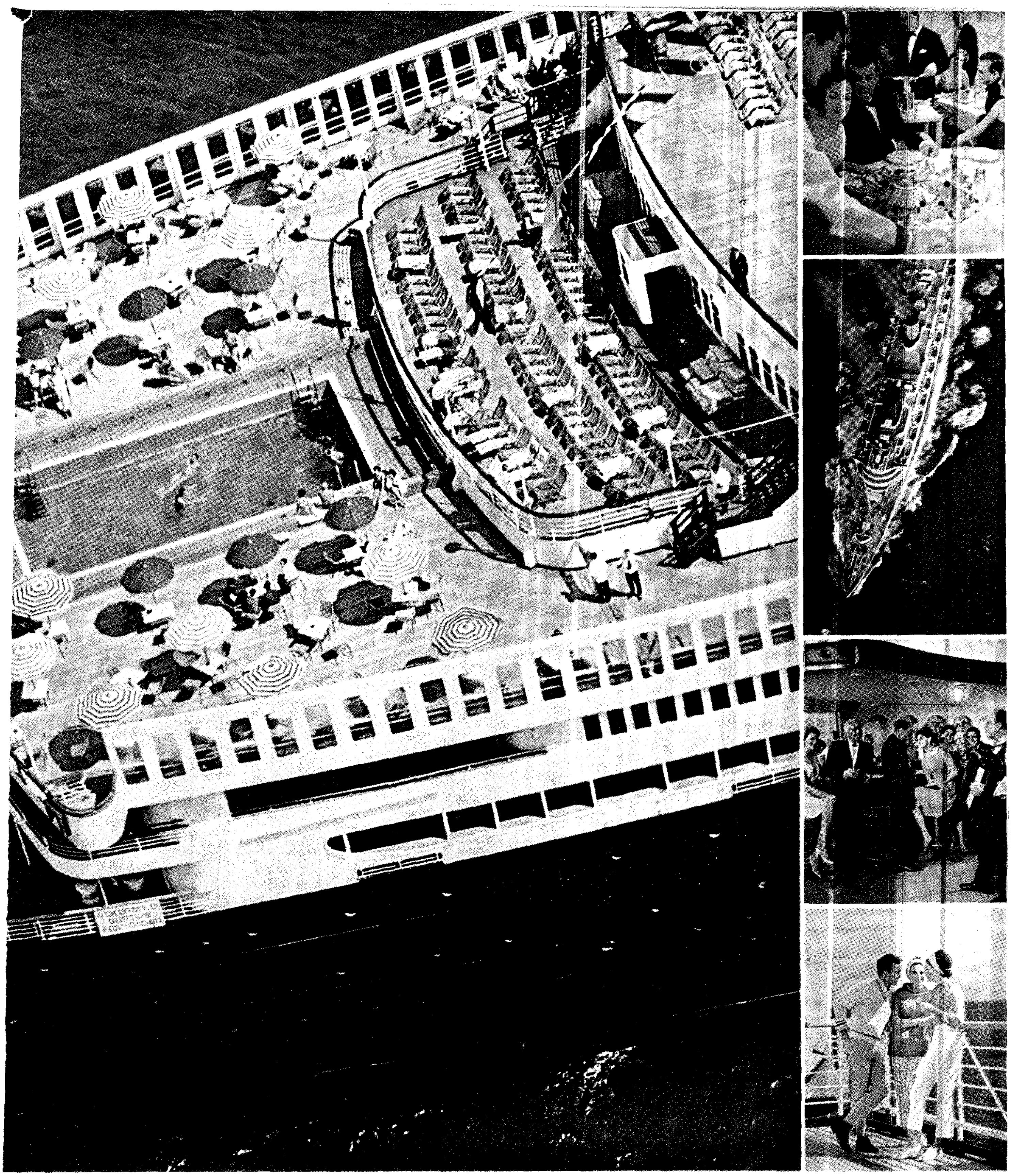


nally captured the one major championship that had eluded him during his fantastic four-and-a-half-year career as a professional golfer. From beginning to end, the burly, blond twenty-six-year-old Ohioan dominated the tournament, but his road to victory was a bumpy one, and on the last round there were a number of moments when it looked as if the 1966 British Open would go down in history as the championship that Nicklaus lost, much in the same way that our 1966 Open, at Olympic, will probably be remembered as the championship that Arnold Palmer lost. Nicklaus's ultimate victory was as much a triumph of character as of golfing ability. While it has been abundantly clear for some time now that, beneath the warmth and spontaneity of his nature, Nicklaus has the fibre, the persistence, and, in Bobby Jones' memorable phrase, "the sheer delicatessen" to withstand the considerable pressure of modern big-time, big-money golf, Muirfield marked the first occasion on which he was able to marshal these attributes conspicuously well in a tournament played in a foreign country. And—let there be no mistake about it—it is an infinitely harder task for a golfer to win an important event across the water than on his native heath.

This year, Nicklaus was making his fifth attempt to win the British Open—that oldest of all open championships, inaugurated in 1860. On his first try, in 1962, at Troon, he sprayed the ball all over the course, and the British galleries could not understand how he had ever beaten Palmer in the playoff for the United States Open a few weeks before. He was much more impressive the following year at Lytham, seeming to be on his way to victory until he made two disastrous errors on the last two holes, allowing Bob Charles and Phil Rodgers to nip him by a stroke. In 1964, at St. Andrews, he started so slowly that a 66 and a 68 on the last day were of no real consequence, and last summer, at Birkdale, he ruined his chances with a 77 on the third round. Determined to do better this year, he arrived at the scene of the Open a full week before the start of play. This was the first of many intelligent moves he made, for it enabled him to get thoroughly acquainted with the course, and, considering the way Muirfield was prepared for the championship, it required a lot of knowing. Of the seven courses over which the British Open is regularly rotated, Muirfield is the shortest—it measures 6,887 yards, which seems
quite long by American yardage sta
ards but really isn't when you consi
the huge distances the smaller Bri
ball can be propelled by players of
ternational class—and, accordingly,
Championship Committee conclu
that it would provide a more suita
test if it were toughened up a
They accomplished this by giving Mı
field much the same treatment t
the United States Golf Associat
annually gives the course selected
our Open. The fairways were n
rowed drastically and the rough
lowed to grow high and thick.
truth, I have never seen such
rough, for the flowering spe
of bent grass, going to se
stood well over a foot high a
actually waved in the wind l
a field of wheat. The key
scoring respectably at Mı
field, just as at Olympic in our 19
Open, was to keep out of the rou
no matter how much distance off
tee you had to sacrifice. Nicklaus p
ceived this clearly on his first pract
round, and there and then made
decision to use his driver off the tee
only four or five holes and go with
1-iron, or sometimes a shorter iron,
the other tees. Not once did he st
from his plan of non-attack, and wh
you are only twenty-six years old a
know you are perhaps the longest dr
er in the world, this takes restraint
the first order. On the last two d
especially, when Nicklaus twice saw
sizable lead melt away, he must ha
been strongly tempted to call up
long artillery, but he kept to his pl
and in the end it won for him.

On a British seaside links, the wi
is always a far more important fac
than it is on a tree-lined Americ
course. At Muirfield, the prevaili
wind is westerly. However,
Wednesday, the opening day, it shift
around, for the first time in more th
a week, and came directly out of t
east. It was a soft, light wind—t
kind made for low scoring—but t
Open contestants, having had no
portunity to practice in an east wi
were up against what amounted to
new course, and they played tentati
indecisive shots as they felt their w
around it. Nicklaus, like everyone el
experienced some difficulty in selecti
the right club under the new con
tions, but on several holes his elepha
tine golf memory came to his assi
ance. For example, on the fourth,
187-yard par 3, where he had be
using a 6-iron on his practice roun
with the west wind behind him, he w
pondering how much more club



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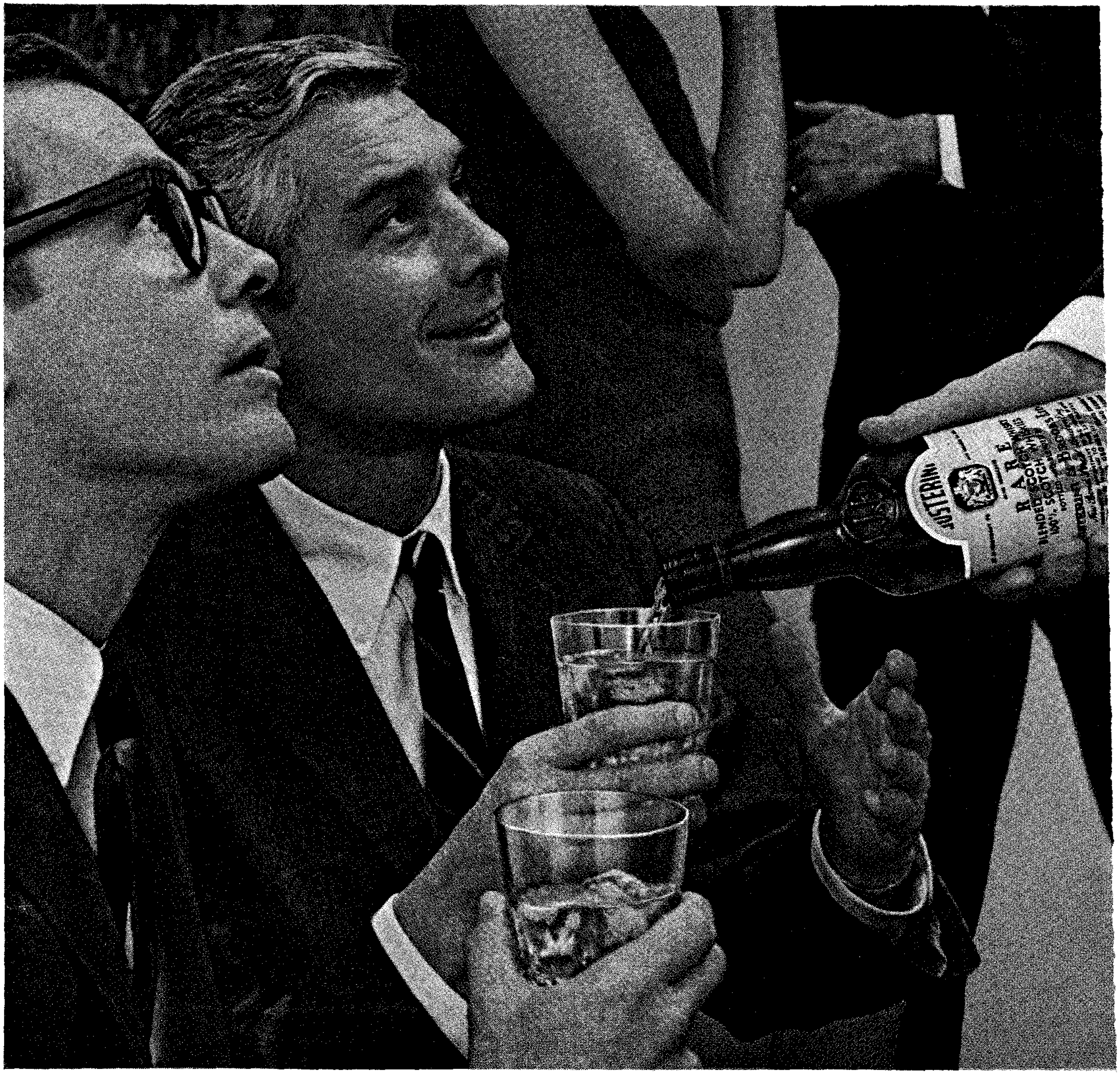

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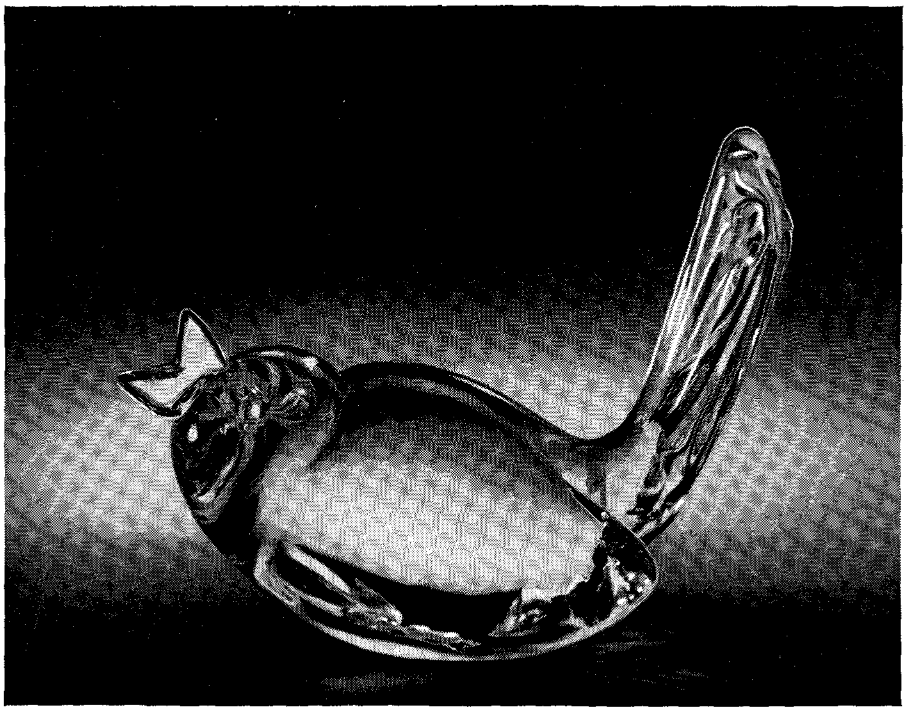
. need when he suddenly remem-
that in the 1959 Walker Cup
he had played Muirfield in an
vind and had used a 4-iron off
urth. He went with that club, and
he ball five feet from the hole.
ayed an even better shot—in fact,
f the most amazing shots I have
n a long time—into the wind on
eventeenth, a 528-yard par 5.
his drive ended on the fairway
o close to the grassy slope of a
r that on his second shot he had
ınd with his feet ten or twelve
s below the ball. A hundred and
yards farther down the fairway,
oute to the green was menaced
n abrupt ridge of bunkers. As I
it, the only thing for Nicklaus to
om an awkward stance like that,
he could hardly hope to reach
green, two hundred and twenty-
ards away, was to lay up short of
idge with an 8-iron or a 9. He had
ıer idea—a 1-iron. Somehow, in-
of thumping the turf behind the
and jerking the shot off to the
–the almost invariable result even
a first-class golfer when he tries
o too much from that kind of
e—he maintained both his balance
the tempo of his swing, struck the
clean as a whistle, and sent it fly-
dead on line for the distant pin. It
ned thirty-five feet away, and he
the easiest of birdies.

'he wind was back at its usual stand
he second day, puffing gently out
ıe west, and this led to more posi-
shotmaking by the field in general
to some extremely low scoring.
r Butler, the English professional
was one of the leaders at the half-
point in the 1966 Masters, was
in 34, two under par, and back in
four under, for a 65, a new course
rd. Phil Rodgers, the chunky young
essional from La Jolla who has
ed so well on our tournament cir-
this year, was around in 66. On
green, Rodgers uses a revolution-
putting technique developed by his
nd and neighbor Paul Runyan. He
ks the butt of his long-shafted (thir-
ıine-and-a-half-inch) putter into his
nach, anchors it there with his left
ıd, slides his right hand seven or
ht inches down the shaft, and raps
ball with that hand. On his second
ınd at Muirfield, he holed four long
ts and needed only twenty-six putts
all, and by the time he had finished
round, to judge by the conversations
overheard, he had converted at
st half his gallery to his method. Five
ıer players broke 70, including Nick-
ıs, who had a 67—a handsomely un-



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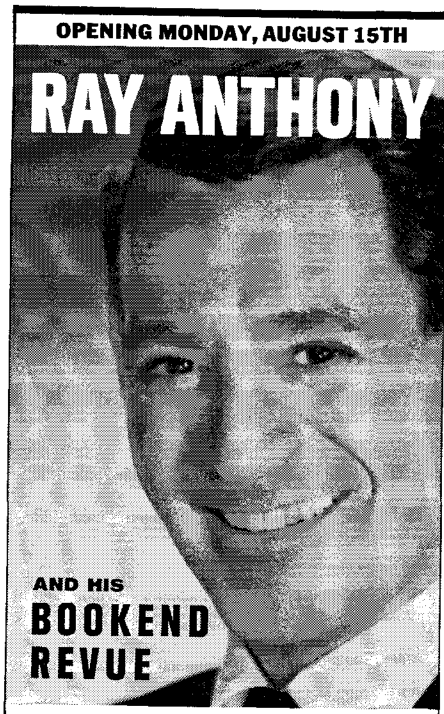

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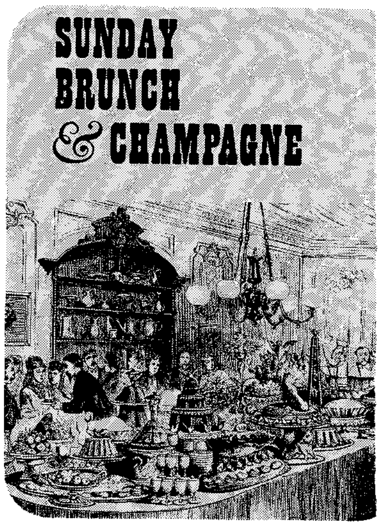
eventful round, in which he played one sound drive and one sound approach after another, holed a couple of sizable putts, and struck his shots with increasing sharpness as the round progressed. Nicklaus's total of 137 gave him the lead at the 36-hole mark: a stroke in front of Butler; three in front of Rodgers, Harold Henning, of South Africa, and Kel Nagle, of Australia; and four in front of Doug Sanders, another member of the large American contingent. Palmer, eight shots off the pace at 145, seemed virtually out of it. The significant fact at the conclusion of Thursday's play was that Nicklaus looked to be in one of those moods, as he was in the 1965 Masters, in which he would draw farther and farther away from his challengers and win in a walk.

PLAYING conditions were a trifle more difficult on Friday, the day of the third round. For the third day in a row, there was not a drop of rain—a benevolence one doesn't expect in Scotland—but the wind, again out of the west, was rather stiff, blowing at eight or nine knots. Nicklaus, who was paired with Butler in the last twosome, was thinking his shots out with care, and reached the turn in even par. Since he flights the ball in a much higher trajectory than any other player, some observers had predicted that he would have his problems with the wind, but things worked out quite differently. As he strode up the tenth fairway, five under par for the tournament, he had widened his lead over Butler, the nearest man, to four shots and had moved a full seven shots ahead of Rodgers.

I joined the large gallery that went out to watch Nicklaus play the second nine. Just about the only item that had not been provided for in this magnificently produced Open was a nice distribution of up-to-the-minute scoreboards around the course, so that one could keep abreast of developments, but what the other players were up to seemed almost irrelevant when Nicklaus, solemn and painstaking, started home with four good pars. On the fourteenth, he dropped a stroke to par with a loose chip, and on the next hole his approach shot trickled into the rough behind the green and he dropped another stroke when it again took him three to get down. The greens, dried out by the sun and the wind, had become exceedingly fast, and Nicklaus was obviously having trouble coping with them. In any event, on the short sixteenth he took three putts from forty feet (this, incidentally, was his first three-putt



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n of the tournament), and there
another precious stroke. On the
seventeenth, a logical birdie hole
the helpful following wind, he was
to rescue his par 5 with a seven-
putt after almost missing the ball
on his third shot—a wedge shot,
a hanging lie in the rough behind
green, which he bobbled barely a
. On top of this, he failed to get his
on the eighteenth when he pushed
approach into a greenside bunker.
t made four bogeys on the last five
s, giving him a 39 back for a wobbly
and leaving him only one under par
the distance. And that was only the
of it. While Nicklaus was frittering
y stroke after stroke, a number of
rivals had taken the second nine
t. The first intimation I had of this
ie when a breathless Scotsman
ied up to me, as I was watching
klaus botch the seventeenth, and
d if I could verify the report that
lgers had overtaken and passed
klaus and was now three under par
the tournament. I told him this was
ly impossible—Rodgers, by my
hmetic, would have to have played
0 on the second nine to stand three
ler. Well, he had, as I learned
rtly after I got in. He had ripped
ne par, birdie, par, birdie, par, birdie,
lie, birdie, par—40 out, 30 back, if
n can believe it. On that second nine,
had picked up no fewer than nine
okes on Nicklaus—an incredible
ing. It was a whole new tourna-
nt. Palmer, for example, who had
n nine shots behind Nicklaus at the
n, was now only two behind, hav-
fired a 32 in for a 69. ("I thought
was the only one those things hap-
ned to," Palmer remarked that eve-
ng of Nicklaus's misfortune. He was
erring, of course, to our 1966 Open,
which he had thrown away a seven-
ot lead on the last nine holes of the
urnament proper and then, in the
ayoff, had lost six more shots to
sper on the second nine.) For Nick-
us, the one consolation was that his
rtial collapse had come not on the
al round but on the third. There was
ll a day's play in front of him. He
as fortunate, too, in that this year, for
e first time in the century, the Brit-
n Open was not played as a three-
y competition with thirty-six holes
n the final day; if Nicklaus had had
go out on the course for another
und after his rocky 75, it is quite
nlikely that he would have been able
regain his composure. Overnight,
e might.

This year, we have had a run of
nusually dramatic tournaments, and

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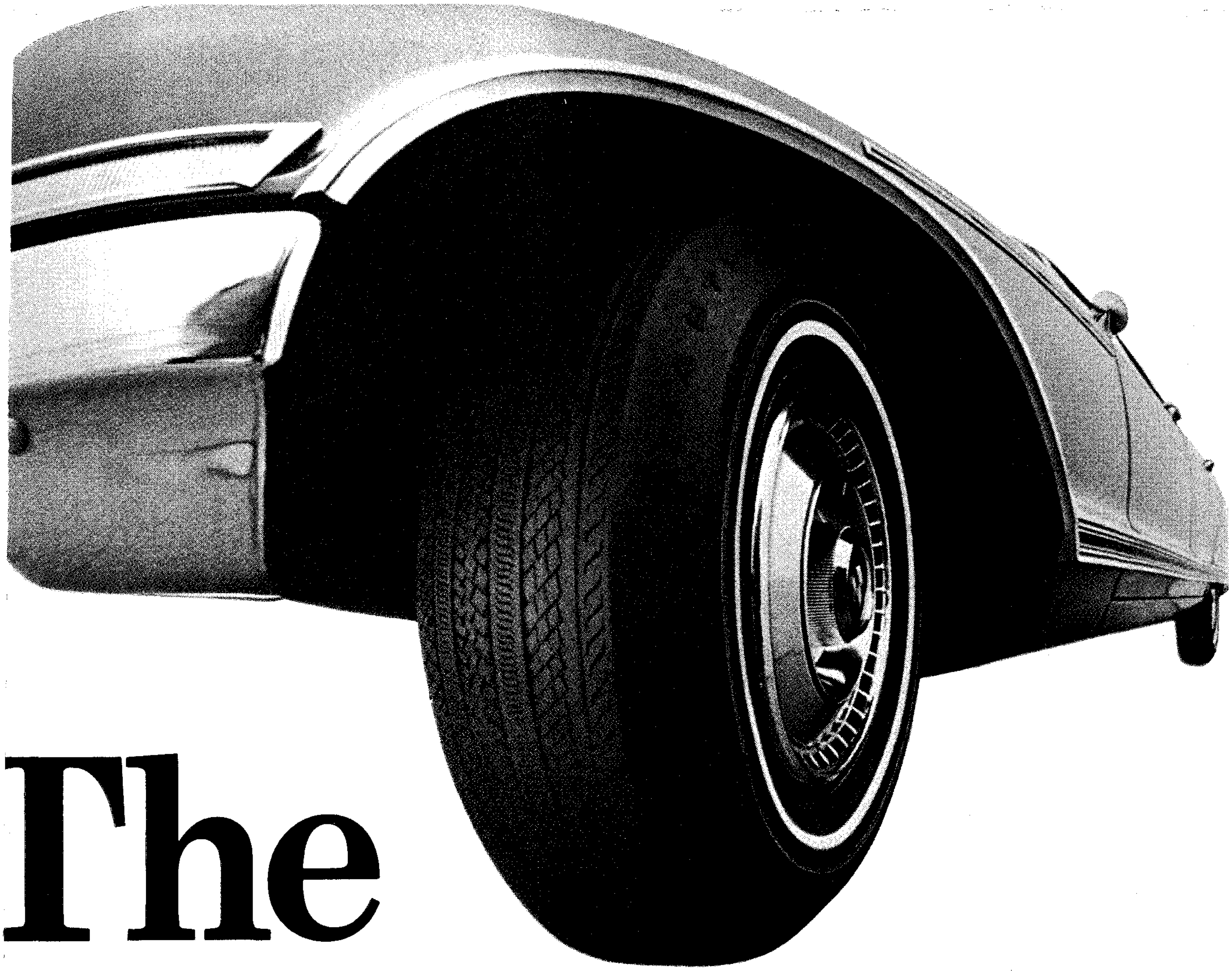
perhaps we should have anticipated that the climactic fourth round at Muirfield would pack all the suspense of a tale by John Buchan. Five men were in the thick of things: Rodgers, who started the day with a total of 210; Nicklaus, at 212; Sanders, at 213; Palmer, at 214; and Dave Thomas, of Wales, the hope of Britain, also at 214. Paired with Henning, Thomas was off just ahead of Palmer and Sanders, with Rodgers and Nicklaus bringing up the rear. To the minds of the long-suffering British golf fans—they have not been able to celebrate an Open victory by a native son since 1951, when Max Faulkner won—British golfers crumble whenever they find themselves in a contending position on the last round of an important championship. Thomas, a big, strong fellow who can hit the ball about as far as Nicklaus can, began by splitting the nineteen-yard-wide fairway on the first hole, a tough par 4, and then bashed a 4-iron through the brisk west wind to within five feet of the hole and sank his birdie putt. Despite missing a three-footer on the ninth, he was out in 34, functioning as coolly as if he were merely involved in a British circuit tournament, with no Americans to worry about. At this point in his round, Thomas nevertheless stood three strokes behind Nicklaus, who had taken over the lead from Rodgers by rushing to the turn in 33, with six pars and three birdies. His prettiest birdie had come on the 516-yard fifth, where, after finding the bunker to the right of the green on his approach—with the wind behind him, he had used only a 7-iron—he feathered a delicate sand shot two feet from the cup. He appeared to have a firm grip on himself again—and he needed it, for Palmer, Rodgers, and Sanders (who had holed out a short pitch to eagle the ninth) were still definitely in the hunt, along with Thomas. Palmer was the first to go. He went on the tenth, a par 4, where, after hooking his drive into the rough, he decided to risk a herculean recovery from the tall grass and succeeded in advancing the ball only some sixty yards, into taller grass. It took him three more shots to get out of the rough, and when he then rimmed the cup on a shortish putt, that was a 7—a cruel exit for the man who, far more than any other one person, has been responsible for breathing new life into the British Open.

About half an hour after this, when Nicklaus reached the eleventh green and was lining up a seven-foot birdie putt, he appeared to have the tournament tightly wrapped up again.
still led Thomas by three str
though the Welshman was contin
to play very well; he now held a f
stroke margin over Sanders, who
taken a double-bogey 6 on the elev
after pulling his tee shot into the ro
and he also held a four-stroke ma
over Rodgers, whose putter had lo
magic. And, of course, if Nick
could hole his seven-footer, he w
pull even farther away. (As he
over his putt, he later confessed, he
to himself, "Well, Jack, you're pla
one of the finest rounds of golf yo
ever played. Now keep it up.") Sec
before he struck the putt, a swall
flying low, darted across the green
his line, stopped short, fluttered an
stant, then wheeled around and
back. I doubt if Nicklaus was
tracted by the bird, or even
ticed it, but he hit a jerky
that broke off in front of the
and rolled fifteen inches pas
Then he fluffed that simple tap-in, a
just like that—as fast as a snap of
fingers—he was a different gol
vastly less assured. He made his par
the twelfth, but only because he pu
his drive so badly that it finished i
patch of rough, along the perimete
the hole, that had been trodden do
by the galleries. Then his round t
on the nightmare quality of the p
vious day. He could do nothing rig
He failed to get his par on the sh
thirteenth, where he missed the gre
On the fourteenth, a long par 4 i
the wind, he had no chance for his
after driving into a bunker on the rig
Now—shades of Palmer at Oly
pic!—he had completely dissipate
big lead for the second day in a r
Thomas, who was coming off the eig
eenth green at this moment,
caught him by playing the second n
in 35, and Sanders, who was teeing
on the eighteenth (which he sub
quently parred), had caught him
birdieing the fourteenth and parring
remaining holes. The situation
eminently clear: If Nicklaus could p
himself together and par the last f
holes, he would tie Thomas and Sa
ders. If he could birdie one of
holes—the long seventeenth would
his best bet—he could still win.

Nicklaus managed his par on
fifteenth, a 407-yard par 4, but aft
leaving his approach forty feet sh
of the pin, he had to work hard
get down in two putts on the hum
green, which is known as the Came
Back. On the sixteenth, a 198-ya
par 3, he hit a rather indifferent 7-ir
thirty feet below the cup, which w



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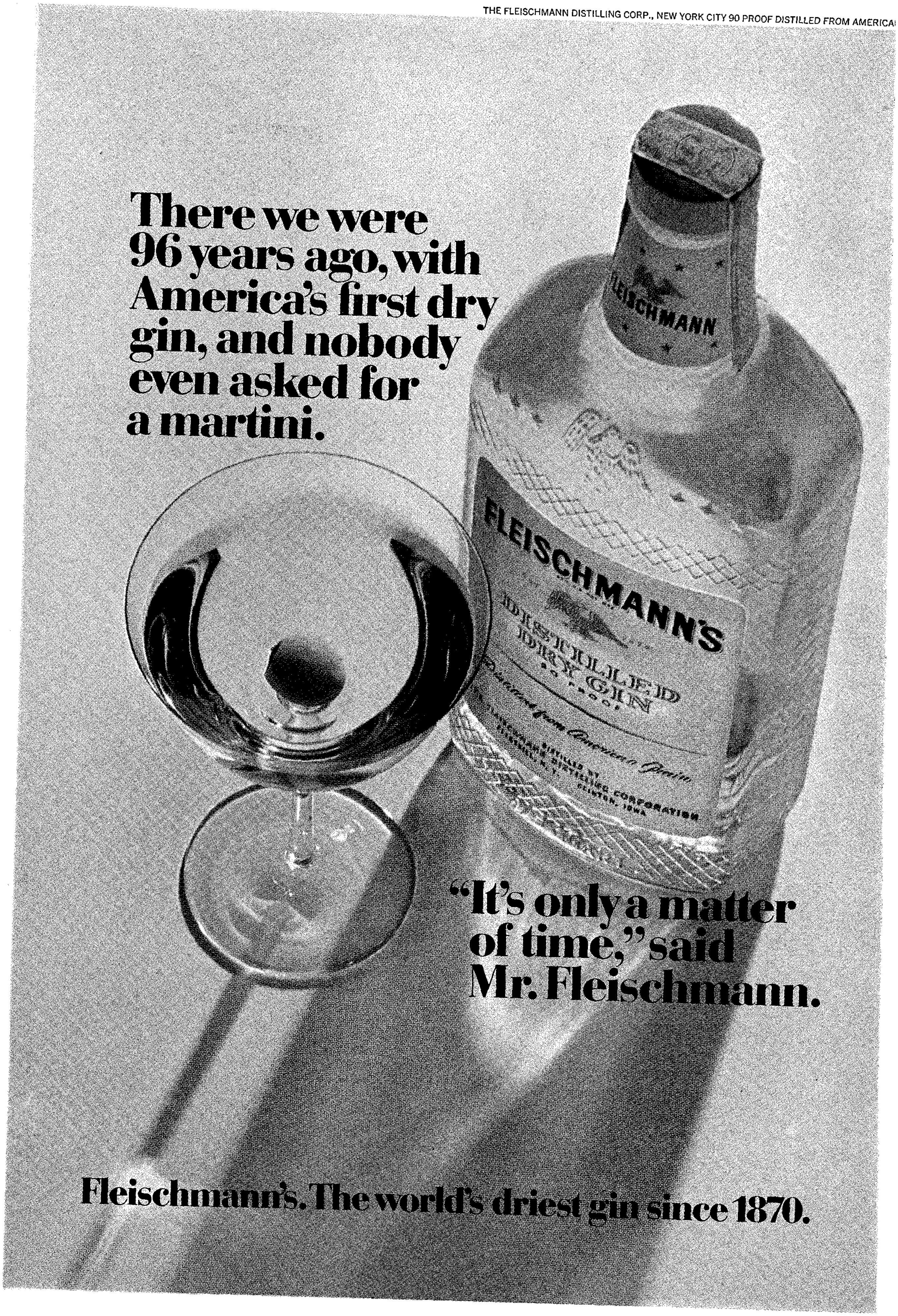
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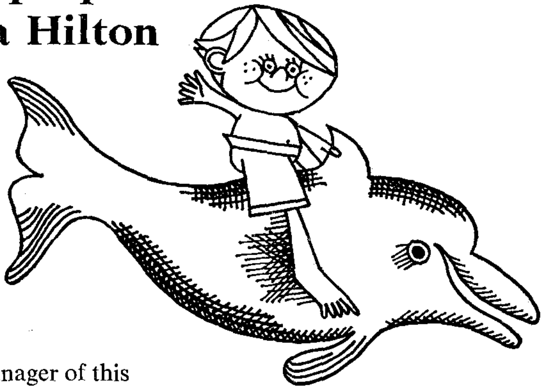
the top of an upslope on a very y green, but he laid his ap- putt absolutely dead. It was the roke he had summoned since the th hole, and it seemed to give tremendous lift. Where he had struggling, he was suddenly the f old, patently confident that he now get the birdie and par he d to win. The par-5 seventeenth, undred and twenty-eight yards was the crucial hole. Sanders Thomas had both missed their s there—Sanders when his tee ad bounced into the edge of the , Thomas when his approach slightly underclubbed, had stuck mound of rough guarding the en- e to the green on the right. Nick- nade no mistakes. With the wind back, he took a 3-iron off the tee racked the ball two hundred and y yards down the right side of the ay. He elected to play his 240- approach to the half-hidden green a 5-iron and came through with a iful shot that sailed high over the ered ridge, carried the mounds nt of the green, and came to rest n feet from the hole. His putt for gle hung on the lip, but his birdie a mere formality. Now a par 4 on 29-yard eighteenth would do the The first imperative here was to hit arrow fairway off the tee. Play- the right-to-left crosswind ex- y, Nicklaus was down the middle a 1-iron. He then produced an- r superlative stroke—a 3-iron shot, osely cut just a fraction so that it ld hold its line in the crosswind— h landed in the heart of the green ended hole-high twenty-five feet to right of the pin. He was down in safe putts and, to tremendous ap- se, walked off the green the 1966 sh Open champion.

icklaus ended his big day by mak- first-class acceptance speech at the entation ceremony after receiving Open trophy from the captain of Honourable Company (with Rae- 's ancient captain looking on ugh the clubhouse windows). Nick- 's speech had to be a very good one, otherwise Sanders, who had been ed on for a few words a moment re as one of the two runners-up, ld have stolen the show. Sanders vered a couple of funny one- rs—"If I could have had the peri- e, the lost-ball, and the hay conces- s, I think I'd be the leading ney-winner now"—and he could have been more charming. In erica, where he affects the role of ackwoods Nathan Detroit, his adroit



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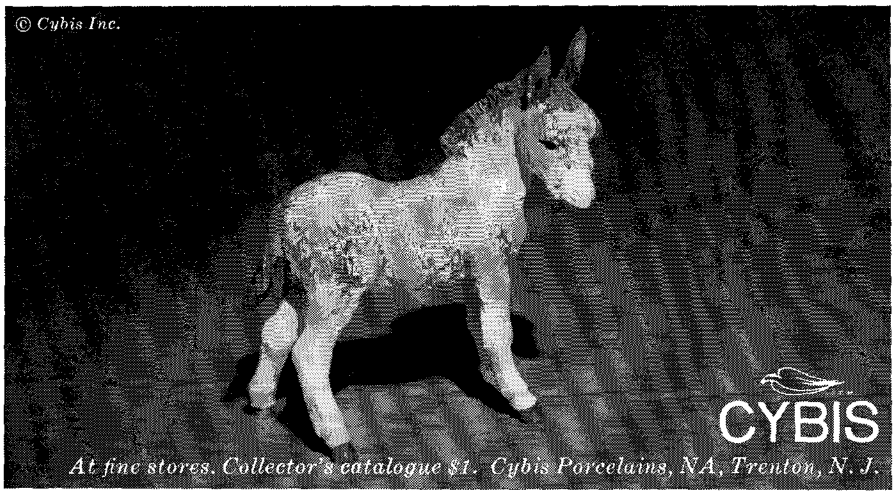

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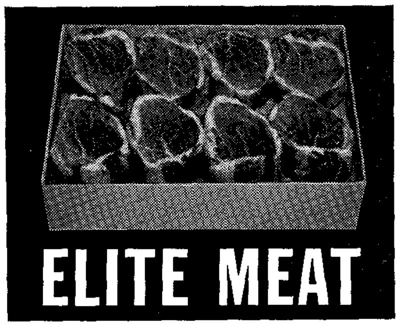

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box of 16. 6 oz. each, 1¼" thick #30405 $34 Railway Express Prepaid

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SINCE 1880
ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

little talk would have caught everyone off balance, but at Muirfield it was simply a continuation of the modulated, pleasant manner in which he had gone about his work all week. He wore his usual collection of gaudy outfits—the lemon-and-lime on Wednesday, the blue on Thursday, the nasturtium on Friday, and the Japanese-bridge magenta on Saturday—but such was his rapport with the crowds that everyone thought his clothes rather nice-looking. Indeed, the golf correspondent of the London *Times*, an august type who is seldom seen in anything flashier than tan, went so far as to declare that deep down in their hearts all golfers want to dress like Sanders but lack the aplomb to carry it off. Thomas, the other runner-up, was naturally accorded an ovation at the presentation ceremony. He had succeeded in doing something no British golfer had done in a decade: he had played a brilliant, aggressively sustained last round, a 69, not when he was hopelessly out of the running but when he was in the thick of the battle the whole long day. No other British golfer finished among the first twelve.

By annexing the British Open, Jack Nicklaus has entered the honourable company of Gene Sarazen, Ben Hogan, and Gary Player, the only other golfers who have won the game's four major championships. His victory was enormously popular in Britain, where he is admired equally for the power and precision of his golf, the sportsmanship he has shown in many awkward corners, and the good nature and politeness that he radiates, whether he is chatting with old friends or dealing with a ring of autograph hunters. The best thing about Nicklaus's victory was that he *won* the championship. He did so by hitting four of the finest irons you will ever see on the last two holes, after weathering the kind of jittery passage from which most golfers never recover. I have an idea that if Nicklaus had blown this British Open, after letting the championship slip away at Lytham three years ago, it might always have escaped him. However, he has won the British Open, and won it, moreover, on a course not truly suited to him, and in doing so he has consolidated his position as the greatest golfer in the world today.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

NEW UNITY
BETWEEN 2
SEXES URGED
—*Headline in the Durham (N.C.) Sun.*

What's the matter with the *old* unity?

Place Lautrec
"Every meal... masterpiece!'
Voilà! The flavor of Franc
. . . captured in superi
cuisine française. Parisia
atmosphere . . . gay as
sidewalk cafe. The spiri
of France . . . caught i
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service. Just the spot fo
pre-theatre dining. A votr
service . . . Place Lautrec
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Don't know what hibachi steak is?
Let us show you . . . tonight!
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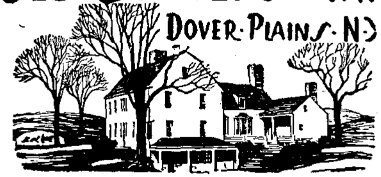
OLD·DROVERS· INI
DOVER·PLAINS· N



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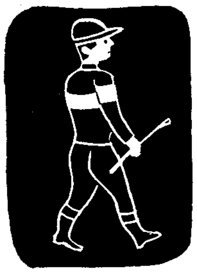
THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga, Here We Come

was a pleasant change for horse-
ayers and horsemen to escape
om the concrete confines of
uct to the spacious, tree-shaded
k at Saratoga, where the hun-
nd-third season to improve the
of the thoroughbred began last
It should be a first-rate session.
ie barns at the main
at old Horse Haven,
Oklahoma are full of
from the better stables.
highlights will be the
ma, for three-year-old
this weekend; the
rs, if it isn't a walk-
or Buckpasser, the fol-
g Saturday; and the
ul, for two-year-olds,
igust 27th, the closing day. There
e some other interesting events in
urse of the meeting. There's no
r an Arrowhead Inn or a Chicago
where the action was higher than
s back, but the Philadelphia Sym-
Orchestra is at the new Saratoga
rming Arts Center, and you can
he waters, which trainers say are
for man and beast.



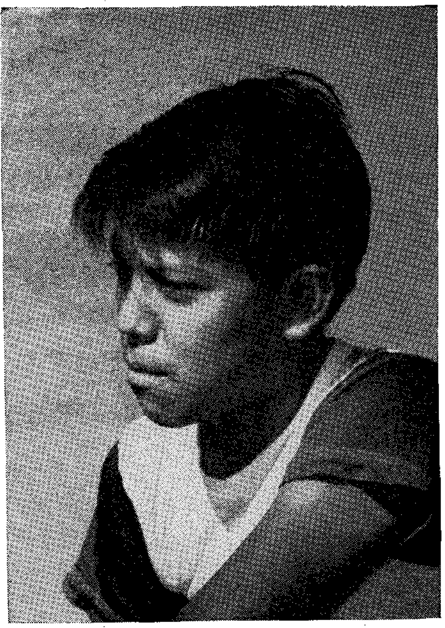
arly everyone was pleased when
Hour, a sleek dark-bay colt by
Ruler, won the traditional open-
ay event, the Flash Stakes, for
ear-olds, for he was an odds-on
ite; besides, he'd been bumped
carried wide at the stretch turn
e he beat Hermogenes by two and
f lengths. Curzon was third, six
hs behind. It was the eighth time
olors of George D. Widener, who
Bold Hour, had been carried to
ry in the Flash. Earlier in the
noon, Yorkville, another of Mr.
ener's two-year-olds, won easily,
in the race following the Flash
What A Treat, who was voted
best three-year-old filly in 1965,
nine colts. Rotz rode all three
ers.

addition to the racing at the Spa
week, there will be the Fasig-Tip-
yearling sales—an annual attrac-
for window-shoppers as well as
buyers. The big show, though, will
n the evening of the seventeenth,
n twenty yearlings and thirty-eight
es in training from the Bieber-
bs stable go under the hammer.
es being where they are these days,
t the string will bring is anyone's
s. I'm told that two of the thirty-
shares in the Hail to Reason syn-
te will also be auctioned off. Conservatives estimate that each share will top $100,000.

SPEAKING of the high dollar, at the recent Keeneland yearling sales Frank McMahon, a Canadian gas-and-oil man, gave the unprecedented sum of $200,000 for a colt by Bold Ruler out of La Dauphine. The bidding was done by Johnny Longden, who rode more winners than any other jockey on record and now trains for McMahon and the Alberta Ranches of Max Bell. To judge by photographs of the colt, he is a magnificent animal. The bidding started at $50,000. Arnold Winick carried it to $175,000, and Bert Martin—a Californian, who, as you may remember, won the Paumonok last year with a horse named Cupid—went to $195,000. Longden nodded for the final $5,000. "You got to have a Bold Ruler colt if you can get one, and he was the only one for sale," Longden said later. Also at the Keeneland vendue, A. B. Hancock, Jr., acting for an unnamed syndicate, paid $152,000 for a colt by Princequillo out of Spar Maid. All told, the potential racers brought $5,316,000.

AS you have probably heard, we've seen the last of the Wheatley Stable's Bold Lad on the racecourse. Ogden Phipps, speaking for his mother, Mrs. H. C. Phipps, who owns the Wheatley Stable, announced that the last workout of Bold Ruler's most noted son had not been satisfactory and that he had been retired to the stud. No doubt his knee trouble took a turn for the worse. Too bad. Bold Lad was a great sprinter. And once more the Wheatley Stable and the Phipps horses suffered a triple disappointment in the big weekend events: Discipline ran third to Open Fire and Treachery in the rich Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park; Time Tested was third to Tronado and Hedevar in the Arlington Handicap in Chicago; and Intriguing wasn't among the first three in the Sorority Stakes at Monmouth, won by Like A Charm. So it goes.

PROGRESS REPORT: The first steel for Belmont Park's grandstand was put up last week. —AUDAX MINOR



The chances for Tommy Red Eagle are pretty slim. Unless you help.

Tommy Red Eagle isn't sick. Or crippled. Or starving. Tommy Red Eagle is an American Indian. That's why his chances for growing up into a self-reliant, productive, fulfilled adult are slim.

He's healthy now. But the mortality rate among 5 to 14 year-old Indians is eight times greater than that of the general population.

He still goes to school. But the dropout rate for Indian youngsters is a tragic 45%.

He'll probably survive into adulthood. But uneducated, he will be unemployable. Unemployable, he will remain trapped in poverty and dependence. Tommy Red Eagle will survive. But you can't call it living.

Through SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION you or your group can help a child like Tommy to really live. As his sponsor, you'll receive his photograph and story. You can correspond with him if you like.

Your sponsorship contribution will provide him with the chance he needs. School supplies. Decent clothes. A cash allowance.

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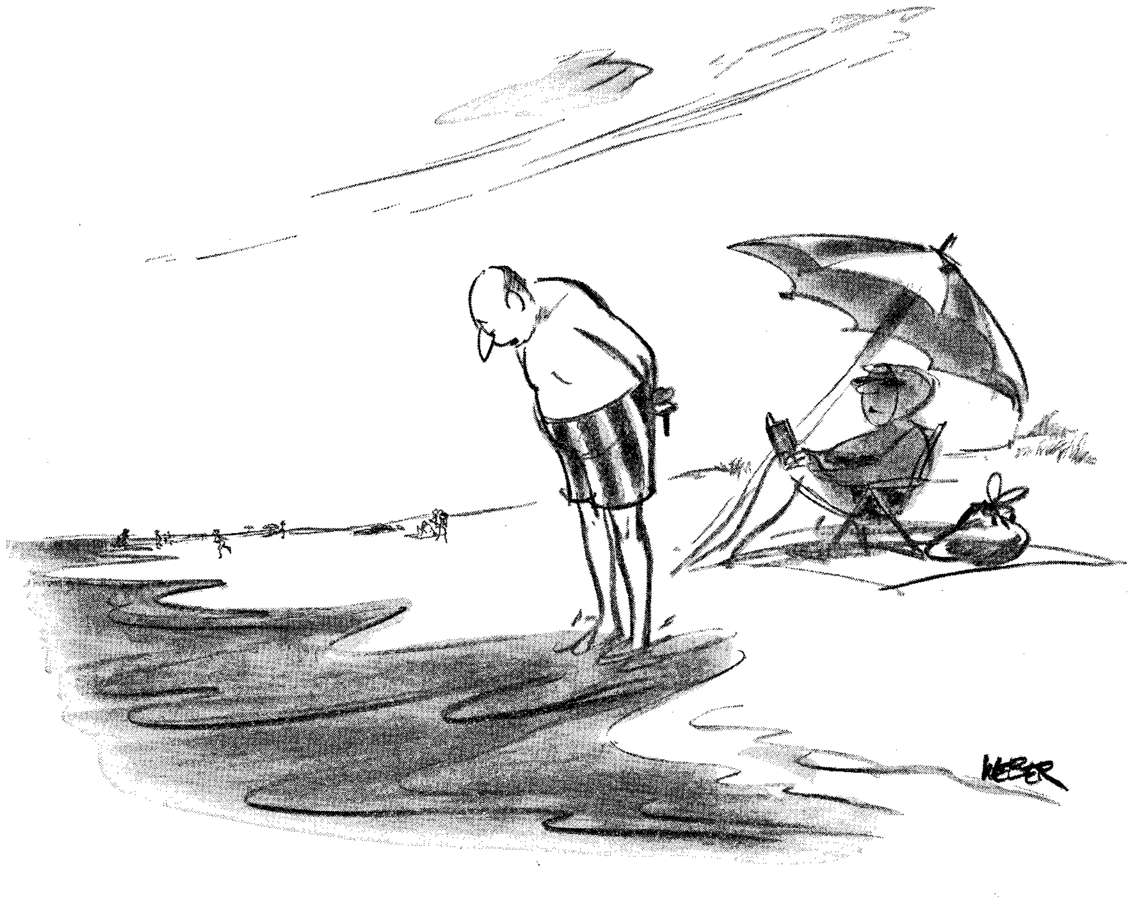
LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 3

AS with any great capital city, Paris is in its most inert month. The city has a certain hallucinatory quality in August—a mixture of the true and the unreal. It is neither full nor emptied, being still crammed with cars but empty of entertainment, as if the taxis were going nowhere important and the people inside had lost the good addresses they thought would produce pleasures. The liveliest single street in the center of the city is on the Left Bank, in the St.-Germain des Prés quarter. This is the Rue St.-Benoît, which in its merely literary days, before it became a hedonistic center, was so quiet that those of us who lived nearby can recall the delicate little bats that fluttered over it in the early-evening summer sky, of which the St.-Benoît residents were rather proud, as giving a rare rural quality to their scene. Each night now, St.-Benoît is so crowded with dinner tables on both sidewalks and cars parked by both curbs, stretching without interruption from the Rue Jacob to the corner of the Boulevard St.-Germain (where the Café Flore is closed for its summer holiday while the Café des Deux Magots, a few steps away, does duty for them both), that the one-way traffic of noisy small sports cars can barely push its way in between. A couple of the restaurants offer after-dinner basement playlets that begin at ten-thirty, of which the Bistinguo is the better bet, with an hour of mildly lunatic sketches. But it is the mere nocturnal spectacle of the Rue St.-Benoît itself that is the thing to see and hear, lying between the dark façades of the old-fashioned apartment houses like a bright, animated tunnel, noisy with talk, music, and transistors, and filled with samples of the younger generation from all countries. The most *recherché* bar is still the Montana, once a modest hotel of that name run by one of three Breton sisters, all in the hotel business—the second sister and her hotel being farther down the street, and the third the proprietress of a more serious, larger hotel over near the Rue Madame, where Ernest Hemingway used to stop with his family of young sons in his second Paris period. In Montmartre, wreckers have started this week tearing down the alluring old Bal Tabarin, another loss in what is left of that district's reputation as a pleasure market, which began under Toulouse-Lautrec and the young Impressionist painters. When the next crop of artists and models settled down in poverty in Montparnasse, there came after them the new attraction of small
night clubs. St.-Germain is the
once-bourgeois quarter that star
postwar gaiety on Surrealism,
tentialism, and basement discoth
day and night. Its handsome, fo
ly calm, empty square in front
Romanesque twelfth-century c
now functions as practically a pa
lot.

ACTUALLY, the only notabl
ular new entertainment jus
is being furnished by the first sh
of Orson Welles' new film "Fals
made last year in Spain from a
as he says, by William Shakes
That is to say, it is a skillful mos
those actions and speeches featurin
the potbellied jovialities and finall
lonely death of the abandoned bu
as Falstaff moves through the firs
second parts of "Henry IV" and
to his pathos and end in "Henr
Welles says he would let the
be viewed as a lament for Fal
Welles plays him to the hilt, wi
overpadded belly, and rolls the S
spearean language with the famil
of one who in his career has repea
loved the Bard, in a performance
vaults over his "Othello" and "
beth" of other years. His suppo
principals this time are *ne plus*
or almost, with John Gielgud as
ry IV, Margaret Ru
ford as Hostess Quickly
imated to perfection,
Baxter as Henry V,
then Jeanne Moreau
least genuine, as Doll
sheet, who sounds
dubbed into English
Hollywood voice and
cent. The film is pres
in spectacular cine
graphic style, so that
Merrie England's f
seem shone upon by
lights in Spain, but th
fect is of majestic theat
ity, and the photograp
grandly poetic. A grea
vorite with the Frenc
any time, Welles has
ceived praise from
French public and the
risian film critics that
sembles laurel leaves.

DEFINITELY
most elegant art s
of the summer, becau
was the smallest and
had the scope to be per
ly selected, was the sept
canvases displayed by



"Ebb and flow, ebb and flow. Just like the market, eh, Lucille?"

quoted are manufacturer's suggested retail base prices, at East Coast P.O.E. The West Coast P.O.E. prices are: two-door Cortina Deluxe costs only $1,853.04. Four-door version, 8. Station wagon, $2,189.65. Hot GT, $2,209.13. Cortina modified by Lotus only $3,507.25. Destination charges from P.O.E., other optional equipment and state and local taxes and ıny, are extra. Car shown is the Cortina GT. Whitewall tires shown $24.21. Overseas delivery available at substantial savings.

ord's Cortina: $1765, fully equipped, nd there's room for five more inside.

it hard to believe that a $1765 car can that exciting?
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ırt with a *racy reputation* that includes in over 300 races and rallies all over ɹorld. It's a car that makes car-buffs ɔ and take notice. ("Car and Driver" ərs voted Cortina best car in its class ears straight.)
ɔw add a list of standard features that de foam-padded bucket seats, wind-d washers and electric wipers, a wash-vinyl interior, twin padded sun visors, ı safety-padded instrument panel.
so, a built-in ventilation system that ɔhange the air inside the car every 40 seconds even with the windows up. Room for five people inside. Front disc brakes. And 20 cubic feet back in the trunk.

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—HILLARY WAUGH

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A HARPER NOVEL OF DETECTION

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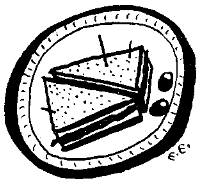
The great Dr. Gideon Fell visits America, only to become involved with a production of *Romeo and Juliet*—and an onstage murder that shouldn't be in the play! $4.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF DETECTION

Maguy in his Rue du Faubourg premises, where, as is his refined wont, he gives his limited exhibitions every two years. His collection this summer was titled "Poésie de la Mer," honoring Baudelaire and liberty in his famed phrase "*Homme libre, toujours tu chériras la mer*." The seven pictures by great French moderns were shown accompanied by verses by great (or near great) French modern poets, so for the observer both eyes and thoughts were occupied. First came a gorgeous Pissarro, "Dock in Havre," with small sailboats and steamers, all beautiful in colors grained pale by sea air, accompanied by Lautréamont's stirring line from "Les Chants de Maldoror"—"*Vieil océan, ô grand célibataire!*" There was a bright, strong-colored Vuillard of "The Brittany Port of Le Pouliguen," showing a fishing fleet with its sails all hanging down like petticoats, and Blaise Cendrars' ardent praise for colors—"The sea is like a sky, blue, blue, blue." The early Boudin "Port of Quillebœuf" is again a Channel scene, with dories no larger than fish before a shoreline of houses, all in colors as pallidly smooth as those inside a mussel shell—the most exquisite picture in the show, though not aided by Cocteau's anti-poetry comment "This morning, nothing is damper than this bit of ocean." Vlaminck's Fauve-period violent Seine River scene of boats at Chatou has the greatest heart-wringing poetry quotation, from Mallarmé's "Brise Marine"—"*La chair est triste, hélas! et j'ai lu tous les livres./Fuir! là-bas fuir! Je sens que des oiseaux sont ivres . . .*" Dufy's Deauville scene of inefficient skiffs with multicolored organdie sails is strengthened by Verlaine's colored words "*Elle a des airs bleus,/Roses, gris, et verts . . .*" The virile Bonnard of a two-stack steamer at Cannes and a foreground beach with dory, man, black dog, and child in red coat enjoys the company of Baudelaire's "*Homme libre.*" And last is Picasso, 1965—rather Japanese, too, with waves like mountains and a house (or is it a houseboat?). The poetic lines are by his friend Prévert—"*Démons et merveilles,/ Vents et marées.*" As one looks back, it remains the summer's perfect small exhibition, mating art with poetry.



BEGINNING in July, an estimated two million Paris inhabitants who work for their living, whether in high financial brackets or low, left the city for their yearly four weeks of *congés payés*, or paid vacation. Now
than two million others have le
the August exodus, this month
always slightly preferred as possibly
plying a drier, sunnier, and surer F
holiday climate—hardly dreamed o
summer amid the winds and d
pours. The law establishing these
holidays was voted just three de
ago, in the summer of 1936, so t
its thirtieth anniversary, dilated o
length by all the Paris papers. For
vacations, more than any other
novelty, have modernized the
deep-rooted, immobile French cit
and altered the habits of the na
Via these holidays, the French fi
learned to travel like e
one else—to the Costa
va, Madrid, Portugal,
now Greece, adding to
new pleasure of voya
that of holidaymakin
countries cheaper
France. These vacations
the unplanned and astonishing fina
what in 1936 was called "the explo
of the Front Populaire"—the left-
government bloc led by Socialist I
Blum, France's first Jewish Prer
The main social demands of his
gram were a forty-hour week and
lective bargaining, plus, as a Soc
ideal, the reform of the Banque
France, bulwark of the notoriously
Two Hundred Families, all these
forms being then bold innovat
Thirty years ago, France was opera
in many ways as if still in the ninete
century, with brutal wage cuts
workers during the financial crisis,
ing living costs and unemployment,
an old-fashioned, powerful owner
functioning as France's economic r
ters in the country's oligarchic T
Republic, when the state itself lac
the right to say "Boo!" as a form o
tervention. In that May's parliamen
elections, the new Front Populaire,
once combined instead of doctrir
quarrelling, had won nearly twice
many seats as the conservative, rich ri
which thus created a new political
mosphere to breathe in. All over Fra
as if smelling a new chance suddenly
laboring class spontaneously entered
highly organized sitdown strikes, wl
started in a factory in Le Havre
soon reached the point where stril
were installing themselves almost
block parties in the Citroën factory
the big Paris department stores, sucl
the Printemps and the Galeries La
yette; in Heudebert's enormous P
bakery, famous for its boxes of sw
wafers; in Marseille's great shipwor
in Lorraine steel mills; in Lyon print

in practically every kind of es-
ent. Ultimately, a million and a
kers had locked themselves into
uck factories, where, with their
ards at the door, the men slept
floor at night, by day ate the
ir families brought, played their
ns, danced with their wives
ls, kept the premises clean,
here was machinery, kept it pol-
t was, in a way, a dream strike,
y for France. There was no vio-
o sabotage, no bloodshed, noth-
disciplined patience, with the
each morning refusing to de-
nless their boss yielded to their
l for a shorter work week and
ve-per-cent pay increase—the
l basis for the historic Accord
on.
late Simone Weil, Catholic
extraordinary and philosophy
, visited one of these struck fac-
nd wrote of the strange euphoria
strikers, who, "*bien sur*, knew
e hard life of a worker would
be faced again." She went on,
hey did not think about that.
vere like soldiers on leave during
What was unlimited was their
happiness." Some of the strikers
ould sing or do tricks emerged
heir locked-in privacy to make
y for their cause, giving shows
town street corners. Memorable
group that assembled each after-
n the bank of the Seine beside
nt Royal, from which we pass-
watched one slim young worker
lly, who, with a fishing pole for
e, walked a heavy tightrope he
t up almost at eye level with us,
his comrades below, in clown
p, blew trumpets at us, juggled,
assed their workmen's caps up
ick, so we could give them mon-
well as applause. The sitdown
had a peculiar popularity with
dinary Paris public, maybe be-
the locked-in workers seemed
tic, and maybe because there was
ain contagion of hope and good
that spread from the strikers' be-
at better times were coming. In
, this was the sentiment even of a
f the more intelligent capitalist
s, who realized that time had
t up with them and that Blum's
non Accord "preserved the coun-
ving it from riots that might have
d into civil war," or so the head of
omité des Forges, France's steel
candidly admitted, adding, "In
g this accord, we certainly saved
social regime." Their regime
hered the approaching difficulties
r than Blum's Popular Front, on

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FROM DOUBLEDAY

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You probably want most of the things that our customers who are like you also want.

Primarily, of course, you want your investments to be basically sound. You'd like to feel that the stocks you own really belong in your portfolio... that right now they're the best you can buy for your purposes.

And you want them to stay that way—this year, next year, ten years from now.

No, you don't want a stream of suggestions, constant phone calls, or a lot of useless information.

But you do want guidance when guidance is needed. You do want a thorough review of your entire portfolio whenever it's indicated and information about any business developments that can affect your holdings. And certainly you want to know about any better-than-average opportunity to buy or sell.

Then when you place an order, you expect prompt, accurate, and intelligent execution—positive confirmation as soon as possible.

Finally, if you're anything like the people we know, you don't want to be burdened with paperwork, records, and bookkeeping. You'll be more than satisfied to let us hold your securities in safekeeping, clip your coupons, collect your dividends, keep you advised of rights and conversions, and furnish you with a detailed statement of your account each month, complete with a record of all your transactions.

If you own $100,000 worth of securities, or more, that's the clearest picture we can draw of the help and service we think you want... the kind of help and service we're geared to give. And we make no "service charges" of any kind. If you would like more particulars, may we invite your inquiry.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

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which, with his characteristic political probity, he had not imposed his full Socialistic views, since neither his radical colleagues nor even the Communist Comrades shared them. He merely tried to copy Franklin Roosevelt in dealing with a capitalist impasse. By September, retail prices had risen six per cent, so that half the workers' new wage gain was already lost. The unexpected paid-holiday plan had already become law at the end of June, rushed through with enthusiasm, like a quick miracle, and now in September the capitalists began having some revenge, for devaluation became a government necessity, hastening the end of the Front Populaire regime. However, France's political climate had changed, influenced by outside European events. The Spanish Civil War had broken out that summer and divided the French left as with a bayonet, some leftists being against aid to the Republican fighters, who for them ranked merely as anarchists and Communists. Blum and his Front Populaire, before their inevitable fall, had together founded a new basis for contemporary France, on which, in part, it still functions—a reformed Banque de France; *congés payés;* a guaranteed minimum wage; nationalized railways, mines, gas, and electricity; and a greatly strengthened working class, which, according to last week's government wage report, is now earning seven per cent more than it did in 1965. —GENÊT

•

Writing is done in privacy. A thought comes and we dally with it. We scribble down a phrase of it; later we scrutinize it hopefully. Does it hold its flame? Writers are people just like you and I.—*Adv. for a short-story course in Writer's Digest.*

Like I and who?

•

Announcement was made last week of a new Federal employment policy. Agencies will be allowed to hire mentally retired persons without competitive civil service examinations, under special authority.—*Civil Service Leader.*

We liked it better when they had to take the exam.

•

BLOCK THAT GEOMETRY!

[*From the Bulletin of the Oakland (Calif.) Alameda-Contra Costa Medical Association*]

This is a triangle like all other triangles, broad of base and coming to three points none of which seem to meet unless someone bends a little so that all can come together full circle.

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—HORACE SUTTON, *Saturday Revi*

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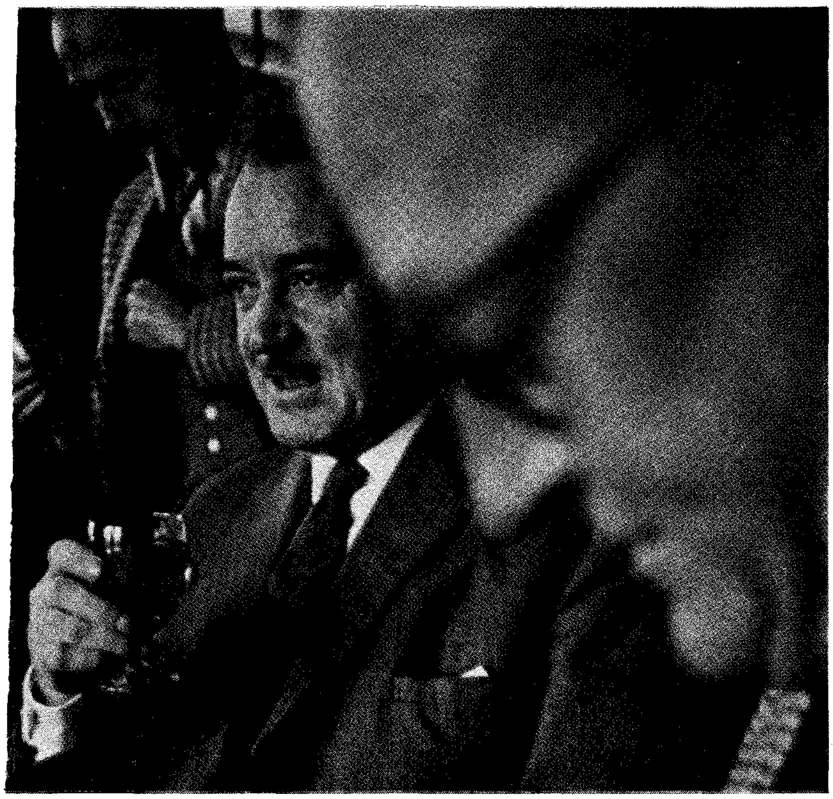

Thomson, Director and master blender of John Walker & Sons, shown here at the Kil- ck (Barassie) Golf Club, Scotland.

u could eavesdrop a little, you t hear talk of Scottish Highlands, than 40 "single malts," even sherry . Curious facts and figures about nie Walker Black Label from ge Thomson, the master blender elf.

might mention that the Scotch is from over forty of the most costly land malt whiskies, all mellowed ears in sherry casks, and blended the precise amount of mature ch grain whisky. But he might hesi- to mention exactly how the forty odd malt whiskies are selected. Mr. Thomson is quite modest about his nose.

The man with a nose for Scotch

There are 101 malt whiskies distilled in Scotland. The differences between them are sometimes slight, but always perceptible to Mr. Thomson's nose. It tells him to select this one for body, that one for character, until he has the ultimate combination that can be rounded into the finest Scotch made.

Mr. Thomson is highly particular about his blend of Scotch. And Johnnie Walker is most particular about its master blender. There have only been four since 1820. It's a rare skill that can turn out a Scotch with so much depth to it, with the same superlative quality barrel after barrel.

Perhaps you should taste Johnnie Walker Black Label. It's available in reasonable supply here, although rationed in the United Kingdom. It's also available in a distinguished year-round gift carton. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.

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Black Label
Johnnie Walker
Bottled in Scotland

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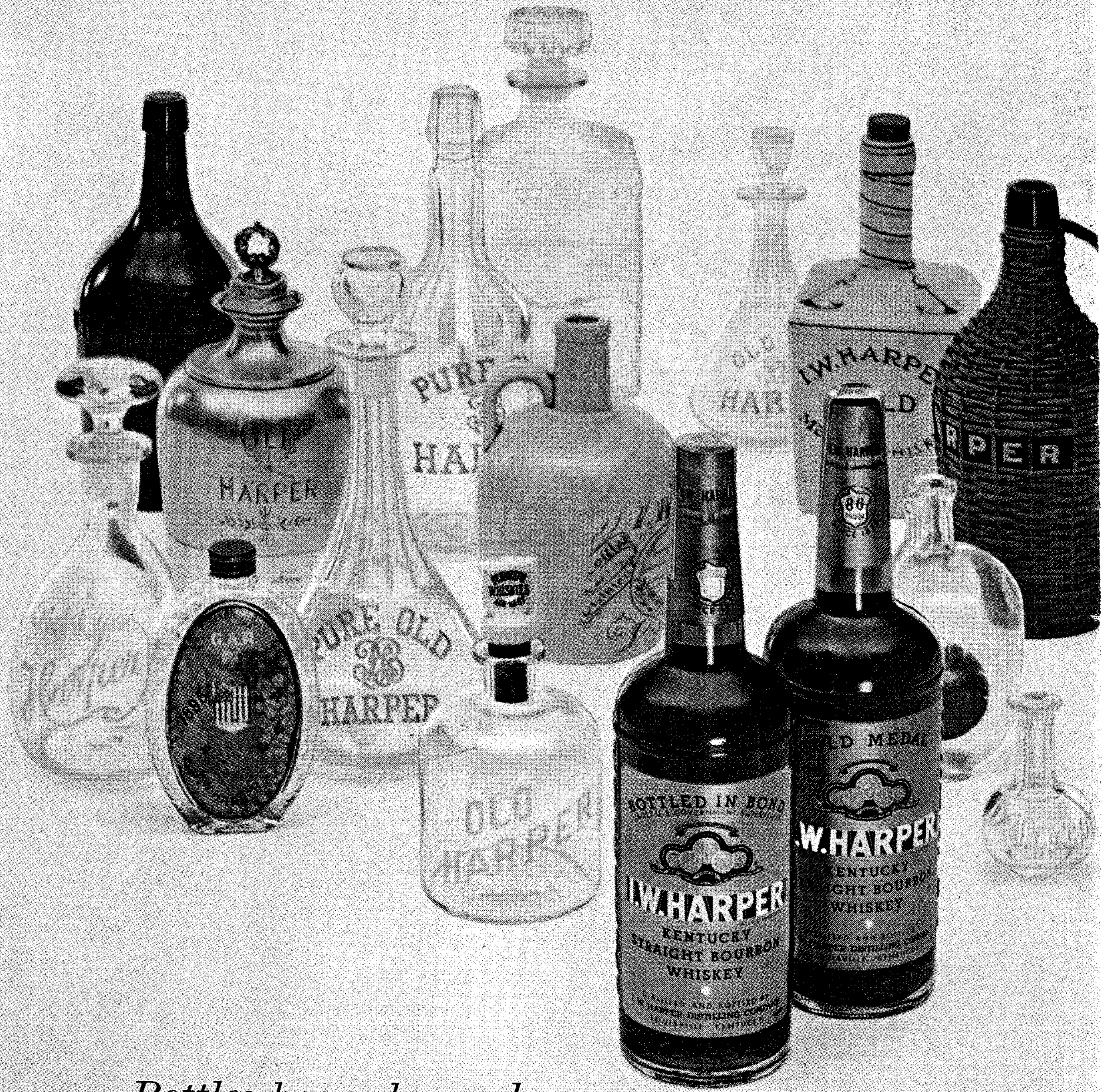
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From left to right: "Dandy" Pinch Bottle, **1900;** "Amber" Glass, **1880;** "Canteen G. A. R.," **1895;** "Pewter Pitcher," **1900;** "Companion" Decanter, **1910;** "Bar Bottle" Cut Glass, **1910;** "Dwarf" Decanter, **1885;** "Gold Medal" Decanter, **1949;** "Harper's Own" Ceramic Jug, **1890;** "Little Companion" Cut Glass, **1910;** "Nautical," **1890;** "The American" Flask, **1875;** "Carboy" Wicker-Covered, **1880;** "Cameo" Miniature, **1899.**

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